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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING

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The Difference Between a Classical and a Pragmatic Education

JEAN DEWHIRST
Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

The original aim of public education in America was to prepare the individual for responsible citizenship in a democratic society. Today that aim has been splintered into two opposing factions. The classicist on one side claims that a general, well-rounded formal education is the most valuable because it leads to the judgment and adaptation necessary to become an intelligent and responsible citizen in a democratic society. He describes practical education as being crass and mechanical. The pragmatic faction on the other side claims that it is the practical education which is most valuable because it leads to the technical knowledge and skill necessary to enable the citizen to grapple with the "real, down-to-earth" problems of life. The pragmatist decries liberal education as being impractical and useless.

It would seem that the opposition between the classical and pragmatic camps is somewhat artificial, for both deny a necessary part of life. It's like trying to disconnect the mind from the body. One is helpless without the other. Who can imagine a mind, no matter how intelligent, without a body to accomplish its purposes, or a body working efficiently without a mind to guide it? It's impossible, for one requires and complements the other. In the same way, there can be no complete liberal education which is not practical and no complete practical education which is not liberal. Education should teach one not only to think clearly but also to act effectively.

The classicist may point with pride to the brilliant Hellenic culture during the Age of Pericles and say, "This was the result of a humanistic, literary education." The ancient Greek philosophers glorified the intellect to the extreme, while the body was regarded as unimportant for study, if it was thought about at all. Yet this was the age which produced the durable philosophies of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, the profound tragedies of Aeschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, the timeless satire of Aristophanes, and the harmonious, balanced architecture which is still being emulated today. That it was an extremely brilliant culture, no one would deny. So the classicist may lean back and heartily pat himself on the back if he likes, but there are several reasons why such a one-sided education would not be successful today.

First of all, Greece existed in a pre-mechanical age. War was fought with spears rather than atomic bombs. Secondly, the society of ancient Greece was oligarchic rather than democratic. Although it is true that Athens was striving for a democratic government, the class system still prevailed and only a

minority of the citizens had gained the franchise. Education was still for the leisure class rather than the entire society. While the Greek citizens were not lazy, as is commonly supposed, a good majority of them had slaves to work for them and it was simply not necessary for them to work if they didn't care to. Therefore, little emphasis was placed on acquiring skills. Furthermore, the Greeks had an altogether different attitude toward life than we have today. For example, such things as soap, watches, cotton cloth, and coffee did not then exist. They had no springs in their beds, no drains in their houses, and no variety in their diet. So the classicist may scoff at the factory worker, the sanitary engineer, and the lab technician if he likes, but I doubt if what he really wants is a return to the pre-mechanical or pre-technical age of the Greeks.

As an example of pure technocracy in action, take a look at Germany prior to World War I. At that time Germany was producing more steel than any other European country and she was leading the world in the production of chemicals, aniline dyes, and electrical and scientific equipment. Economically, she was the envy of the world. Because Germany stressed the teaching of applied sciences in the school, she had an overflow of technicians who could be hired by German industrialists for very low wages. These men were great technicians, but inadequately liberal in their thinking. In fact, they conceived and spread some of the most tragic prejudices of our time. Many of them were nothing but mechanical robots working in blind obedience to the dictates of the state. It is true that Germany prior to this had developed a brilliant culture which was admired all over the world, but it was suppressed by a government bent on materialistic excellence. The majority of the German workers knew little of Bach, Goethe, or Schiller, but were disastrously responsive to new materialistic social philosophies.

These examples are not intended to imply that theories of education determine the destiny of a culture, but to illustrate that they do affect it. While a purely classical education attained brilliant results in an ancient oligarchy where little emphasis was placed on materialistic gains, and a purely pragmatic education achieved technical and economic superiority in a militaristic autocracy where little thought was given to the welfare of the people, it seems apparent that neither kind of education could survive alone in a democracy which is based on the idea of wholeness.

And in the final analysis, or in the light of what a particular theory has done in the past, what it has preserved for the present, and what it may accomplish in the future, we should note that the pragmatic and classical theories are complementary, not opposed. One prepares us for action, for doing things, and the other for doing things well, responsibly, and with good judgment.

Somebody Does Care

RONALD W. SADEWATER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

The tenderfoot hunters from the city followed amazed as their trusty guide directed them through the pathways and byways of the forest in search of game. By day and by night, his unerring sense of direction and location seemed infallible. This remarkable ability caused one of the hunters to inquire, "Say, have you ever been lost in your life?"

"Well, not exactly lost," came the reply, "but I was awfully confused for about a week once."

This little anecdote illustrates the quandary facing the average college freshman as he starts his college career. The degree of bewilderment will vary with the individual, but the situation in itself is fairly universal. This condition is brought about by the abrupt transition from the hum-drum of everyday life to the hurly-burly of the college campus during freshman week. All the roots of seventeen or eighteen years' growth are brutally yanked up and transported to an alien soil. Here the stripling must take root and become self-sustaining again. The job of thriving well in a new climate and environment is the crux of the problem. Unless the student can adjust favorably in a comparatively short time, he may find that the inability to do so will be a major deterrent to his progress in the classroom and elsewhere.

Certainly, it can be said that the first few weeks in school are hectic for the freshman. It cannot be otherwise when all the factors are considered. Along with the acquisition of a new home, come new friends and neighbors. These friends and neighbors bring about adjustments in behavior and attitudes as the processes of "getting along" and "belonging" begin. All sorts of tests are taken, until the freshman wishes he had never heard of an IBM card or a placement examination. When the tests are finished, the freshman is plunged into the registration maelstrom and whirled around for a day or two. If he is lucky, a weekend breather will follow this, before the beginning of classes and more woe.

With the start of classes, the student must buckle down and apply himself immediately. Class schedules usually end up so arranged that the ten-minute break cannot be used in any manner except in running hither or yon. Students who want morning classes attend in the afternoon; those desiring afternoon classes attend in the morning. The first day in class finds homework being assigned, even though books have not yet been purchased. This is no problem, however, for the bookstores are seldom crowded or out of stock. The assignment itself is given in a low tone of voice as the instructor noisily stuffs

his papers in a briefcase. Anyone who doesn't get the assignment is a rotten egg.

All of these things compounded together in the first few weeks make the university seem to be a cold and forbidding institution that has only one desire in mind, to discourage the meek and send them scurrying home disgusted, panicked, or dazed.

At this point the phrase, "nobody cares," suggests itself to the student. With this attitude in mind, the freshman plods along day by day in a zombie-like existence, little caring what happens. He goes here and there at a given time because that is what his schedule says to do. Classes somehow come and go with the student little realizing what is going on or why. If this state continues, another student will be gone before the term is very old.

Fortunately, however, at this point the transition usually begins to manifest itself. While sitting in a class one day, the words of the professor accidentally pierce the hard outer shell of the cranium and lodge in the soft core of the brain. One statement ignites a spark and causes the fledgling student to realize that the instructor knows his onions and, if this is true, that there might be something in college life after all. The neophyte begins to see things that were hidden for awhile under a cloak of homesickness or melancholy. He suddenly sees that people do care. His schoolmates care, although they are busy and have troubles of their own. They are not too busy, however, to lend a hand with a trig problem or a rhet theme that will not jell. Parents at home do care and didn't ship him off to be forgotten. By not running down to see their boy or girl every week, or not having them home, they are doing a great service to the student. They are removing a crutch that must be done without. Parents who assist their children too much perform a great disservice.

Teachers and faculty do care, also, although not in the overindulgent manner of their school cousins. In high school the teacher led the way while the student followed. If a student lagged, a teacher would help him forward. Balky students were even pushed through. Here in college the student must lead or lag on his own. Instructors will not chase a student and wipe his nose for him. A sincere student in difficulty, however, can find help close at hand. A short session during a teacher's office hours has straightened out many a student. With a little effort on the student's part, college life can be profitable in both fun and education. The buildings that were cold and lonely become warm and friendly. Instructors that seemed to be of another breed turn out to be normal and understanding members of the human race. If the student is willing to carry his share, he need not fear. The way is hard, but the path has been blazed by thousands of others in the same situations. At times, the student may again become awfully confused, but at this point he should remember that people really do care.

Fathers Are Nice, But Mothers Are Smarter

DONNA TOIKA
Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

The day I was born, I automatically acquired a father. Although I wore pink booties, he insisted on bringing me up on a basis of comradeship. Consequently, I could shoot a whisky bottle off a fence post at one hundred yards, and I took special pride in my ability to bait a fish-hook securely with a squirming worm.

I don't know where my mother was during these formative years, but Daddy seemed to have a free hand with my education. My grade school days were spent in an ecstasy of egotism. I could outrun, outswear, outfight, outclimb, outswim, and outsmart any boy in the school. In the fourth grade I gave the playground bully a bloody nose, and in the sixth grade I threw a dead mouse I had smuggled into the room at a particularly fat, obnoxious male classmate. I was a flashy third baseman and the proud possessor of a delicious vocabulary, of words Daddy sometimes used, that was the envy of my stalwart buddies.

Disaster! High school. My stalwart buddies began sharing their bubble gum with a group of dull creatures who couldn't even throw a baseball. These young ladies began blossoming forth in ruffled petticoats, patent leather shoes, and fresh permanents.

I was crushed. This crisis brought my mother to my rescue. Always understanding, she steered me downtown and bought me a pair of nylon stockings and a tube of "Kissable" lipstick. The nylon stockings slithered down my skinny legs, and the lipstick was smeared from my nose to my chin, but I clung tenaciously to my new-found femininity. I knew that I must repair the damage wrought by my thoughtless father. So, I began running with my hips, turning up my nose at worms, and screaming at the sight of a mouse. I unlearned all my treasured skills of field and stream, buried my baseball mitt, and let my pet snakes out of their cages. I studied all the ways and wiles of the civilized predatory female and developed my personal charms.

I thought my father would disown me, but after a few snorts and sneers, he accepted his ungrateful child. I have become proficient in the gentle arts of trickery and treachery. My two-fisted younger days seem forever lost. However, even now I sometimes find myself slipping from that marble pedestal. Just last week I was playing a game of chess with an admirer (the admiration is mutual). I lost my head and swept down the board in a crushing offense. With his ashen face as a clue, I realized my stupid mistake and maneuvered rather cleverly, I thought, to maneuver my queen into a position to be taken. He thinks I'm terrific, so I lost the battle but won the war and now have a permanent chess partner. Fathers are nice, but mothers are smarter.

Tall Girl

JOAN McDIARMID

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

I had just received my picture, taken of our class as a group. Like any normal second grader, I rushed home to show it to Mom, thrilled at the prospect of pointing out all my friends to her. One of our neighbors happened to be there when I arrived, and as we looked at the picture she said, "Oh, so this is Miss Baumgartner, your teacher!" My heart was broken. Mrs. Smith apologized, then left discreetly. But her words never left my mind. Because I towered over my classmates, she had mistaken me for the teacher.

I lived in the same town all my life and attended school with the same group of children. From first grade through tenth, I was the tallest. It was for this reason that my teachers took a special interest in me. I loved school work and always received the highest marks, but I frequently used my studying as an excuse for not going out. In reality I was hiding behind my books, hoping that I would be invited to a party, but fearing that the unavoidable remarks about my size would be made.

When I was in the sixth grade I naturally began to take an interest in the opposite sex. This attraction only added to my misery, for I invariably got a "crush" on the shortest boy in the class. There was one fellow in particular whom I adored for three years. He had blue-gray eyes, brown curly hair, a beautiful complexion and a very muscular physique. But he was five foot two and I was five foot seven. All the girls teased me about this secret love of mine. I often heard the remark, "Why not pick on someone your own size?"

The worst of all my anxieties came on Friday afternoons of my eighth year in school. My principal insisted that everyone had to attend dancing class. So at two o'clock all the girls gathered on one side of the classroom, giggling and fluttering around, and the boys sauntered over to the opposite side, talking loudly to hide their terror at the prospect of dancing. I never flitted around anywhere, so I just sat in a corner, nervously waiting to be asked to dance. The music started and soon one of the braver boys crossed the floor and asked a girl the anxiously awaited question: "May I have this dance?" As soon as the ice was broken, the rest of the boys charged across the room like a herd of wild horses and clamored around the girls. Soon everyone was dancing; but somehow, in the mad rush, I was left sitting alone. This was one of the most agonizing experiences in my childhood. Of course, as soon as the principal saw my dilemma, he either forced one of the fellows to dance with me, or he performed the duty himself. Then, as I was dancing, I always had the humiliating experience of looking down at my partner.

I hid behind my books until I was a junior in high school. Then Mother

Nature set to work. One day I put my books down and discovered that everyone had grown five inches. I no longer looked down my nose at my classmates. I looked them straight in the eye and discovered that they weren't making fun of me. I was not a tall girl any more, just average.

The Craziest Event of My Life

S. WARD HAMILTON, III

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

THE ACTION AROUND MY HOUSE WAS THE LEAST WHEN I kicked off for the corner pool hall. Down at Side Pocket Sam's there was a little buzz on. The cats were in heated verbal airing over the crazy caper that Duke had just pulled.

When I walked in, Sam, the head barkeep and owner, was about to give Duke the heave-ho for creating such a racket.

It seemed that Duke had conned his way into a fast game of slop. He was just pocketing the money he had collected from the two cubical persons that he was playing when Sam broke up the game. Sam was one of the most respected boozes dishers on Twelfth Street, so Duke could only pick up his chips and bug his way to the street.

It wasn't that Sam didn't like Duke, but the local arm had been putting the heat on. Sam later pitched me the word that the head boss had not been getting his weekly keep. Sam said, "The election is not far off and therefore all books, cards, and local action must douse the glimmer."

As Duke and I made our way up the gutter he asked me for the news about my latest kicks. I laid it to him cold that I had been very frantic lately.

We stopped in front of the corner drug-store and took in the latest sights. It was then that Duke brought from his pocket a brown leaf. He asked me whether I would like one. I tried to play it cool. Once again Duke offered the tube to me. This time I was afraid that if I didn't take it he would think me a chicken.

This was the first time that I had ever been offered the hop. The most important event of my life was at hand. I had seen many people with monkeys on their backs, and this was usually always the first step. From the golden leaf they became users, first to sniff, then to slow-ball horse, and finally main line.

I gave Duke the wave. No, I wasn't going to fall into that dark, unfathomed cave.

Duke and I cut out and headed for the park. As we walked I hummed that new tune from the picture that was playing at the Orpheum, *The Man with the Golden Arm*.

Only Eight Seconds?

JOSEPH E. GUDERIAN

Rhetoric 100, Theme 2

I leaned against the board fence, looking at the ground, my hands stuck deep in my pockets. I listened with half interest to the occasional roar of the crowd and the blaring voice through the loud speaker. Soon it would be my turn and the crowd would be roaring for me and the blaring voice through the loud speaker would be talking about me.

Then, there it was. Over the speaker came the words, "And out of chute four, riding Hell's Fire—." I didn't listen to any more. I knew my time had come.

I grabbed the top board of the fence and climbed up. I looked down into the chute, and there he stood, the meanest looking red horse a man would ever want to see. I carefully lowered myself onto the horse's back. He jumped a bit. He flattened his ears against his head and rolled his eyes backward to look at me. His eyes glowed like a thousand coals. It didn't take much of an imagination to see where he got his name. I slipped my gloved hand into the hand stirrup, pulled my Stetson down tight, and nodded to the man at the gate.

The big gate swung open, and the horse was off like a shot. The battle between man and horse was on.

The first leap carried us well into the arena. I swung my legs up and dug my spurs deep into the horse's shoulders. He lowered his head and arched his back. My spurs again found their mark, this time in his neck. His back straightened out, and he bucked to the right. I leaned into the buck. He suddenly veered left and almost lost me. I gained my balance as the horse went down, almost touching his belly to the ground. Then, as if catapulted, he shot straight up and came down with a jarring thud. My hat flew off. Then I heard that blessed sound: the whistle blew and my time was up. I threw my left leg over the horse's head, removed my hand from the stirrup, and came sailing off the horse's back.

I limped over, picked up my hat, and started walking back to the chutes.

The First Clue

GAIL DENT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

Three long hours ago the sun had come up from the murky waters of Lake Michigan, but now it was nowhere in sight. As I walked down the lonely beach, all the world seemed to be in mourning; thick grey fog enveloped the earth like a shroud.

I knew it was just about this time the day before when the crash had occurred. We had been sitting in the kitchen, looking out over the lake, when we had noticed a plane hovering close to the surface of the water. Suddenly, it had become a ball of fire and dropped silently into the lake. The next news broadcast told the story of the mysterious crash of a jet from the nearby air base. It had been piloted by an experienced navy man, and there was no sign of him at the scene of the wreckage.

Today I felt compelled to sit on the beach and stare out into the lake. Occasionally I heard the drone of a search plane flying blindly through the fog above. It seemed as though I had been sitting there for hours, listening to the dull slapping of the waves against the sand. My dog and a few sea gulls were the only other living creatures on the broad beach.

Just as I grew restless and thought of going back to the house, a tiny orange speck caught my eye. It was bobbing on the waves about three hundred feet out and coming closer every minute. I had no idea what it could be, but I resigned myself to waiting patiently for it to float in. My dog, however, had no such control and plunged bravely into the frigid water to retrieve the fascinating object. After quite a struggle, he was bringing it back to shore. I'll never forget how disappointed I was when he dropped half of an old, beaten-up life jacket at my feet. Even though it seemed worthless to me, I decided to take it to the coast guard about a mile down the beach. I was embarrassed to bring them such an insignificant-looking object, but to my surprise it was taken to the captain immediately. He looked at the few remaining letters imprinted on its side and decided that the jacket had belonged to the missing pilot. He was now assumed dead, and the air search was called off. The coast guard took over my lonely watch on the beach, waiting for the body to float in.

Toward Safer Sports Car Racing

DAVID BERMAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

Maserati, Bugatti, Mercedes-Benz, Jaguar—these names stir the hearts of thousands of people in many nations; these are the names of the best of a select group of automobiles—sports cars. Sports car enthusiasts are legion; they flock in droves to see the races at Le Mans, Lake Geneva, and the Mille Miglia, the most famous international sports-car events. The thrill, they say, of seeing a factory-assembled Jaguar skim over a dirt road at a hundred and fifty miles an hour is unmatched by any other sport.

The beginnings of this sport lie in the very advent of the automobile at the turn of the century. As soon as two automobiles were placed on a single road, human behavior dictated that the better of the two must be determined. Through the years, sports cars have become more specialized (although they

still come directly off the assembly line) until each steel-and-fire masterpiece is now capable of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty miles an hour.

Races between sports cars have grown increasingly popular, especially since the Second World War. These races serve a twofold purpose: entertainment and experimentation. The thrills and glamor of a race among top-quality sports cars are truly memorable. The Grand Prix is the Kentucky Derby, the Rose Bowl, and the World Series rolled into one, according to its most avid participants and spectators. But aside from entertainment, a definite need is fulfilled by these races: the need to give superior-quality equipment an opportunity to display its ability and power to the fullest extent. The best European automobile factories spend thousands of dollars each year on special racing teams to see what their products are able to perform. Their reward is the steadily-growing number of thirty-mile-an-hour businessmen who say, "My model Jag turned 148 at Le Mans."

But this rosy picture of sports-car racing is marred by one fact that cannot be ignored: the sport is becoming dangerous to the point of murder. Recently, two catastrophes have prodded factories, racers, and fans into a little soul-searching. In June of 1955, eighty-two spectators were killed at Le Mans when a fiery mass of magnesium alloy which had once been the pride of the Daimler-Benz factory rolled into the crowd; one hundred and five others were injured seriously. In May of 1957, at least twelve spectators were killed in Italy's Mille Miglia race, "long attacked by the Italian press as 'collective homicide'. . . ."

A serious problem lies before the automobile factories and the nations (presently including the United States) which permit sports-car racing: should this deadly sport be abolished? The answer should be a highly qualified but emphatic *no*. Certainly there have been massacres in the past at sports-car events; moreover, there will be more in the future—unless the entire racing setup is overhauled.

The first part of this overhaul should be stricter control over the spectators. Too many spectators now are allowed to crowd dangerously close to the roadway; the two disasters above can be attributed mainly to this cause. Secondly, a better method of signalling drivers than the present hand waving should be installed at the major races; this might have prevented the pile-up of cars at Le Mans that precipitated the 1955 catastrophe there. Lastly, the roads used for these races, notoriously abominable in condition, should be inspected more closely and improved in many cases.

Granted, sports-car racing is dangerous. But with the improvements outlined above, the sport can retain its thrills and glamor without driving itself to destruction—as it certainly is doing now.

* "Deadly Blowout," *Newsweek*, XLIX (May 20, 1957), 100.

The Moscow Mother Goose

JOHN B. MEANS
Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

(How the typical Communist would explain the story of Little Red Riding Hood)

The freedom-loving Soviet Government of the U.S.S.R. has carefully considered the invitation to attend a meeting to arrange a peaceful settlement of all disagreements between the Big Bad Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood, Grandmother & Company. The invitation is rejected. The Soviet Union could not consider attending a meeting at which the Big Bad Wolf was not present as a neutral.

The proposition that the Big Bad Wolf was the aggressor is completely false. Such capitalistic propaganda cannot be tolerated by this nation. All fair-minded and free-thinking people are aware of the fact that Grandma was the imperialistic aggressor, that she was the capitalistic master-mind of a conspiracy for the economic exclusion of the neutral Big Bad Wolf from the free markets of the world as well as from her domestic market.

Little Red Riding Hood's arrival at the cottage was obviously a planned interference. The warmongers who schemed in this manner were planning to do injustice to the Big Bad Wolf, and therefore were foes of true democracy. It is the opinion of the Supreme Soviet that Little Red Riding Hood had no legitimate excuse for being at Grandma's house so shortly after the arrival of Big Bad Wolf.

The charge made by the West that Grandma had been exterminated by the wolf cannot be accepted as fact. It is obvious that Grandma simply disappeared. However, it is the opinion of the Premier of Russia that the blame for Grandma's disappearance lies upon the head of Anthony Eden, for it has been known by Soviet Intelligence for some time that Grandma was conspiring with the Western warmongers in an effort to obliterate the Big Bad Wolf, Snow White's Wicked Stepmother, Cinderella's Stepsisters, the Dragon, and other world-renowned supporters of free democracy.

As evidence to support this preposterous claim of Grandma's destruction at Wolf's hands, the allegation has been made that the Big Bad Wolf was seen wearing nightclothes supposedly belonging to Grandma. This charge was leveled against the Big Bad Wolf by Red Riding Hood, who is most certainly not an impartial observer. This accusation is obviously a frenzied, last-minute attempt of the Wall Street capitalists to bring dishonor to the name of the Big Bad Wolf. Even on the assumption that this accusation should be true, Grandma's disappearance cannot be wholly accounted for. If an individual wishes to put in an appearance dressed in a nightgown, it is certainly his privilege to do so, and we intend to protect that sovereign right.

Viewing these recent happenings in retrospect, the Soviet Union wishes

to controvert the imperialistic propaganda that the Big Bad Wolf was the initial aggressor. History bears ample proof that the Big Bad Wolf has never been belligerent. In fact, he is an enthusiastic supporter of world-wide peace and disarmament. It would be well for all people's democracies to keep this fact clearly in mind.

The Real Meaning of College

SAYRE D. ANDERSEN

Placement Test Theme

The contemporary college has come to have a great variety of meanings to its students. With the advent of a greater and greater number of college freshmen each year has come a host of misconceptions about higher education. Unimportant aspects of college life have succeeded in replacing education as the prime purpose of a university. One of these aspects is social life. To minimize the importance of social activities in college life is wrong; to stress them in a manner disproportionate to their actual worth is a far greater wrong. It is not uncommon today to go to college to get a social education. In some fraternities and sororities, scholarship takes a back seat to activities and dating. The latter, in general, has been elevated to a height of prominence far above its actual worth. To many students, college has become a place to find a husband or wife.

What, then, does college really mean? Having been derived from the Latin words *cum* and *lego*, the word *college* actually means a "reading together" or a "studying together." This is part of the real meaning of college—scholarship. It is by far the most important part. In previous generations this fact was honored and respected, and only those who were good scholars could ever hope to go to college. Today a higher education can be had by the majority of the people, but the standards of colleges have fallen. It is up to us to raise them back to their previous position by stressing the importance of scholarship in the student's life.

The final portion of the real meaning of college is an intangible which I shall call opportunity. College is composed of many different opportunities: to meet people, to learn to live with others, but most important, to get an education. In my opinion, these all boil down and resolve themselves into one: the opportunity to prove oneself by oneself. No longer under the wings of his parents, a college student must prove his merits solely by his own personality and ability.

The true meaning of college then, is scholarship and opportunity. It is my desire to make the best of both.

Swan Song

WILLIAM L. MAGNUSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

One of the most unforgettable experiences of my life occurred in the summer of 1955 while I was in the navy. I had been sent to a weather station on a small two-square-mile speck of land in the Caribbean Sea which carried the name of Swan Island.

My job was to tend the microseismograph equipment and send coded reports to the main station in Miami. This consumed only a small part of the day; consequently, I had the difficult job of deciding whether to skin-dive, fish, or read a book while basking in the sun—there was always a cooling sea breeze to alleviate the hot temperature of the tropics.

Here was a paradise of my own which equalled any I had ever read about. A paradise, that is, until “Janet” entered our lives. One day she came swirling out of the mid-Atlantic, never curving to the north, as is the trend of most storms, and a day later she was half-way across the Caribbean. This was her position when a P2V Neptune weather plane with nine crewmen and two reporters (along for a story) began penetration of the “eye” at 1500 feet to collect weather data. The last message received from the plane read, “Velocity estimated 200 knots. Beginning penetration.” The eleven men and the plane were never seen again.

The tension began to mount on our little island as the “killer” headed directly toward Swan Island. We knew there would be no escape for us, since there was no landing strip for planes on the island and no ship would venture into hurricane waters. We could only sit tight and pray that the storm would turn.

But turn it did not, and at 0700 hours on September 15 we saw the first advances of the storm’s cloud formation and felt an increase in wind velocity. At 1000 hours rain began to fall and the wind was from the north at fifty knots. The palm trees were bending almost to the ground. The director of the island decided we should all take refuge in the micro vault.

At 1100 hours, from our closed retreat, we heard the giant twin radio towers crash to the ground after being knocked from their foundations by the 100-knot wind which was now blowing.

The full fury of the storm struck at 1200 hours. We could only estimate the wind velocity to be in excess of 200 knots, for our wind measuring instruments record only to 150 knots. The day was turned into complete darkness by the layers of clouds and torrents of rain. The windows of the vault were blown in, and in came the driving rain. Our concrete building began to tremble from the great buffeting. No one spoke in those windy, dark, damp, fearful moments.

Suddenly the rain ceased and the wind died to a relatively mild 50 knots. The sky brightened and we could even see patches of blue. We knew we were in the center of the storm. It was passing directly over us and we were in the "eye." This was only a false calm before the final half of the storm roared over us.

This half hit the island in the opposite order of weather. By 1500 hours the wind had slowed enough to allow us to leave our shelter, which we found to be the only structure left standing. Every tree on the island, fifteen thousand palms, had been beaten to the ground and stripped of leaves. The farm animals, six cows and fifty chickens, had been washed into the sea.

The following day a navy plane flew over and dropped medical and food supplies and a message which told of a boat being sent from Key West to pick us up and return us to the United States.

The boat did not arrive for two days. We spent every daylight hour salvaging all items of value and personal importance. No paradise now! There was only destruction to meet the eye: the crumpled steel radio towers, wooden debris that had once been houses, schools of fish and other sea-life washed ashore and rotting in the humid air. We could find relief from the stench nowhere, for it penetrated even to the middle of the island.

Despite our search, there were few possessions carried with us on the homeward journey. However, it was a very thankful group that sailed away from Swan Island.

“Literature is printed nonsense,” Strindberg

FRANCES AULISI

Rhetoric 102, Final Theme

Assuming that Mr. Strindberg implied that “literature” consists solely of poetry and fiction, I can agree with his sentiment, to a degree. A great deal of literature is nonsensical, largely for two primary reasons—either the author loves to release his emotions through writing, or he has a flair for writing and he needs money.

If he writes for his own satisfaction, the majority of people cannot decipher his style. Modern poets fall into this pitfall when they compose abstract works which contain lines such as “Stinging sky and my heart swallows it.” I understand this line (written by me). Do others? To me it symbolizes utter disappointment, and some of my dejection was released when I laid my hurt open instead of suppressing the welling of self-pity which I felt. However, others are probably left cold by my private bonfire of feeling.

If the author writes for money, he often produces work with stereotyped commercial appeal. The novel such as *Forever Amber*, which contains passionate love scenes in every other chapter, serves as a good example.

Other literature may also be sheer printed nonsense—but, oh, what wonderful nonsense! This nonsense offers a release from life and a chance for vicarious romance and adventure. Lewis Carroll wrote some of the most nonsensical nonsense, and it actually seems more substantial than life.

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome rathe outgrabe . . .

This excerpt from “Jabberwocky” brims with mystery, excitement, and truth. I can picture a weird swamp scene, an atmosphere tense with anticipation for the coming of the fabulous “Jabberwock,” whose “vorpel blade” goes “snicker-snack.” Again, in *Alice in Wonderland* the unrealistically realistic Mad Hatter, who insists that “unbirthdays” are better than birthdays because they occur 364 days each year, appears quite logical.

“The Great Lover,” by Rupert Brooke, takes the commonplace parts of living and transforms them into bright discovery for the reader. “These things I’ve known and loved . . . white plates and cups clean-gleaming . . . wild smell of hair . . . rough male kiss of blankets . . . raindrops couching in cool flowers . . . and flowers themselves that sway through sunny hours . . . strong crust of friendly bread . . . wet roofs beneath the lamplight.” Sometimes we little hurried people get so caught up in the rush of living that our eyes never revel in our dishes’ whiteness, and our senses never enjoy the caress of a blanket or the resistance of bread crust. There are numerous other small adventures of life which I myself have come to perceive and enjoy because I had my senses reawakened by Brooke’s “nonsense.”

In the impact of the well-written novel lies enough powerful drama to jolt whole sections of the world to attention. *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, has been cited by some historians as a vital source of agitation in the organization of an abolitionist movement against slavery in the South. She delineated her characters in a style that evoked sympathetic feelings for slaves, and hatred for all slave-owners no matter how solicitous or lenient they might have been toward their slaves.

Literature has as much place in life as any other form of writing. It is as vital as the newspaper because it enlarges on events which are reported in the newspaper. It is as vital as exposition because it often furthers the causes which expository articles support. It is as vital as life itself because without the emotional experiences which literature offers, life would often be nonsense.

A Vision

WOLFGANG SCHULZ

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

At last the great powers of the world made peace and agreed to end the armament race. They decided to destroy all atomic weapons, their production centers, and all data and information about the development of nuclear weapons.

Up to that moment, a huge amount of radioactive material waste had been accumulated and was to be more than doubled by the destroyed arms and machinery. Some measure had to be found to rid the nations of this material which would radiate for thousands of years and be a creeping death to all living beings. Four different locations in bare mountain regions or deserts, far from human habitation, were chosen as atomic burial grounds: the Swiss Alps, and the deserts in Australia, Siberia, and the United States.

In geographical maps, these locations were indicated as white spots. Nothing could better characterize these moon-dead areas. No plant or animal lived there, no fountain or river existed that could bring water infected with radioactivity out of these "hot" regions. Airplanes avoided flying over these territories. True, windstorms sometimes swept over the sands and carried clouds of deadly dust even as far as to human settlements; but most of the time they subsided before they could do substantial damage. The radioactive metal parts and fluids were stored in concrete buildings or underground tanks. Roasting in the sun were the bones of their builders—mostly criminals who had been forced to do the building—like the bones of pirates accessory to a hidden treasure.

The men who died in the deserts became heroes, saints, saviors of mankind. Although in the early stage of planning many scientists and statesmen bitterly opposed the project which meant to them the destruction of man's most promising invention, later generations praised it as mankind's greatest achievement. An immense danger had been averted, an incomprehensible evil had been destroyed.

Very soon philosophical and religious movements, favored by the uncertain and hazy conceptions that existed about the nature of atomic fission and radiation, speculated, with the joy and enthusiasm to be expected of people who felt relieved from the constant threat of atomic war. They declared that the change of matter to energy was the ultimate step of man's sin, inherited from Adam and Eve in Paradise and steadily deepened. But at the moment of man's final aversion from his creator, he came back as the repentant child to his father. The atomic burial grounds were monuments to his self-denial and humility. The eternal curse was nullified. God accepted His child and gave

him, with the almost eternal radiation of the atomic material, an inexhaustible fountain of forgiveness which would wash away all future sin and crime. The Roman Catholic Church, an all-important institution then, very soon recognized its advantage in becoming the administrator of the divine forgiveness, thus ridding itself of the constant search for new relics and saints, or from the task of restoring its surplus of forgiveness. And it gave with full hands.

Some groups of people tried to make practical use of the radioactive territories: the suicides who wanted to parachute from planes, the people who wanted to expose criminals there, the religious fanatics who saw going through the radiation as a sure way of gaining God's special favor. But these were minor groups; besides, any attempt to realize one of these ideas was hindered by protective devices, by which any object penetrating a "hot" zone was tracked down.

After many, many years, an event happened that seemed impossible: the earth shook, and in great explosions all four regions burst open simultaneously; then, like roaring fire, the deadly materials spread in the form of dust storms or of rain and seawater, over the globe, killing everything.

Prophets raised voices which had been silent for centuries and said: "Sin cannot be forgiven, it can only be avenged. It may be buried and sleep a long time, but it will come to life again and seek for its creators." Their words—the truth—remained unheard.

Son of Man

JOANNE E. RUCK
Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

O son of man, the ignorant night, the travail
Of early morning, the mystery of beginning,
Again and again,
while History is unforgiven.

"In the Naked Bed, In Plato's Cave"
by Delmore Schwartz

Cannery Row is the beginning of life and the end; it is virtue and sin; it is knowledge and ignorance; it is a mirror in which John Steinbeck shows the proud world its reflection. Cannery Row is "the gathered wood, chipped pavement and weedy lots, junk heaps, sardine canneries of corrugated iron, honky tonks, restaurants . . . little crowded groceries, laboratories, and flophouses." Armed with only a pen, Steinbeck has painted a world which is beautiful and shabby at the same time.

Cannery Row is peopled with unforgettable characters like Lee Chong, the Chinese grocer who spoke a stately English without ever using the letter

R; and Dora, the great big woman with flaming orange hair and a penchant for bright green evening dresses, who kept an honest one-priced house, sold no hard liquor, and permitted no loud or vulgar talk in her house. There is Doc . . . Doc, who owned and operated Western Biological Laboratory; Doc, whose face was half Christ and half Satyr and whose face told the truth. He could kill anything for need but could not even hurt feelings for pleasure.

Cannery Row is not a story. Rather, it is a lot of little stories about a lot of little people who become so big that they stand out in the mind long after the final page of the book has been read.

Steinbeck has taken Man and divided him into a group of virtues and vices. There is Mack, who by ordinary standards might be compared to any Skid Row bum but who has found the one thing most men search for all their lives and seldom find—peace of mind. Mack turned an abandoned warehouse into the Palace Flophouse, where he surrounded himself with a fraternity of philosopher-vagrants. Mack and his boys never moved a muscle when a parade passed by Cannery Row; they had seen many parades in their lives and they knew what parades were all about. Instead, Mack liked to sit outside the Palace and watch a sunset, fortifying himself now and then with a bottle of Old Tennis Shoes, the three-month-old whisky which Lee Chong kept in his grocery store.

One becomes haunted by Hazel, the youngest of Mack's boys. Hazel was a very short step removed from idiocy. He asked questions all the time, not because he wanted to know the answers, but because he loved to hear other people talking. He was utterly miserable whenever there was a lag in the conversation and would search frantically for some topic about which to inquire.

There is Gay, who alternated between a life of fistfights with his espoused and periods of peace and quiet at the Palace Flophouse. Gay could have made a fortune as a mechanic; he had a way with machines and could fix anything in an amazingly short time.

Steinbeck has written a book about these people. There is no plot, for the novel is essentially a character study, a study of Man stripped of any façade which might imperil the investigation of his soul and his mind.

To some people Cannery Row was an ugly place, dirty and depressing. Doc thought it was beautiful. He understood the intricate mechanism which made the street throb with life. He understood its people; to him they did not represent evil and degeneracy; they were Man. Doc knew that Man was both Angel and Devil.

Steinbeck prefaced his novel with a reassuring note about fictions and fabrications; the people and places in his book are, of course, non-existent. But one cannot help feeling, when the last paragraph has been read, and perhaps reread, that Cannery Row is as real as Chicago's State Street. Cannery Row is any street anywhere Man lives and breathes, loves and hates, and tries to learn of that inexplicable force which directs his life.

The Love of Life

NORMAN MYSLIWIES

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

The love of life is at bottom the fear of death

—Schopenhauer

Man prides himself on his love of life. The theme has been used again and again throughout history. It has been expressed in tales, poems, drama, and in art. So much has it been repeated that we now accept, as a fact, that it is natural and even ennobling to possess this great appreciation of life.

Underlying this love of life, however, is a fear of death, probably the most basic fear inherent in man. Hazlitt said, "No young man ever thinks he will die." Perhaps not consciously, but deep within him, from the time that he is able to understand what life is, this fear lurks.

In every way possible, man has tried to fight this fear of death. Religion, probably one of the strongest institutions invented by man, is, for the most part, an attempt to assuage the fear of death. Every form of religion invented has promised its followers a life after death—immortality. Even the thought that he will spend eternity in hell seems to be more comforting to man than the idea of ceasing to exist. In fact, we find it quite impossible to conceive of ourselves as no longer existing. It is completely beyond our mental powers.

The rationalization of the death-fear by love of life is probably not conscious. When we are enraptured by the sensual pleasures of the world, we may want to sing, to shout our joy to the world, or to write odes to nature's beauty. But much of the ecstasy results from the knowledge that a time will come when we will no longer enjoy life's pleasures. Death is a puzzle. Will there be pleasures after? Perhaps. But the time to enjoy them is now, while we are sure of them. Truly, "The love of life is at bottom the fear of death."

Good Lord

EUGENE BRYERTON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

Motion pictures have finally come of age. Until a few years ago, Hollywood was strictly commercial, dealing only in westerns, murder mysteries, romances, and science-fiction. With the innovation of Cinemascope and *The Robe* in 1953, however, the motion picture magnates realized that the public was interested in films with religious themes. When *The Robe* smashed all previous box-office records, Hollywood moguls decided that they were

through with commercial pictures and would now deal in the religious education of the masses. They have truly stuck to their guns, for since then no fewer than nine or ten motion pictures with strictly religious themes have been released to the public.

The Robe, however, is not really a true representation of this "new spirit," since it wastes too much time on unimportant, boring things, such as the crucifixion of Christ. On the other hand, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*, the sequel to *The Robe*, has mammoth sets, a cast of thousands, and many bloody arena scenes which put the necessary "zing" into the story.

Since such a successful picture was made concerning Christ's robe, other studios began to ask themselves, why not one about the cup from which He drank at the last supper? Knowing that this was a blank spot in every person's religious education, Warner Brothers decided to fill the gap with their *Silver Chalice*. While they were about it, they decided to place the Tower of Babel in its correct chronological position (during the time of Nero Caesar), and had Jack Palance jump from the top of it to prove that good will triumph over evil every time. Although the cup itself happens to get lost during the first hour of the film, the movie-goers spend a very enjoyable three hours viewing the excesses of Nero's court, thrilling hand-to-hand combats, and a tempestuous love affair.

Seeing by the box-office receipts that the public was still interested in religion, Hollywood proceeded to educate them further by the release of *The Prodigal*. Based on a few short Bible verses referring to the prodigal son, this two-and-one-half-hour film relates, in detail, not only his departure and return home, but also goes into greater detail on just *how* he squandered his half of his father's estate. It seems he runs into a heathen princess (played exquisitely by Lana Turner), and after a heated affair with this foreign beauty, he renounces her and goes back to his father.

Not to be outdone in the enlightenment of the masses, Paramount brought out *Samson and Delilah*. This too is a Bible story, in which Victor Mature has his locks and his strength shorn from him by Hedy Lamarr. Delilah, as you well know from the Bible and the famous opera, later falls in love with Samson and eventually he forgives her. They are locked in each other's embrace as the walls of the heathenish temple of Dagon fall, crushing everything and everybody.

No list of true-to-life, authenticated religious films would be complete, of course, without mention of Columbia's *Salome*. Great emphasis is placed upon the fact that she was forced to dance before King Herod, and great emphasis is likewise placed upon Rita Hayworth's interpretation of the "dance of the seven veils." This dance adds the final religious touch to the picture, and the entire theater audience works itself into a religious frenzy because of it. Unfortunately, poor Salome never does get to finish her dance, for when the head of Saint John is brought in on a silver platter, she faints dead away. Simple,

homespun girl that she is, Salome later marries a Roman soldier and settles down into a model Christian way of life.

These pictures are by no means the only ones that have been released. Many others are now in circulation, and many more are being planned. Hollywood is indeed to be congratulated on the tasteful way it handles these films, the sensitive actors that are used in the portrayals, and above all, the admirable way in which it avoids all temptations to swerve from the stories as originally presented in that greatest of all script-books, the Bible.

Where I Would Like to Be Now

PHILLIP A. WEIBLER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

Where would I like to be now? If I had a choice, I think I should return to Stotesbury, West Virginia. I have two reasons for this choice. First, I like the people there and their way of life. Second, I think it is a very beautiful country, especially in the late fall.

Stotesbury is an unincorporated town of about five hundred population, located in the heart of West Virginia's coal mining area. The shallow Gulf Creek flows over a silken black bed of coal dust, and the narrow valley floor which it has carved out of the mountains is monopolized by two high-capacity railroad branch lines. The mine head, three-quarters of the way up the mountain-side, dominates the landscape, and indeed the livelihood of the people in the valley. The black bulk of the tippie springs away from the hillside and reaches halfway across the valley floor. These are the elements that have dominated the life in Stotesbury for years in the past, and that will continue to do so in the future.

The people realize this, and they go about their daily work quietly and skillfully, with a firm conviction that their mission in life is to keep the coal flowing out along the Gulf Branch. I only wish that I could be so sure of my mission in life. To a man they are proud of their work and the part they play in the mining industry.

The simplest way to describe the beautiful country surrounding Stotesbury is to say that it is vertical. The scenery climbs up one side of the mountain and down the other and spends very little time on a horizontal plane. In late fall, trees march up the side of the mountain with bare limbs linked. Along the winding road at the top of the mountain, where sunshine is much more plentiful, the trees are still resplendent in bright reds, yellows, and browns. Yet deep in the valley, winter has already made its inroads, and frost sparkles on the immense masses of mine trailings and on the rails that carry Stotesbury's coal to the outside world.

Maybe some day I will have my chance to return to this little town. I hope so.

Where the City Ends

FREDERICK R. WELLS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

Tokyo is a sprawling, noisy, dirty city with all the rush and commotion of our Chicago or New York. Its seven million people have accepted this way of life, but only to a limited degree. The Japanese philosophy and way of life, in their traditional forms, leave little room for such nerve-jangling hustle and bustle. There is nothing they can do about the business district's character being so out of tune with the people's, but they can and do draw a line at their doorsteps.

The Japanese people love beauty, and along with this comes a love of quietude as well. This facet of the oriental philosophy is reflected in their homes. As you approach an average residence, usually along a narrow, poorly paved and cluttered street, you can hardly discern it from all the others. They all look much the same: you can only see a high, unpainted fence, usually partially covered with vines, with a small door, so small that even the short Japanese who lives there must stoop to enter. Unless you live in the neighborhood, or you know someone there, these fences and small doors leave you with a lonesome, left-out feeling. But here is a friend's house. Shall we enter?

You open the door, crouch low so that you may enter, and realize when you stand up that this gate is where the city ends. In spite of the noise and dirt of the street, there is here a soothing quiet, a peace that makes you forget your troubles and want to relax on the cool grass by the willow tree near the house.

The yard is small. It is occupied mostly by a rock garden and a goldfish pond, both masterfully designed and placed to give the utmost esthetic pleasure and also to give the illusion of more space than there really is within the fenced area. The grass is a rich green, and there is a path leading to the small house.

The house, like the fence, is unpainted. The reason for this is the Japanese feeling that paint, unless kept up, will mar the beauty of their homes. Then too, the natural wood, darkened by constant exposure to the weather, blends into the surrounding area so that it seems to be a part of the natural beauty there.

To enter the house, there is a sliding door with large panes of rice paper, which we push aside. Immediately in front of us there is a vestibule where we take off our shoes and exchange them for *zori*s, a sort of slipper. A few steps up and we are in the house itself. There is one room, and one piece of furniture. The floors are covered with large, rectangular mats of straw, called *tatami*s, and in the middle of the room is one low, round table with several cushions spread around it.

The uncluttered room, the quiet garden, the simplicity of life, all blend to give a wonderful relaxation hard to find in any modern city. The peace of home and garden truly makes that small door in the high fence the place where the city ends.

Cayucas I Have Known

WILLIAM C. WILLOUGHBY

Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper

I was practically reared with a cayuca paddle in one hand and a machete in the other. I have my machete hanging on the wall at home, but I seem to have lost my cayuca paddle. It's a shame, too, because the happiest hours of my boyhood were spent in sailing and rowing my small cayuca on the lakes and rivers of the Panama Canal Zone.

A cayuca is a form of dugout canoe hollowed from a single log.¹ Though dugouts are found in all parts of the Americas,² the true cayuca is native to tropical Central America, where mahogany and cypress logs of sufficient size and quantity are available.

The pirogue, found in the southern United States, is made of roughhewn planks and is not a true dugout.³ Pirogues are usually supposed to be an invention of the French Arcadians. In reality, they are copies of a craft made by the Indians of the lower Mississippi Valley.⁴ In northern South America we find the "duck billed" and "u-bow" *uba* in the Amazon regions⁵ and the sailing *canoa* along the northern coast.⁶ But these craft often have built-up gunwales and bows. The *piraqua* (from which the word "pirogue" is derived) is found in British Guiana and the Antilles, and is a dugout made from a log which has been completely hollowed and the open ends then plugged with shaped wooden pieces.⁷

A cayuca, though, is always made entirely from one log. It usually varies in length from twelve to thirty feet, although I have seen crude *chicas* or child's cayucas only eight feet in length. Sailing dugouts are sometimes fifty feet or more long.⁸ To the person who is used to canoes and rowboats, the cayuca seems unusually narrow. Cayucas are usually from twenty-four to thirty-six inches in breadth, and from twelve to thirty inches in depth.

Cayucas are made from both the hardwood and softwood trees of the jungle. The hardwoods make a stronger and longer-lasting dugout, but they are difficult to shape and hollow. The softwoods, the most common of which is balsa, are easy to work, but the cayuca will often become waterlogged and sink within a matter of months.⁹ The majority of cayucas are made from mahogany, a semi-hard wood. Central American mahogany is not as fine-grained nor as durable as Philippine mahogany, but it is easily worked, has good weathering properties, and will not become water-logged.

In selecting a tree from which to construct his dugout, the native boat-

builder searches the jungle until he finds the trunk he wants. He marks the tree for cutting, and returns to his *bohio*¹⁰ for cutting tools. Giant mahogany trees, four feet across, are cut down by machete. Axes and saws are available, but are almost impossible to re-sharpen in the jungle. Often the builder's entire family will make camp around the tree while it is being felled.¹¹

After felling and trimming, help is obtained from other boat makers and their families. The log is moved to the site selected for the building of the cayuca. This place must have a plentiful supply of both water and dry wood. Usually a stream or river is selected, though a jungle spring will serve the purpose. When the building site is reached, a new *bohio* is built, and the entire family settles down for what may be a week-long task.¹²

The trunk is first marked off for the outside shaping of the hull. This is accomplished by machete, hatchet, adze, and wedges. No plan or blueprint is used, and only the artistry of the workman determines the final hull shape.¹³ Typical cayucas have pointed and upswept bow and stern, with considerable sheer. The sides are rounded, with the widest portion about amidships. The bottom is flat, with no keel, unless the craft is to be used for sailing.¹⁴ If the cayuca is to be powered by an outboard motor, the stern is made square, with no sheer, and a hardwood transom is added. The hollowing out is begun only after the outer hull is completed.¹⁵

The hull is usually hollowed with adzes and axes. Fire was used by more primitive man, but steel tools have largely replaced this method.¹⁶ To keep from cutting the sides too thin, holes are drilled along both sides and bottom. The bottom holes are drilled about two inches deep, and the side holes about one inch deep. These holes are plugged with wood different from the hull. The builder then uses these plugs as gauges, and hollows out the hull until the plugs are reached.¹⁷ Calipers and templates are also used to gauge hull thickness.

The inside has a flat bottom with rounded sides, and smoothly sloped ends. The sloped ends are marvels in design, for they allow a swamped cayuca to be emptied of water by one man, who goes over the side and pushes the cayuca back and forth, the momentum of the craft causing the water to splash over the ends. A skillful paddler can do this while sitting in the cayuca.

Often, after being hollowed, the cayuca is considered finished. But the cayuca may now be given added beam and greater stability by "spreading."¹⁸ In spreading, the cayuca is filled with water and the water is heated to the boiling point by hot stones. This is the reason for the supply of water and dry wood. The hot water softens the wood, and the sides are pushed apart by wooden thwarts and wedges.¹⁹ By spreading, a cayuca with a thirty-inch beam can be made from a log only twenty-four inches in diameter. After drying, the wood will keep its shape and the thwarts can be removed, though they are often left in for seats.

The carving and decoration of a dugout seem to vary inversely with the availability of good trees. The Indians of southern Alaska, who have few good

logs, make elaborately carved and decorated canoes.²⁰ But little or no decoration is wasted on the cayucas of Central America. If any decorating at all is done, the designs are painted on. Blue, yellow, and black are the favorite colors.

Mr. William Quinn, who now lives in Urbana, Illinois, is a well-known lecturer on Central and South America. He showed me colored slides of cayucas in the Panamanian province of Darien, decorated with red-lead hulls, black interiors and yellow zinc chromate trim. All of the paints were probably stolen or traded from the United States Army, which had a few outposts in this wild region during World War II. Usually, though, cayucas are left unfinished except for a thin coat of melted beeswax to keep out the moisture.²¹ The final fitting of the hull is done after decorating, and depends upon the way the cayuca will be used.

There are three ways of propelling a cayuca: by pole and paddle, by sail, and by motor. "Poles are the most obvious, and perhaps the most primitive method of driving canoes along. In many localities, they are effective, convenient and easily obtainable. For hunting or fishing, it is found that poles are more nearly silent than paddles and more effective in turning the canoe about and bringing it promptly to a standstill."²² However, paddling is used almost exclusively in Central America because of the great depth of the lakes and rivers, especially during the wet season.²³

The type of paddle used depends upon the position from which it is to be held. The paddles used from the sitting position are from four to six feet long. Those used while standing are from six to eight feet long.²⁴ The paddles have spoon-shaped blades, with a width about one-half the length. The top of the blade is tapered into the round shaft. No decorative carving is done, but the paddles may be elaborately painted.

The paddle is held in ". . . the palms in opposition hold. It is a grip widely used in Central and South America."²⁵ The paddle is grasped with the blade to the left, the left hand next to the blade with palm down. The right hand is placed at the end of the shaft with the palm up. The cayuca is paddled much like the birch bark canoes of the North American Indians. Unlike the Northern Indian, the native of Central America paddles on both sides of the cayuca.²⁶ The grip is not reversed, since the hull is narrow enough to be reached across easily.

On longer trips—on the lakes and at sea—sails may be used. Sailing was not a part of native American culture, but many cayucas have been adapted to be used with the white man's sail.²⁷ An unusual "scissors mast" is mounted just forward of amidships. A large square sail is used, often without a boom. I have often seen these crudely rigged craft far out at sea, beyond the sight of land. When used with a sail, a small keel is often built into the cayuca.

Since sails are almost impossible to use on the swift rivers of the tropics, many cayucas have been adapted for use with outboard motors. Nothing seems to be as incongruous as the teaming of an outboard motor and a cayuca. A

thick transom is built into the squared-off stern. The motor is mounted and used as if it were in a rowboat. The Choco Indians of Panama, who have generally shown no affinity for "civilization," quite readily accept the outboard motor in trade.²⁸ Of course, only the well-to-do native can afford gasoline for a seven-horse Mercury engine.

Whether paddled, sailed or used with an engine, the cayuca is a means of economical transportation. The jungles of Central America have a few trails and almost no roads. Recently, the airplane has been introduced,²⁹ but the cayuca is still the best means of transportation on the thousands of streams, rivers, and lakes of the tropics.

Bananas, the backbone of the tropical economy, are shipped to the ports and markets by cayuca. The banana dock is a part of every waterside village.³⁰ The large fruit companies pay the planter about fifty cents for a stalk of bananas, which retails in the United States for ten dollars. The natives also raise and ship mangoes, sugar cane, avocados, coconuts, *yamki*,³¹ yucca, tomatoes, oranges, and limes.³²

The Cuna Indians of the San Blas Archipelago are completely dependent upon the cayuca for transportation. The low, sandy islands are unsuitable for bananas, and their only money crop is coconuts. Their only market is over one hundred miles away, and so the Cunas are expert sailors.³³

The cayuca also plays a vital role in hunting in the trackless jungle. Mr. David Marshall, a long-time resident of Gatun, Canal Zone, and an expert hunter and fisherman, often guided me on hunting expeditions. On our many trips into the jungle, he instructed me in how to use the cayuca in hunting.

The cayuca is kept close inshore, where game trails can be easily spotted. Places that show sign of recent activity are "baited" with bananas or some other delicacy, and the hunter climbs a tree to await developments. Any animal foolish enough to go for the bait is soon shot, bled, skinned, gutted, and on its way to the table.

At night, the hunter will drift along the bank of a stream, occasionally flashing a battery-powered head lamp—much like a miner's lantern—into the jungle. The animals are hypnotized by the bright light, and their eyes are a glowing betrayal of their presence. Deer and *conejo*³⁴ will reflect red; pecary, orange; tapir, white; armadillo, green; puma, yellow. A shotgun blast in the general direction of the reflection is deadly. This kind of hunting is called "jack-lighting" and, although illegal, is widely practiced throughout Central America.

While fishing from cayucas, the natives usually work as a team. The cayuca fisherman seldom works alone or with hook and line. *The Old Man and the Sea* is an excellent description of the danger involved. Nets are the most efficient method of catching fish.³⁵ A large net is dropped in a semi-circle off shore. The ends are landed on the beach, and the crews pull the net in. *Corbina*,³⁶ snook, red snapper, and mackerel, as well as manatee, sharks, and rays, are caught in this way.

Native children of the Caribbean regions are skilled in the use of the cayuca. Often it is their only plaything, and children barely old enough to walk can swim and paddle a cayuca. Since most land is government-owned,³⁷ a family's most valuable possessions are usually their cayucas, and the skills of cayuca building and upkeep are taught from childhood. Many hours of pleasure are afforded the young child in learning to make and use cayucas—the same cayucas that will play such an important role in his adult life.

To me the tropics will always be symbolized by a tanned youth with his machete in one hand and his cayuca paddle in the other.

NOTES

- ¹ Wendell P. Roop, *Watercraft of Amazonia* (Woodbury, New Jersey, 1935) p. 107.
- ² Terence Quirke, *Canoes the World Over* (Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1952) p. 42.
- ³ George M. Herbert, "All-purpose Boat of the Bayous," *Nations Business*, (November, 1951) p. 86-7.
- ⁴ United States National Museum, *Bulletin Number 127, Catalogue of the Watercraft Collection in the United States National Museum* (Washington, 1923) p. 205.
- ⁵ Roop, p. 31.
- ⁶ U. S. National Museum, p. 222.
- ⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 223.
- ⁸ Roop, p. 29.
- ⁹ Quirke, p. 52.
- ¹⁰ *bohio*, palm-thatched native hut.
- ¹¹ Quirke, p. 49.
- ¹² *Ibid.*, p. 49.
- ¹³ Roop, p. 66.
- ¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 65.
- ¹⁵ Quirke, p. 45.
- ¹⁶ Roop, p. 33.
- ¹⁷ Quirke, p. 45.
- ¹⁸ Tracey Robinson, *Panama* (New York, The Trow Press, 1907) p. 106 (picture).
- ¹⁹ Roop, p. 38.
- ²⁰ Quirke, p. 44.
- ²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 49.
- ²² *Ibid.*, p. 21.
- ²³ John and Mavis Biesarz, *The People of Panama* (New York, Columbia University Press, 1955) p. 5.
- ²⁴ Quirke, p. 25.
- ²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 27.
- ²⁶ Roop, p. 31.
- ²⁷ Quirke, p. 31.
- ²⁸ "Study Choco Indians," *Science News Letter*, (August 15, 1953) p. 102.
- ²⁹ Biesarz, p. 177 (picture).
- ³⁰ Robinson, p. 106 (picture).
- ³¹ *yamki*, root-like vegetable somewhat like the yellow sweet potato.
- ³² C. L. G. Anderson, *Old Panama and Castilla del Oro* (Boston, The Page Company, 1914) p. 4.
- ³³ *Ibid.*, p. 14.
- ³⁴ *conejo*, spotted jungle animal which resembles large rabbit.
- ³⁵ Thomas Gann, *Ancient Cities and Modern Tribes* (London, Duckworth Company, 1926) p. 25.
- ³⁶ *corbina*, sea trout
- ³⁷ Biesarz, p. 124.

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Rhet as Writ

Always remember that if you could a subject much better one way than into use the other way it might be much better for you in many ways.

Students should work harder to overcome their bad habits, such as spelling.

It is evident that Hemingway intended to alleviate the ponderous style of previous nineteenth century writers without losing a certain atmosphere of expectation they developed. This is partially achieved by making one of the main characters pregnant.

Each fraternity was trying to outdue the others.

Let's take the sex out of the schools and put it back into the home where it belongs.

Every night, when he came home from his job as a stone-cutter, he would pour himself over his books.

My dream of an ideal vacation would be a cruze through the Carabeau on my own private yatch.

I came to the University of Illinois to get a bitter education.

The Olympic Games were made up of many athletic feets.

I also learn to know many different types of girls by dating them. I think it is important to know these things in order to wisely choose a wife. I will admit, however, that my choice may not wholly be based on bare facts; love will play a greater part.

New types of weapons are provided. Guided missals which can be directed against enemy ground units and enemy aircraft.

The Contributors

Jean Dewhirst—Soldon-Blewett, St. Louis, Mo.

Ronald W. Sadewater—East Rockford Senior

Donna Toika—Waukegan Twp.

Joan McDiarmid—Warren Garnee

S. Ward Hamilton III—Morgan Park

Joseph E. Guderian—Morton

Gail Dent—Niles Twp.

David Berman—Roosevelt

John B. Means—Southwest, Kansas City, Mo.

Sayre D. Andersen—Maine Twp.

William L. Magnuson—Harvard

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Wolfgang Schulz—Joliet Junior College

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Norman Mysliwies—Gage Park

Eugene Bryerton—Fenger

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Frederick R. Wells—Freeport

William C. Willoughby—Cristobal, C. Z.



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Phyllis Rice, Edward Levy, David Gladish, George Estey, and Carl Moon, Editor.

Family Life Is for Women and Children Only?

DALE LYTTON
Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

AMERICANS ARE THE GREATEST "KIDDERS" ON EARTH. The majority of us wink at dirty politics, pretend to abhor sex, and hope to get something for nothing. A small minority recognize and decry these contradictions, but even this group usually goes along with the idea that American life in general is founded on a unit of organization known as the family. The family may have been the original social unit in America, but times have changed.

When the forty-hour week became commonplace, Americans (and especially labor bosses) could boast that finally the worker had enough time to be with his family. Did he? The mass migration of the middle class to the suburbs meant that once more man would leave for work at dawn and arrive home near bedtime. The long weekend (two full days) would allow the family to play its true role. Really? With Dad at the golf course, on the lake, or menacing all the stray animals in the great outdoors, he could hardly be expected to assume his designated role at home. Since Mom had canasta'd and P.T.A.'d during the week, she could be counted upon to be around (around the neighborhood, that is). Invariably, Junior preferred the "Y" or the movies or anywhere else but home.

Americans put a lot of emphasis on the importance of the home—and everyone from "Kissin' Jim" Folsom to the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* defers to the "family," grasping this mythical idea of domestic unity as gospel and spoonfeeding it to the people (who, according to the rules, believe anything in print).

Family life for women and children only? With the exclusion of any members of the family, can there be family life? Hardly! This is not to say that the lack of family life is going to bring the walls cracking down on us at any minute—that is not the problem. The serious question involved is that of being realistic about the breakdown of the family unit and admitting that the individual reigns supreme in our structure of society.

And while we're expunging this particular fairy tale about America's glorious family life, let's stop being such great "kidders" and regurgitate some of the other half-truths we've been so complacently swallowing all these years.

Doublethink

MIKE SOVEREIGN

Rhetoric 102, Book Report

A MAN WAS BORN AND HIS EDUCATION BEGUN. HE WAS taught to reason logically from observable evidence. He was told that all men are created equal, that force was basically evil, and that two wrongs never make a right. He matured and told his people that segregation was wrong, and they called him a "nigger-lover" and ran him out of town. He ignored their God, and they shunned him. He refused to fight in the war, and they called him a traitor and a coward. He maintained that if all men are equal, they should contribute according to their abilities, and profit according to their needs; and they branded him a seditionist, a revolutionary, and revoked his citizenship. In destitution, he tried to find a job to support his wife and children, and the unions and employers rejected him as undesirable. In desperation, he tried to leave the country, and was denied a passport. In despair, he killed himself.

But what has this to do with the novel *1984*? It is very hard to believe that people could doublethink, the action of believing what one does not believe, as effectively as the people in *1984* did. They could forget that yesterday the enemy was Eastasia, not Eurasia, and that the chocolate ration was being reduced when the government said it was being increased. They could close their eyes to the truth and, if necessary, believe that two and two equal five. This seems impossible, but examine the case of the young man above. Everyone is taught the principles that this man tried to apply. They are the basis of the religion of the country. But the vast majority ignore these truths because they find that society will not accept many actions based upon these principles, even though it professes to believe them. Therefore doublethink is necessary, just as it was a necessity for the party numbers in *1984*. In both cases the society demands that truth be denied, and that the denial be forgotten, if the individual wants to remain in the society. The individual must believe one set of values and act upon another.

Winston Smith and the man in the first part of this essay both refused to doublethink. Smith was finally converted by Room 101, the treatment that no one could endure. He was converted to prevent him from becoming a martyr. There is no Room 101 as yet, but people are so well schooled in doublethink that most of them would never think of the man in this essay as a martyr, quite the opposite. However, as O'Brien said in *1984*, without a Room 101 there will continue to be people who refuse to doublethink. But if the adherents of political, social, and economic orthodoxy can limit the spread of truth and

the refusal to doublethink, by tightening the patterns of conformity and blindly labeling all deviations as subversive or seditious, then a Room 101 will, in time, arrive; and a sterile world will no longer be troubled by nonconformists who refuse to doublethink.

Honest? Of Course I Am

ANONYMOUS
Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

LAST SUMMER WHEN I WAS BEING INTERVIEWED FOR A scholarship, the interviewer asked me if I considered myself to be an honest person. I replied, "Yes," and thought a little indignantly, of course I am. Does he suppose that I'm going to use the scholarship money for something besides college?

I was correct in saying that I was honest in respect to the scholarship money. I would have considered misusing it a crime. My definition of dishonesty included, among other things, any form of stealing. Actually, though, if I or one of my friends had taken a package of chewing gum or some other small insignificant item from the corner grocery, I probably would have made a joke of it.

It appears that I wouldn't have applied my standard of dishonesty to myself or to my friends. This would have been especially true if the dishonest act was committed on a dare or unthinkingly. That is, I wouldn't have applied it before I was caught in dishonesty myself.

I was employed last summer by a dairy company at the state fair. The employees where I worked received their lunches free by merely going through the kitchen and behind the counter to get the food. I had been eating in back of the kitchen with a friend who was working at another part of the fairgrounds. With the original intention of paying for it, I got his lunch at the same time I got mine, so that he wouldn't have to wait in the long lines. However when I couldn't get to the cashier, I didn't pay. The third time this incident occurred the manager called me aside, stated that he had seen me, and then fired me.

Of course my friends told me that everyone "stole" a milkshake now and then, and that I just happened to get caught. Probably it seems ridiculous to suffer a guilty conscience over a couple of pilfered milkshakes, but then most people haven't been caught stealing. They haven't had their inflated opinions of their honesty pricked, as I have.

When asked if they were honest, I wonder if these people could reply, "Honest? Of course I am." I couldn't.

The Honest Nonconformist

JUDITH RAPHAEL

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH PART OF MY EDUCATIONAL background should help to understand why I value my Freshman Week experience. For the past school year I attended the Art Institute of Chicago. It is an art school and a very liberal institution. Most of the student body resided in the “arty” section of Chicago in sub-basement flats. They wore beards, dirty sweatshirts and sandals, and possessed a great deal of contempt for society and its rules. By rules, I mean institutional and social conventions, not laws. Nonconformism was their God, and “doing as one pleases” their religion. They put these feelings a good deal more idealistically, however; and lacking in self-discipline anyway, I began to believe them. I liked the way they rationalized my immaturity and called it individualism. In fact I was very much impressed with the idea that I was a natural nonconformist. My parents were not, however, and within a few months my stay amongst the “bohemians” was abruptly ended. I was packed off to the University of Illinois.

A very beneficial incident occurred my first day at the University. I indignantly told some clerk at McKinley Hospital that I was in perfect physical condition and absolutely refused to take a silly physical examination. The clerk very calmly told me in no uncertain terms either to take it or go back home. Needless to say, I took the physical. That was only the beginning of a week of following rules without any other alternative. It started me thinking.

Actually, there is very little connection between breaking laws and non-conformity. Chaos is all that would result from lack of restriction. I now believe that people who defy rules are not always the staunch individuals. In many cases they are just basically weak in self-discipline. Naturally I would rebel against restriction of my freedom of speech, religion, and thought, but not against some rule which merely states that I cannot stay out after one o'clock. If individualist is the title given to those who defy rules, then the best of them are in prisons. It is far more of a challenge to retain one's identity when under the restriction of certain institutions and customs. Any fool can break rules and be different.

No one can change overnight, but I do feel that my new ideas are more mature than my former ones. Maybe I should thank that fellow at McKinley Hospital who told me to go home. He frightened me into thinking.

TV's Exploitation of Knowledge

JAMES H. STEIN, JR.

Rhetoric Placement Test

THIS FALL AMERICAN TELEVISION VIEWERS WILL SEE more quiz programs than ever before. Two of the three major networks have announced that they will program more quiz shows in the "peak viewing hours" this year. Clearly, it is time for an evaluation of these so-called "educational" programs.

The better-known quiz programs offer large cash prizes of more than fifty thousand dollars. To win such a sum, a contestant usually has to answer a series of questions which are progressively more difficult. Many of the questions require the contestant to recall dates or names from history. The average viewer will soon forget the years the Tigers won World Series; most housewives will be unable to list the "minority" Presidents of the United States even immediately after a contestant has successfully listed them in chronological order.

The harder questions are so detailed that they border on the ridiculous. One question asked of a teenage girl on *The \$64,000 Question* consisted, in part, of naming the two American atomic-powered submarines; explaining the difference between their atomic drives; giving the atomic weight of a certain isotope, the half-life of a certain radio-active material, and the age of the earth as determined by the decay of that substance—and of answering certain questions about cyclotrons. It took the girl nearly eight minutes just to answer the question. American families all over the nation gasped and bit their fingernails, but few actually retained any of the information.

Many questions are involved and tricky. However, the contestant is never made to do any original or constructive thinking. If he has a good memory, and is acquainted with the subject, he can rattle off the answers like a parrot. Such questions have little or no educational value. An educated person does not necessarily have thousands of little bits of information stowed away in his mind; instead, he is able to locate them quickly, in a book or elsewhere, and to use them logically and constructively.

Sponsors and networks proclaim their programs as "educational." This is because they dare not tell the public the cause of the programs' appeal. People like to see freaks, and a twelve-year-old boy who has memorized college texts is, to an extent, a freak. People also like to identify themselves with the contestants, and to dream of winning all the money for themselves. This is why the sponsors do not select contestants who would be expected to

know a subject thoroughly, such as professors, but "personalities," such as a friendly jockey who reads Shakespeare.

Education is not come by easily. No one can shovel knowledge into a person's mind, over television or elsewhere. Learning is an individual activity, not a commercialized amusement.

The Lost Arts

SUE HATCH

Rhetoric 101, Theme C

OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS ARE GROWING UP TO BE teachers, scientists, lawyers, but they have already lost one of the most wonderful gifts that their forefathers have left them. Our children have lost the sensitivity, the understanding, and consequently the appreciation for the beautiful creations of the greatest artists of all time because our schools place importance only on scientific facts, not on the beauty of creation.

Great artists such as Bach, Handel, and Mozart, won the applause of thousands. Each of these musicians was a creator of popular music, for their works were exceedingly popular when they were written. What kind of musician wins the cheers of millions now? Elvis Presley and Johnny Ray have people fighting each other to get a mere glimpse of one of them, but not by the loosest meaning of the term can these men be called artists. Why have our youngsters fallen for this clumsy, badly written music? The reason is quite plain; no one in our great school system has found time between math classes to teach or point out the beauty in the subtlety of the greatest musical works of all time. Consequently, the present-day teenagers have fallen into a habit of admiring music which must have a rhythm so terrifyingly obvious that it clouts one over the head. Yet, according to the "authorities" there can be nothing wrong in the teaching methods of our schools.

Apparently music isn't the only art that has been undermined by our modern blockheads. If Rembrandt were ever to see our "modern art," he undoubtedly would feel that there is no sense in making paint brushes or canvases any more. After all, when art gets so modern that the Chicago Art Institute hangs an artist's palette on its wall as an example of this wonderful new type of painting, one can hardly help thinking that there is something wrong among our artists and their critics. But what the public doesn't stop long enough to think over is the chance that our education might have something to do with this modern type of ignorance.

Although this lack of understanding where the fine arts are concerned doesn't go completely unnoticed, if anyone criticizes our youth, he is called "crack-pot," "old fashioned," and "fanatic." Won't someone please come to the aid of our limping education and dying arts?

Step Aside, Mr. Beethoven

FRANK KASPAR

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

WE, THE PEOPLE OF THE PRESENT GENERATION, ARE extremely fortunate, for we have beheld a great transition in music. Yes, that "stuffy" music written by the old masters has finally been replaced by a new and soothing musical style called "rock and roll."

The great popularity of rock and roll can be attributed partially to the lyrics of the songs. For instance, one artist croons a passionate love song which relates his experiences while attending a drive-in theater with his favorite girl. He describes the tender moments they shared while sitting in the back seat of the car, eating peanuts and candy. It is enough to make one choke on his emotions; to think of making love over a bag of peanuts! Another great artist has recorded a song in which he reprimands his girl friend with the bitter, cutting remark, "Well, you ain't nothin' but a hound dog!" Imagine the effect that these well-chosen words must have had on the girl, for they are so forceful, so . . . degrading. One of the greatest, most heart-felt passages ever encountered in musical history comes from a top-selling Elvis Presley record. It seems that Elvis deeply loved a beautiful girl; so he wrote a song which describes the storm of love which had lodged within his heart. Through this tender love song, he tells the girl that because of her, he is "All Shook Up." I am certain that future lovers will view these words in the same light that today's lovers view Romeo's speeches to Juliet.

There is another reason for the great popularity of rock and roll—one which is even greater than the poetic beauty of the songs. Rock and roll artists possess a tone quality that would have put Enrico Caruso to shame. Little Richard is the first name that enters my mind when I desire an example of this unbelievable tone quality. Perhaps the reader has heard that certain singers are capable of emitting tones which will crack a champagne glass. Well, I believe that Little Richard's voice could shatter any coke bottle within fifty yards. Rock and roll musicians, as well as singers, exhibit this wonderful tone quality. I would be willing to wager that Mr. Sil Austin, the famous saxophone player, had been taking music lessons for at least three weeks prior to his recording of "Slow Walk."

With artists such as those mentioned above giving their support to it, rock and roll can hardly fail to replace classical music. Step aside, Mr. Beethoven, and witness the age of good music—rock and roll.

Freshman Pledging Is a Scholastic Asset

SARA CREW

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

MANY PEOPLE ARE AGAINST FRESHMAN PLEDGING. A common objection is that since freshman year is the transition year, the year of orientation to a new way of life, pledging is an added and unnecessary burden which interferes too much with studies. However, from personal experience as a freshman pledge, I have seen many advantages to this system which I will attempt to bring to light here. Since I am relatively unfamiliar with fraternity pledging, I shall speak in terms of sorority pledging only.

Education is the primary purpose of our university, and no system is more aware of this than the Panhellenic system. The rushee must be able to fulfill certain scholastic qualifications before she may pledge. These vary slightly from house to house, and there are some exceptions in which individuals not possessing such qualifications have been pledged, but in the main they are hard, fast, unbreakable rules. These rules require that the girl stand in the upper half of her high-school graduating class. Many houses require a higher standing. It is believed that her high school record is indicative of how she will do in college.

The Panhellenic system urges scholastic achievement by offering trophies to the house and the pledge class having the highest average. A banquet is held at mid-term which is attended by the pledge with the highest average from each pledge class. Scholarship banquets are held to honor the five-point students. The individual houses also recognize outstanding scholastic achievement with awards given to those with a 4.5 or better average. Pledges are encouraged to strive for membership in Alpha Lambda Delta, honorary society for freshman women carrying sixteen credit hours with a 4.5 average. The houses are ranked on the quartile system, and of course every girl works so that her house may be in the first quartile. Her pride in her sorority and herself makes the girl try harder to maintain a higher average than she might if she were an independent and did not have these standards and goals set before her. Last, but far from least, the pledge must have a 3.3 average to become activated. If all else fails to make her study, the thought of that pin, and all that goes with it, will spur her on.

Social life is kept at a minimum during the pledge year. Pledges are required to study from seven until ten on school nights. They are also expected to study during the day from eight until three-thirty when they are not in class. Independents, on the other hand, have no study rules, and the social whirl sometimes tends to get the better of them. This is particularly true of freshmen,

since they are unaccustomed to planning their own time. A friend is living here independently. She told me recently that she dates during the day between classes as well as in the evening. At this rate she may find herself buying a one-way ticket home when mid-term grades are released. The temptation to have a good time is often hard to overcome, and it is unfortunate that if the independent's inclinations veer in this direction, there is nothing to hold her back.

Another popular misconception is that the poor pledge is constantly swamped with meetings and endless pledge duties. We have meetings one night a week, and these are generally terminated by eight-thirty. Pledge duties consist of answering the phone three hours a week and cleaning the room twice a week. Other duties include cleaning the laundry room and study hall, running any errands the house mother might have, and similar jobs which require no more than half an hour. These duties are performed by a different pledge each day, and often there are days when a pledge has no duties whatsoever. Are these activities so time-consuming that they keep the pledge continually submerged? I hardly think so. Rather, they are good discipline, for one learns to budget her time in order to get everything accomplished efficiently.

The pledge also has the advantage of living with upperclassmen who may be able to assist her in a course she finds difficult. Furthermore, she benefits in that living in close contact with a cross-section of personalities enables her to acquire new ideas and viewpoints on her various subjects.

All these benefits, plus the constant emphasis on studying, result in very creditable academic achievement among the pledges. Had I not pledged, I do not believe I would try as hard as I do. Keen competition among the sororities and within the sorority, personal pride and pride in my sorority, these are more than sufficient incentive for high academic achievement. I am certain these sentiments are shared by every freshman pledge on the campus. They are our obligation to our sisters and ourselves.

“One for the Money and Two for the Show”

STANLEY HOUSE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1956, I WENT THROUGH THE FORMAL rush here at the University of Illinois. During this four-day period, the foremost topic of conversation as I visited various fraternity houses, was my intended academic major. Each house expressed a superficial interest in my college career and pointed out the number of fellows in my curriculum. Being a rather “green” freshman, I listened intently as the “Greek” salesman

told me about their seminars and compulsory study periods for pledges and as they pointed to their shiny scholastic trophies adorning the walls. I was also told that in addition to providing every opportunity for success in school the Greek system offered the freshman pledge an incentive to work hard.

In order that I might get off to a good start in school and become familiar with my daily routine, I was treated as a guest for the first week of classes. Then, on the eve of the second week, I was pulled out of bed to be initiated into pledging. At this time, I was informed of my pledge duties as well as the fraternity traditions. True to their boastings, the members ordered me to be in the library when not in class, from eight to four, Monday through Friday, with a one-hour break for lunch. At four o'clock, I would return to the house to pick up laundry and shine shoes for members. At seven o'clock I would take my books and go to the dining room, where a member serving as a proctor would put me on silence and would order me to glue my eyes to a book for the next three hours. Realizing the importance of a good night's sleep, the pledge trainer required me to be in bed by eleven. This was the time-table as outlined for me in the pledge policy and as executed on the first and only the first, day of pledging.

From then on the emphasis seemed to change from school to pledging. Instead of going to sleep at eleven, I would wash floors and do housework till two or three in the morning. On Tuesday and Thursday, my first class was at ten o'clock, but nevertheless at eight I was in the library sleeping peacefully with a book opened before me, and absorbing knowledge by osmosis.

Just as the school week was devoted to pledging, so the weekend was committed to this same servitude. Pledges were required to have a certain number of dates and to attend all social functions. Many weekends, I would have liked to sleep and then study for a coming hour examination, but I always had to get up early on Saturday morning and rake leaves or wash windows, and then go out that night.

As a result of my busy schedule and divided attentions, neither my life nor my time was ever my own. From time to time, physically exhausted and mentally forlorn, I would lose track of my primary purpose in being here.

Having been a member of a fraternity one semester, in addition to my first semester of pledging, I realize that pledging is basic to the fraternity and I will always have fond memories of my first semester. However, I must confess that I think I would have been better off living independently my first semester and adjusting to college at my own rate. In this way, I could have studied when I wanted to, slept at night and dated when I was caught up in school. In general, I could have assumed full responsibility for my actions and matured on my own. Then, after the first crucial semester I could pledge a fraternity, confident that I was a college student, and eager to take part in this other, less important phase of college living. I definitely believe that pledging should be banned to the first semester freshman, but I personally encourage students to go through second-semester rush.

It Doesn't Matter

MAX FLANDORFER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

MAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO FIND SOME EXCUSE for starting a war, and if he couldn't find a legitimate one he would go out and dream one up or start the war for no reason at all. That has always been certain and always will be: Man will find a reason for starting a war. It's always a holy war of some sort, for freedom, for land, for a better life. There is always this detestable search for the Holy Grail, and surely it must sicken the stomach of a reasonable man.

There is one reason for man going to war, one single reason for man killing his fellow man—he loves it. Always there is talk about horror and grief, but it still, always, seems to come out a big party with soul-stirring songs, pretty banners, and people being happily sad about leaving each other. Sad? Every blood-lusting one of them loves every minute of it.

A few years ago we finished the latest "holy war" and, for a while, there seemed to be no conceivable reason for another. How long ago was it, or how short? How soon again before we can take out our little flags and wave them around?

Now it is capitalist aggressors and Communists war mongers! There are the oppressed slaves of Wall Street and the oppressed workers of Communism. There is a new aggressor and a new oppressed. We have an excuse: all we need now is a trigger. What will the trigger be?

A Communist moon is spinning over free American soil. It can be taken down and twisted and bent out of shape. It can be heated in the furnace of human hate and greed, and forged into a wonderful trigger. That is as good a reason as any, and God will lead us. And if there is a God, with what red hands he must lead us. Somehow, some way, that first bomb will, must, explode.

When a bomb explodes and kills someone, who can say what was the cause? Was it the powder in the bomb or was it the fuse? Was it the hand that dropped the bomb or the order that caused the bomb to be dropped? Was it the person who paid to have the bomb made or the man who was paid to make the bomb? And what is the justification for exploding a bomb, or does there have to be any?

To the man lying on the ground with his life spread red and messy around him—it doesn't matter. To the mother holding a mass of broken bones and dripping flesh that was once a child—it doesn't matter. To a child sitting crying and terrified next to a piece of his mother—it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter.

War or Peace: It Depends on You

SUE FULLERTON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

THREE WEEKS AGO AN EVENT SURPRISED AND SHOCKED most citizens of this country; the Russians launched their satellite, Sputnik. Before this, we had lulled ourselves into a sense of security concerning our scientific superiority. We were like the high school student who is the smartest in his class. He gets good grades without studying, therefore he thinks he can learn with no effort. Because we had always been first to have new mechanisms and gadgets and because our scientists had made some notable discoveries, we thought that only in our country were inventors ingenious and scientists brilliant. Then came the blow to our national ego—the Russians launched the first man-made satellite.

Furthermore, we are told that our own scientists cannot duplicate the feat because we have not developed a fuel powerful enough to project a satellite to a height where it will remain to circle the globe. Does this mean that Russia is ahead of us in all scientific development? No. Does this indicate that the Communists are capable of coming into our country and either seizing it or destroying it? No. Will this lead to World War III? The answer to this question lies with each individual in the United States.

Remember the too-smart high school student? He came to college and found a great many other people who seemed to know just as much or more than he did. He has begun to wonder, "What if I'm not as smart as I think? Maybe the guys at home were just dumb." Making top grades now without studying is impossible; he has never studied. What will he do? There are two possibilities: either he learns to study, works hard, and makes good grades; or he doesn't study, plays around, and goes home after a semester or two.

What will we as a nation do? Our security in superiority has been upset. We are not sure that we know as much as everyone else. What will we do? Again there are two possibilities: Either we can accept defeat or we can rise to meet the challenge offered us. Either we can admit we are defeated and go into a state of panic which would necessarily accompany such an admission, or we can rise to the challenge and encourage our scientists even more in their endeavors for superiority of accomplishment.

However, some of our attitudes may have to change. No longer can we point to our nation with gross conceit saying, "Look, world, we have everything: freedom, more material advantages than any other nation; more brilliant minds. Our nation has made more progress in every way than any other." Now we have begun to wonder; perhaps that is a good thing. When our friend was in high school, he could "get by" without studying; therefore he didn't

study. When our nation gloried too much in its own conceit, perhaps its people didn't work hard, didn't try to progress as rapidly as they could. Now what will they do?

Our statesmen and diplomats must change their propaganda a little. Instead of assuring us that our scientists still know more than anyone else's and that we can dictate what the rest of the world may or may not do, they must believe and explain to us and the rest of the free world that this advance of the Russians is not the most horrible thing that could have happened; it is shocking, but not petrifying.

Our scientists must continue their research, perhaps at a slightly accelerated rate. Realizing that the future of our nation is in their hands, we should offer them all the encouragement we possibly can.

What about us individually? What can we do? First we must accept the fact that the Russians have made a great scientific advance. We must neither belittle that accomplishment, nor be terrified by it. Either of these courses leads to eventual strife and the greater possibility of another war: Instead we must rise to the challenge hurled at us and encourage more and more people to enter fields of scientific research such as engineering, physics, and mathematics. Only by having more and better educated scientists can we meet the caliber of the Russian scientific force. Only by showing the rest of the world that we still believe in ourselves can we hope to retain respect and confidence. Only by studying can our college freshman become a senior.

Keeping Up with a Car (from the Woman's Angle)

VALERIE NEVILLE

Rhetoric Placement Test

KEEPING UP WITH AN AUTOMOBILE IS NEVER AN EASY feat. All too often the antics of our four-wheeled friends will render us speechless, and sorely wounded in the pocketbook. Perhaps I exaggerate slightly. Perhaps all cars do not have the complex personality of our family vehicle. Perhaps some automobiles do not require a weekly trip to the local garage. If this be true, I would like to know what magical secrets are in the possession of the car owners.

Men have no trouble keeping up their cars. Men have mechanical knowledge. Men can go out, buy the necessary parts, and perform the necessary labor themselves.

Women have a very difficult time trying to keep up with a car. In the first place, they don't understand "what makes it go." When a woman arrives at a garage, she has been carefully coached by some male. She knows exactly what to say. She will tell the mechanic exactly what is wrong with the differential, even if she has no idea what the differential does or where it is. Telling the vehicle's troubles to the mechanic is the easy part. When the mechanic tells the woman what he will do to remedy the situation, the poor woman's troubles begin.

The mechanic rattles off a long series of technical terms. These terms must be memorized, so that the woman may report back to her husband or father. The woman will try very hard to get it all straight, but terms like *generator* and *distributor* baffle her. She will generally remember only two things the mechanic told her—how long the car will be in the shop, and how much it will cost.

Woe unto the unfortunate female who must report to a garage without coaching. The most vivid description that can be conjured up by this poor lady is, "It goes click-click-click." She must pretend not to notice the mechanic's supercilious grin.

Another unfortunate difficulty that plagues females with cars is peculiar to young women. A car which is transporting five or six teen-age girls suddenly develops a remarkable noise. The young women don't know what to do, but they are dreadfully worried about Daddy's car. So they turn in to the nearest service station. They describe the remarkable noise to the attendant. The attendant asks to hear the engine. But as soon as the car is started, the noise disappears. The attendant smiles a knowing grin. Since he can hear no unusual sounds, he assumes that the girls came in for a brief flirtation. The young women now have two worries—what to do about the attendant and what to do about the non-existent noise. There is one pleasant feature of an old, cantankerous automobile. It makes friends wherever it goes. It is surrounded by comments of "They don't make 'em like that any more." Of course they don't; there is a good reason. Everyone can't spend five or six hours a week pacing an oil-spattered garage floor. However, after the rather rough breaking-in period, any woman can learn to enjoy running a car. (She will never quite be able to keep up with it.) If hers is a big old car, she has my deepest sympathies. She also has this word of advice:

Learn to enjoy garages. Mechanics are really pleasant people, if you don't worry about the sneers they will give you. Also, garages are educational. You can learn all kinds of fascinating things about cars. If you learn your lessons well, you will be able to astound the man in your life with some statement like, "Honey, I think those valve-lifters are awfully noisy."

Win the War Against Waste and Disease

MARK ZIMMERMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF FOR EVERY ANIMAL THAT you raised on your farm you were to lose twenty dollars? Probably you are thinking to yourself, "I could most certainly do a more efficient job of farming than that!" But what if you continued to lose twenty dollars per animal? Perhaps you now say, "I'd quit raising these animals." Of course, this solution would be more economical than continually operating at such a loss.

Do you know that for each rat you board on your farm you lose twenty dollars? And do you know that this has been going on for years? Yet, what have you done to stop this needless waste?

It is a generally known fact that there are 171 million people in the United States. But, did you know that there are also 171 million rats in the United States? In other words, there is one rat per person in this country. Annually these 171 million rats destroy the food and produce from two hundred thousand farms. This vast amount of wasted commodity would be enough to feed ten million people, or about one-seventeenth of our entire population. It wouldn't be so bad if the rat only ate the food that he touches, but this mischievous monster insists upon destroying ten times more than he actually eats.

With their sharp incisors, rats are capable of gnawing through oak planks, sun-dried bricks, slate shingles, and poorly constructed concrete three inches thick. Rats also start costly fires by gnawing through the insulation on electrical wires. From these preceding facts the United States Department of Agriculture has been able to estimate that we pay twenty dollars to board each rat on our farms for a year.

Rats are the carriers of at least ten human diseases, including rat-bite fever and the bubonic plague. The bubonic plague is an example of the widespread disease-filth destruction carried by rats. The plague was first recorded in history during the outbreak of 49 B.C. in Athens, Greece. In the year 1300, one-fourth of the entire population of Europe was wiped out as a result of the terrible bubonic plague. Contrary to the general belief that the plague is carried by the rat itself, the plague is transmitted to humans by a flea which lives on the rat. Without its host the flea soon dies; thus, to control the bubonic plague, the control of rats is compulsory.

In more direct connection with the farmer, the rat is the carrier of several livestock diseases, including pseudo-rabies and trichinosis. Rats are also the

carriers of various kinds of fleas, lice, mites, and many internal parasites. According to a recent report by the Federal Food and Drug Administration, rat contamination causes bigger discounts on the market prices of food grains than does insect infestation. This hits our neighbor, the wheat farmer, to the tune of a sixty-five-to-ninety-five-cent loss per bushel on his sealed wheat.

The rat problem is a serious one! How then, are we to combat them? Can we call upon a Pied Piper to drown all of our rats as he did in the fairy tale? Don't we wish it were that simple! In the past, traps, gases, poisons, cats, dogs, and ferrets have all been used with limited effectiveness—but none have completely eliminated the rat problem.

The shortcomings of traps are readily recognized because rats quickly learn to avoid them. Gases have proven dangerous and difficult to use. Poisons provide an effective first baiting, but 'bait shyness' allows the rat population to rebuild. Both gases and poisons are harmful to children, pets, and farm animals. Although cats, dogs, and ferrets have been utilized to a certain extent, they have not been used on a large scale.

There are, however, two preliminary measures that can be used to help check rats. They are:

1. Eliminate the rat's breeding ground by cleaning up all rubbish, junk, and trash piles around the farmstead, and by placing all firewood and lumber on platforms eighteen inches above the ground level.
2. Shut off the rat's food supply by ratproofing the farm and home buildings with tin or wire mesh around windows, doors, pipe and wire entrances, and foundation walls and studdings.

But still, rats continue to flourish. Since the beginning of recorded history, man has been unable to cope efficiently with these crafty enemies and has been forced to live with them, trading food and shelter for unlimited waste and disease.

Modern science has come to our rescue. Biochemists at the University of Wisconsin, under the leadership of Professor Karl Link, have spent many years studying drugs called anti-coagulants, derived from the hemorrhagic sweet-clover disease of cattle. One result of this tremendous research, "Warfarin," causes a breakdown in the clotting power of blood. Death comes to rats from internal hemorrhages after they have eaten warfarin repeatedly from five to fourteen days.

Warfarin does not cause bait shyness as do poisons, and it doesn't harm children, pets, or farm animals. Warfarin may be purchased in the concentrated or ready-mixed form at most feed, drug, and hardware stores. Ground shelled corn and rolled oats must be mixed with the warfarin concentrate.

It may seem that I am trying to sell warfarin. I am not! Warfarin is not a product, but rather the active ingredient in many of the well-known rat baits on the market today.

Warfarin offers a scientific approach to rat control. Its effectiveness de-

pend upon you. You must use a fresh grain bait, one which is highly acceptable to the rats, and you must have that bait available at all times. Remember, it costs twenty dollars to keep one rat on your farm for a year, and for the cost of keeping that one rat, you can destroy one thousand rats. The very minute you begin this warfarin control program on your farm, you will become a well-equipped soldier in the war against waste and disease.

Five, Four, Three, Two, One

NELSON G. FREEMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS THE DESERT LANDS OF THE Southwest have lain quietly, beautiful but uninviting to man. The flat, barren land with its shifting sands, broken only by an occasional range of sharp mountain peaks rising abruptly out of the dust floor, leaves an impression of a place where man would never attempt to live or work. Yet today, dotting these endless stretches of waste, there are huge man-made centers of activity where the most advanced products of man's scientific conquest are tested every day. The once-still mountain peaks now vibrate with the thunder of rocket engines, and the clear blue sky is pierced by the orange flames of a missile as it leaves the dusty brown desert floor far below it. The words of the firing count-down, "Five, four, three, two, one—" have a familiar ring in every missileman's ears, but these words represent only a small segment of the total picture of the successful firing of a missile.

One desert center is concerned with the testing of one particular type of guided missile, the surface-to-air variety. These missiles are small, sleek darts of destruction designed to seek out and destroy, at supersonic speeds, enemy bombers, fighters, and other missiles. To check out the performance of the missile system and the men who operate it, all of the testing is done under simulated battle conditions, such as might occur if an enemy aircraft tried to make a sneak attack on a city. This type of testing places a premium on speed as well as accurate work by the small, highly trained firing crew. The activities of the testing mission are divided into two portions, one prior to the day of the shoot and the second on the day of the shoot.

Before the testing mission can actually start, the missiles must be readied for firing. All of today's missiles are complex mechanisms, containing hundreds of components from many varied industries. In the surface-to-air variety all of these precision parts must be squeezed into a very small space. From the smooth, toughened metal skin, capable of withstanding speeds of several thousands of miles per hour, to the maze of intricate hydraulic and electrical lines of her insides, the missile is fitted together like a precision watch. Her

food, the rocket fuel, is delivered by men dressed in all-rubber suits who present a weird, science-fiction-like scene as they swarm over the missile in their highly dangerous chore. Her greedy appetite for such active chemicals as fuming nitric red acid and others, all at extremely high pressures, necessitates such strange protective devices. To give her a purpose in life, the missile receives her final addition, several small but weighty warheads of high explosives, which she tenderly holds in her mid-section. When the final preparation is done, the missile is set on launching rails to begin her short but active life. In the quiet of the evening, prior to firing, she sits like a bird poised for flight, everything within her silent, as though some geni of tremendous power were stoppered inside her, waiting for release.

The day of firing produces the supreme test of the men and their weapon. In the few seconds of flight comes the culmination of the combined efforts of the small crew, whose sensitive fingers seem to impart life to the mass of controlling equipment. The final stage of testings begins as the morning stillness is broken by the high-pitched scream of the alert siren. The tension of waiting is broken at last, and the firing crew race for their radar control vans on a hill behind the missile-launching area. As the last wail of the siren fades away, the deep-throated roar of the huge power generators crescendoes. Within the radar control vans all is in darkness except for the flashing control and panel lights and the steady glow from the radar scope as its beam of orange light traces a never-ending circle on a screen before one of the men. The flurry of cross-talk on the communications lines is intermingled with the high whine of thousands of volts of electricity pulsing through the circuits and with the irregular clicking and humming from within the electronic computer as it out-thinks the incoming target. The time grows short as the news flashes, "Target approaching." All eyes are glued on the radar scope until suddenly a voice sounds, "Radar contact with target," and produces a flurry of action in the crew. All eyes pounce on the spot of light, handwheels spin, dials change, and lights flash from red to green. In an instant the system has selected the target and locked onto it to wait out its approach, as a cat might spot his prey and follow its every movement until he is ready to spring. As the target drone simulating an enemy bomber rushes on, its fate is being sealed on the desert floor miles below. A hand reaches out to a console to flip the safety cover off the small, lone, silver firing switch. Beads of sweat glisten on the foreheads of the crew as the monotoned voice drones into the microphone, "Five, four, three, two, one, fire!"

In the valley below, where the missile sits on its rails, the geni awakens with the roar and spit of a thousand dragons and lashes out toward the blue heavens above, faster than the human eye can follow, leaving behind only a blackened trail of carbon and clouds of dust to blot out the sun's rays. High up in the rarefied atmosphere above the earth, the missile rushes on, guided toward the unsuspecting target drone by the unerring beams from the radar control center far below, until the missile comes face to face with her prey, and the two are no more.

Sunburst at Twilight

KAY JONES

Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper

MAN'S LIFE IS MUCH LIKE THE CEASELESS MOVEMENT of the sun-star as it carries its light and energy across the heavens of space and time. Many people believe that man has a certain pattern or path which he is born to follow, and that like the sun, he travels this orbit in a manner fashioned by destiny. Thus, the life of Carl Sandburg, the man, can be compared with the pathway pursued by the solar star, the sun, as it travels from horizon to horizon.

PRE-DAWN

The period before dawn is usually considered as a time of indecision, when the day, about ready to be born, marks time until it can "find itself." The years of boyhood and early youth for Carl Sandburg, although periods of hesitancy and unrest, laid the foundation for his later portrayals of human feelings. The effect his family, early jobs, travelling, and the war had upon him can be found in the many poems and works he has since created.

Carl August Sandburg was born of Swedish parents on January 6, 1878 at 331 East Third Street, Galesburg, Illinois. His father, a blacksmith for the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, worked ten hours a day, six days a week, for fourteen cents an hour.¹ In spite of the meager earnings, never more than thirty-five dollars a month, Mr. Sandburg managed to support his wife and seven children. The Sandburg family moved several times to different parts of Galesburg, and then settled for a while in the home on Day Street built by the elder Sandburg with the help of Carl and his younger brother Martin. Carl's father, a "black" Swede (dark-haired), was a naturalized citizen of the United States and a staunch supporter of the Republican party.² When Carl was thirteen he was confirmed in the Swedish Lutheran Holy Evangelical Church, where his family were faithful and active members.³

"Sholly," as his father called him, attended the Galesburg public schools through the eighth grade, and the Swedish Lutheran summer school for four years. In 1891 his schooling was interrupted because of lack of money. His first job, driving a milk wagon, took him across Galesburg each morning, and through the Knox College campus, where some of the famed Lincoln-Douglas debates had taken place just twenty years before Carl was born. Perhaps it was at this time in his life, when he began to hear many stories about Lincoln, that there was ignited a spark of interest in and devotion to the man who led the nation during the Civil War years. Certainly, the Lincoln touch was still felt. The very presence of men who had heard, seen, met, and

associated with Lincoln influenced Carl and aroused his imaginative spirit.⁴

Various kinds of jobs followed between 1891 and 1898 for the future Lincoln biographer. Working in the theater as a scene-shifter and small-bit actor, helping on the neighboring farms in the summer, learning to be a tinsmith, and doing other odd jobs were all a part of Carl's youth. As a bootblack in the corner barbershop, Carl again came in contact with men who had known Lincoln, and there he heard many heated political discussions which furthered his interest in the great man.

Much to his father's dismay, when Carl was sixteen he decided to support the Democratic party, since he was strongly in favor of the controversial William Jennings Bryan. The next year, 1895, Sandburg started wandering throughout the Middle West. He travelled as a hobo, rode the rails, picked up jobs as they came, and ate when he could afford it. Undoubtedly, these experiences affected his outlook on life and his attitude toward men, and influenced his later writings. "Varied experience in manual labor and more sustained contacts with more violent aspects. . . of life motivated his devotion to untraditional and unacademic verse. . ."⁵

In 1898, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Carl enlisted in Company C of the Sixth Illinois Volunteers. During the six months he served in Puerto Rico, he had an arrangement to act as a war correspondent for the *Galesburg Evening Mail*, sending long letters that told what he saw and heard and related the adventures of the Galesburg troops in camp and on the march. These were his first published works.⁶ This was the beginning.

SUNRISE

The sunrise of Carl Sandburg's literary life was slow and methodical, often clouded over with the disappointments and setbacks sometimes needed to challenge and stimulate the creative mind. After the war, Sandburg returned to Galesburg to enter Lombard College on a one-year scholarship offered by the college "in recognition for his valorous services in the late war."⁷ He worked at odd jobs to pay for his books and tuition, doing janitor work at the gymnasium, ringing the bells for classes, tutoring, and working part time in the Galesburg fire department. He was captain of the basketball team and editor-in-chief of the college paper. "Cully," as his college and war friends called him, went to college for four years, but during a period of unrest left school before he was to graduate, in his senior year. In 1904, fifty copies of his first poetical efforts, *In Reckless Ecstasy*, were edited and printed with the help of Phillip G. Wright, professor of English at Lombard. These experiments, as Sandburg calls them, were not accepted enthusiastically by the literary world.⁸

Another series of jobs followed his college career. Selling "stereoscopic views" enabled him to travel again. The blue-eyed Swedish descendant was restless and unsettled, and for the next ten years roved from job to job. Most of his work was with newspapers or magazines. This was another learning

period in "Cully's" life. He read furiously, observed continually, listened attentively, and worked incessantly, constantly trying to find himself.

In 1907, he met her: Lillian Steichen, whom he called Paula, was a Phi Beta Kappa and a Latin teacher at Princeton, Illinois. They were married on June 15, 1908, creating an inspiring and life-long union. His job-jumping continued from newspaper to newspaper in Milwaukee and Chicago. His evenings were devoted to writing, both prose and poetry. During the day he was constantly learning, both from his newspaper jobs and his political attachments. The results of this learning took the forms of lecture tours, current political articles, stories, and poetry.

In 1914, he published *Poetry* and was given the two-hundred-dollar Helen Haire Levinson Prize for the poem "Chicago" in this book. His sun-star was rising in the sky. Two years later, *Chicago Poems* was published; it included such poems as "Under a Telephone Pole," "Fog," and "Buttons." In 1917 he joined the staff of the *Chicago Daily News*, of which he was a member until 1932. Things were beginning to look up for the 'Prairie Poet.' He was sent as a correspondent for the Newspaper Enterprise Association to Norway and Sweden for six months during World War I. That same year *Cornhuskers*, which included such poems as the famous "Cool Tombs" and "Fire Dreams," was published. After the war, at the peak of the racial turmoil in Chicago, *The Chicago Race Riots* was published by his friend, Alfred Harcourt, who had just organized Harcourt, Brace and Howe. Sandburg's work was reaching the public—he was being noticed!

HIGH NOON

"Cully's" rise to fame was reaching the midway point in his life—high noon. During the years from 1920 to 1935, Sandburg continued to produce the poems, prose, and writings for which he is famous. Although he did much travelling, lecturing, and singing, he still worked for the *Daily News*. *Smoke and Steel*, his book of poems published in 1920, was a study of industrial America and its effect on the common man. In his biography of Sandburg, Millett makes the remark that here the "poet himself speaks out in defense of a democratic idealism threatened in our time by foes without and foes within."⁹ Then came the books for children, *Rootabaga Stories* in 1922 and *Rootabaga Pigeons* in 1923. These books were written, in part, for his own three daughters, Janet, Helga, and Margaret. More poetry was coming from the heart and through the fingers of Sandburg. *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, published in 1922, was dedicated to Helga and contained such poems as the title poem and "The Windy City."

In the process of being written was *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*, which was copyrighted in 1926. This manuscript, containing eleven hundred sheets and standing two feet high, was the beginning of one of the most thorough and illustrious biographies of Lincoln ever written.¹⁰ One year later, in 1927, *The American Songbag* was published. Carl had been collecting songs

for this book for almost thirty years.¹¹ He included in it the songs he sang and played at home and for lectures. The guitar had long been a part of his life. He was "probably prouder of his horny, string-plucked fingertips than all the honors acquired . . . as biographer, folk singer, and historian."¹² Six banjo lessons when he was a teenager and three vocal lessons when he was at Lombard College were the only formal musical training he ever had.

Personal grief came to Sandburg in 1926, when he was informed of the death of his mother, Clara Sandburg. She had lived for and inspired Carl for seventeen long years after the death of her husband. The "old man with the scythe," as Sandburg called death, besides taking two of his younger brothers with diphtheria on the same day, when he was thirteen, claimed a younger sister in the early years of her marriage, and his other younger brother Martin in 1945. This left Mary, two years older than Sandburg, Carl, and Esther, another, younger sister.¹³

Although his writing as a reporter for the *Daily News* still continued, there was time for the compiling of another book of poems, *Good Morning, America*. This book made the literary world even more aware of his poetic powers than previously. Carl listed his "Tentative (First Model) Definitions of Poetry," some of which are "Poetry is a pack-sack of invisible keepsakes" and "Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits."¹⁴ These short statements aptly describe Sandburg's opinion of the free verse which he writes. The poem for school children,

Splinter
The voice of the last cricket
across the first frost
is one kind of good-by.
It is so thin a splinter of singing.

is characteristic of Sandburg's short, expressive, and homey style.¹⁵ His philosophy of life is portrayed in the poem "Phizzog" when he says

This face you got. . . .
This here phizzog ——— . . .
Somebody said, "Here's yours, now go
see what you can do with it." . . .
"No goods exchanged after being taken
away" ———
This face you got.¹⁶

The Phi Beta Kappa award from Harvard presented to Sandburg in 1928 when he read his new poem "Good Morning, America," started the long list of honors he was to receive from all over the world in the years to come. There were four more books in the next two years. *Rootabaga Country* and *Steichen the Photographer* came out in 1929, followed by *Potato Face* and *Early Moon*, which were published in 1930. *Steichen the Photographer* was a short biography of Lillian Sandburg's brother, the nationally famous photographer and plant-breeder. Before Sandburg retired from the *Daily News* in 1932, another book was published, *Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow*.

Sandburg's retirement did not mean a slackening-up in writing or working. It simply meant that now he had more time to compile information for his next biography on Lincoln, to lecture at colleges or meetings, and to write more poetry. He moved his family to a lakeside home called "Chickaming" at Habert, Michigan, where the poems, *The People, Yes*, published in 1936, were written. By 1935 Carl started the tremendous task of sorting through, discarding, arranging, and compiling his notes for the next volumes of Lincoln's biography. He was fifty-seven years old. His sun had passed its zenith.

SUNBURST AT TWILIGHT

Although Sandburg was now in the sunset years of his life, these were some of his most creative years. For four years he worked on the four-volume biography, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*. During that period he still found time to go on lecture tours. With the help of his family, friends, and business associates, the biography was published in 1939, seventy-four years after Lincoln's assassination. The manuscript, containing 1,175,000 words, one quarter of a million more than the *Bible*, was written on 5,400 sheets of paper and stood three and a half feet high.¹⁷ This work was the beginning of Carl August Sandburg's "sunburst at twilight."

Following this publication he was honored by many schools, colleges, and literary foundations. *The War Years* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in history.¹⁸ Among the many awards received were honorary doctorates of literature from Harvard, Yale, Lombard College, Knox, Lafayette College, Dartmouth, Northwestern, New York University, and Wesleyan University in Connecticut.¹⁹ He was voted a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, made a member of the editorial board of National Labor Defense Council, and awarded a medal for his Lincoln biography by the Roosevelt Memorial Association.²⁰ Sandburg was a definitely established figure in the literary world, and the eye of the public was on him.

At the outbreak of World War II, he again wrote articles for newspapers, doing his bit in the fight for peace. In 1942, *Home Front Memo*, a collection of pamphlets, speeches, broadcasts, newspaper columns, legends, poems, and photograph texts, was made available to the public. One of the popular newspaper columns included was "The Man with the Broken Fingers," a startlingly gruesome and shocking poem about "Norwegian will pitted against Nazi will," which showed how a man was cruelly made to die a thousand deaths unless he betrayed his country.

The Sandburg family moved to Connermara Farm near Flat Rock, North Carolina, where they now live. There Paula Sandburg is in charge of the 248-acre farm, her nationally-known and respected goat herd, and all book-keeping, with the help of her two daughters, Margaret and Janet.²¹

After working on it for four years, Sandburg released *Remembrance Rock* in 1948. This 10,067-page historical novel contains much of the American

philosophy, ideals, social problems, and other qualities suggested by his term, "the American Dream."²² *Complete Poems* was published in 1950. By 1953, the first part of his autobiography was completed and published; *Always the Young Strangers* deals mostly with his younger days. The second volume of his autobiography, tentatively called *Ever the Winds of Chance*, is about half completed.

In January 1956, a party was held for Carl Sandburg in Chicago to celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday. In the article "Spirit of '78" Sandburg's prescription for happiness was listed. His desires were "To be out of jail, to eat and sleep regular, to get what I write printed in a free country for free people, and to have a little love in the home and esteem outside the home."²³ Despite his age, he continues to give lectures. Usually, his audiences can have their pick of three lectures, "An Evening with Carl Sandburg," "American Folk Songs and Folk Tales," or "Romanticism and Realism in American Life and Letters." Early in 1956, it was publicly announced that Sandburg's private library and files had been purchased by the University of Illinois for thirty thousand dollars. To Sandburg the most valuable part of this library are the manuscripts of *The Prairie Years* and *The War Years* as he gave them to the copyist.

"Bright vocabularies are transient as rainbows."²⁴ These are the words by which Sandburg defends his style of writing. His early style was described as "unmistakable for its manly use of strong, everyday vocabulary."²⁵ His writings were characterized as "primitive style, repetitious, plain descriptions of things and people," but they contain "common wisdom, folly, popular jokes, and legends held together with tolerance and lyrical affirmation."²⁶ Millett feels that Sandburg's "brutality and crudeness. . . were deliberate gestures of a fine and feeling nature."²⁷ Sandburg is American. He is the "Prairie Poet." His very being belongs to man—the trials, joys, fears, sorrows, and hopes that make man what he is. Carl Sandburg could be called a dreamer, but he is too practical, is too aware of reality, and has too much common sense to let his life be guided completely by the intangible and fanciful. His life is full and fruitful.

¹ Karl Detzer, *Carl Sandburg* (New York, 1941), p. 10.

² Earnest Elmo Calkins, "The Education of an American Poet," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXVI (January 17, 1953), 9.

³ Detzer, p. 26.

⁴ Detzer, p. 18.

⁵ F. B. Millett, *Contemporary American Authors* (New York, 1940), p. 139.

⁶ Detzer, p. 45.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 47.

⁸ Detzer, p. 53-54.

⁹ *op. cit.*, p. 140.

¹⁰ "Sandburg Delivers Speech," *Champaign News-Gazette* (March 9, 1956).

¹¹ Detzer, p. 183.

¹² "Biographical Sketch," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXI (October 9, 1948), 14.

¹³ Mrs. Esther Wachs, interview, July 12, 1956.

- ¹⁴ Carl Sandburg, *Good Morning, America* (New York, 1928), p. vii.
¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 108.
¹⁶ *Good Morning, America*, p. 143.
¹⁷ Detzer, p. 3.
¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 190.
¹⁹ *Ibid.*
²⁰ Millet, p. 40.
²¹ "A Visit with Carl Sandburg," *Look*, (July 10, 1956), 95-100.
²² William Soskin, "The American Dream Panorama," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXI (October 9, 1948), 14.
²³ "Spirit of '78," *Newsweek*, XLVIII (January 16, 1956), 48.
²⁴ *Good Morning, America*, p. 239.
²⁵ "Big Shoulders," *Scholastic*, XLIX (October 14, 1946), 20.
²⁶ Selden Rodman, "Biographical Sketch," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXIII (November 18, 1950), 23.
²⁷ Millet, p. 139.

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Grand Canyon Sunrise

Variations on a Theme

RICHARD KOCH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

"The drums of the sun never get tired, and first off every morning, the drums of the sun perform an introduction of the dawn here." CARL SANDBURG

AT PIMA POINT: THROUGH THE TREES AT THREE A.M. was a black hole; no light, no shape, just black. Before life came into the world there was no light, no shape, just black; a black hole. Reaching down into the bowels of the earth, or maybe not, who knows? Who could have lanterns for eyes? Who has eyes? Who needs eyes?—Just feel it. The earth's tongue has been clipped, and there is no sound. God worked here. "Be still and speak my glory."

At Yavapai Point: The priests in Shiva Temple sleep, like Wotan dead on his throne. They'll soon awake as the drums start to beat.

The stars tiptoe through the holes in the sky, and the misty night whispers off the rocks. Over the damson cliffs the sun's heralds come, marching up the cloud streaks, while God pours gold on the mountaintops. The gold splashes onto the Great Thumb Point, and pokes it up out of the plum hole fifteen miles to the east. And the light pink cliff-tops march from west to east in giant stride, but they tread feather light, for the silence must be.

Up from their beds come the rock-giants now, the summer sun finding each one in turn and shining its pink-gold light on their faces. Then the sun shakes the Shiva priests off their pallets for another day of prayer, and the lights come on in the temple—the burning golden candles.

The chasm yawns, and shows its quicksilver teeth down there as in another world, through the mist of time. The nearest cliff begins to fall this way as the sun forces a shadow between it and the canyon wall. And other cliffs, rock-giants, follow as the sun calls roll. And the cliffs keep marching.

Then the gold runs off the mountaintops to fill the canyon, and the rock fuses with the gold and flushes saffron and emerald till the gold spills into the river to make a silent steam that fills the canyon. And the legions are mute now, while the sun makes its slow, slow flight.

"He told himself, This may be something else than what I see when I look—how do I know? For each man sees himself in the Grand Canyon—each one makes his own Canyon before he comes, each one brings and carries away his own Canyon—who knows and how do I know?" CARL SANDBURG

The Old Man and the Canes

SALLY LANGHAAR

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

EVERY AFTERNOON HE SAT ON THE PARK BENCH, HOLDING in his aged hands at least four wooden canes. These canes were not for sale; they were not for rent; yet, he never held less than four. Every afternoon I'd walk past this old man. We never spoke; instead, we just gazed a little bewilderedly at each other. I might say that I thought he was a little peculiar; but perhaps he thought the same about me. After all, I was like a new bud on a plant and he had begun to wither.

His face was creased by wrinkles. There were worry wrinkles between his wiry black eyebrows, and there were frown wrinkles across his forehead. There were smile wrinkles at the corners of his mouth and at the corners of his meditating eyes. The depth of these smile wrinkles told me that during his lifetime he had laughed and loved more often than he had frowned or worried. But why didn't he laugh any more? And why did he always have so many canes?

I was walking through the park one afternoon, when he got up from his bench and began to walk towards me. He walked slowly and deliberately, using only one cane to steady him. The other three he carried, as usual, under his left arm. As he approached me, gradually a smile came over his face, and his eyes began to beam.

"I see you every day," he began, "and I wondered if you wouldn't accept one of my canes as a gift? You see, I make them myself. It's my hobby."

I looked at the canes, and they were the most beautiful canes I'd ever seen! Small, intricate and detailed patterns of animals, people, and landscapes were carved into the wood. Why, these canes would require hours of what most people would consider tedious work! And this man didn't even know me. Why, he didn't even know my name!

He must have noticed my hesitancy, for he persisted, "Please, I'd like you to have one."

"Well, thank you so very much!" I exclaimed. "They're beautiful!"

Then, he proceeded to hand me the most beautiful by far of the four canes. As I took the cane I noticed his long, slender fingers and bulging veins. Those hands had been very busy for many years. Maybe he had once been a pianist or a sculptor. Such thoughts faded; and I excused myself, thanked the kind old man, told him I'd see him the next day, and hurried on to work.

I didn't know what I'd do with the cane, but a few of my questions had been answered. This man was lonely. He probably lived by himself, and these canes were all he had. They meant everything to him; if he could

give them away and see the delight and happiness of the receiver, he had, no doubt, fulfilled his purpose in making them.

The next afternoon, as I had promised, I walked through the park. No longer did we just gaze bewilderedly at each other. This time we smiled. We smiled as if to say, "You know, I understand you now." No longer was this just the old man with the canes. Now, he was the kind and lonely old man with the beautifully hand-carved canes.

Away with the A's

TOBYE BLACK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF ISSUING STUDENTS GRADES TO show what they have comprehended in a course is false. The grading system is a screen for the person who wants a degree and a handicap for the individual who wants to learn.

Most colleges and universities demand a good scholastic average as one of the basic requirements for entrance. Many of the wiser schools consider college board examinations more important than high school grades. Any person of average intelligence can cram for a test and receive a B, but one cannot cram for a college board examination which is a test of one's intelligence, and how one puts the knowledge he has to work. Yet even though the student wishes he could take the time to think theories out as required in the entrance exam, he finds that he must devote the time instead to memorization of terms that he will forget in the next month. At present I am taking a pre-med zoology course in which I have memorized at least a thousand Latin terms. I cannot explain the functions of any of the organs in detail, but because I know the names of the organs, I can get an A on the test; I feel like a parrot.

The grading system is a perfect bluff for the person who doesn't want an education but merely a degree. He devotes twenty-five hours a week to swallowing book terminology and spits it out on the test; the actual meaning has never been digested. At the end of four years, he receives his degree, and is one of the millions of quacks who profess they are educated men.

I believe that the grading system should be completely abolished. A comprehensive examination at the end of each semester should be the determining factor in whether the student passes or fails. If the instructor feels that the student has understood the material and can use it in either a practical or original manner, depending on the course, the teacher should issue a passing grade. It is a tremendous achievement to be able to understand the basic elements of a subject; the student that does comprehend them is ready for the next course.

What Price Law Enforcement?

LEON SIMON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

THE WHITE CITIZENS' COUNCILS OF THE SOUTH ARE ORGANIZED primarily for one purpose. That purpose is to oppose and fight against the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States concerning segregation in the public schools. Some integrationists believe the White Citizens' Councils should be outlawed, since they openly oppose the law established by the Supreme Court's decision. Other people, including many segregationists and even some integrationists, believe that the councils should be allowed to exist as long as they do not use or advocate violence.

The actual issue of integration is relatively unimportant in the controversy concerning the proposed banishment of the councils. The main argument in the controversy involves the question of whether or not the councils have a constitutional right to exist. The constitutional rights in question are freedom of speech and the rights of petition and assembly.

For the purpose of this discussion freedom of speech shall be defined as the right of an individual or of a group to express his or their thoughts as long as they do not act to infringe upon the rights of others. The right of petition and assembly shall be defined as the right of a group to assemble and work towards a common legal goal by the means of petition and through other legal means.

The freedom of speech of the councils has been disclaimed by the councils' opponents on the contention that by opposing the law the councils infringe on the rights of the Negroes who are unlawfully segregated. It is a meaningless fanatical cry to claim that those councils which peacefully oppose the law through legal means are actually infringing on anybody's rights. If peaceful vocal disapproval were actually infringement on the rights of others, a person could lose his freedom of speech by speaking against the right of women to vote. He would be infringing on the rights of women in precisely the same manner as the citizens' councils are said to infringe on the rights of the Negroes. Shortly after the right of women to vote was established, many men spoke against it, but there certainly was no widespread belief that they were abusing their freedom of speech in doing so.

The question then arises as to whether or not it is legal to work against a federal law. It certainly is legal! An outstanding example of a successful fight against federal law was the fight against prohibition which ended with the repeal of the prohibition amendment. The laws of our country are flexible and continually changing. Few people question the right of others to fight against existing laws, such as those concerning capital punishment, tax laws, and tariff laws. A law established by a Supreme Court decision

is different in nature from a law established by legislative action of Congress, but even laws established by the Supreme Court are not so iron-bound and unyielding that they cannot be questioned and possibly even altered by those governed by the laws.

Those who would banish the White Citizens' Councils choose to ignore two of the basic rights of American citizens in order to hasten the enforcement of a law. The thoughtful observer may foresee the dire consequences of this hasty action. If the rights of the members of the White Citizens' Councils are nullified, it will set a precedent which will endanger the basic rights of every American citizen. That precedent will be the nullification of basic rights in order to facilitate quicker and more efficient enforcement of other laws. When this happens America will cease to be the great free country it is today.

Sketch

JUTTA ANDERSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

EVERY WEDNESDAY—AT THREE—THEY WOULD COME. Every Wednesday, we could hear their feeble stumbling, their giggling and chuckling, coming through the garden into the house. Anna, the maid, would open the door and tell them that the table was set in the second dining room. Every Wednesday—at three—*Maman* had coffee hour for her lady friends.

Papa, in his formal and a little bit uncomfortable suit, *Maman*, in her silky afternoon dress, and we three girls, bored, but having surrendered to the ceremony, would await them in the living room. *Papa* would bow over every hand, kiss it, and assure each of these old ladies of his most exquisite delight to see her. *Maman* would accept the somewhat tired, tepid greetings as a queen accepts the cheerings of her subjects. We girls, according to strict etiquette, would kiss all those old, faded, flabby, dried cheeks, and show our best smiles. Each time, after this welcome scene, *Papa* would excuse himself and disappear, not without my sister whispering into my ear, "Lucky person!"

At 3:15, Anna would open the sliding doors to the dining room where the table was set: every time, one little tiny glass of sherry; every time, coffee with whipping cream; every time, two different coffee cakes.

Then we would take our seats. My sisters and I, placed carefully among the ladies, had no other social obligation than to pass coffee, whipping cream, sugar, or cake plates up or down the table, and to say: "How wonderful!" or "Isn't that interesting!" or "How delightful, *ma chérie!*" at the appropriate

time. Sometimes they would ask me to play the piano and afterwards would tell me in flowery words how wonderful my playing was; even old Mrs. Ree-ger would smile at me and comment on the music, though we all knew that because of her bad hearing she could not have appreciated a single sound. They always talked about the same good old time, when they were young, their husbands still alive with their future before them, and when they had seemed to have so much more of everything. One of them would let drop a little lost tear, *Maman* would say, "But my dear!" and the others would get thoughtful and maybe a little bit sad. Their murmurs would flow on like a rivulet in the autumn not expecting a storm any more; their tired old shaky hands would continue to play with the napkins or the coffee spoons. They would sit there quietly, with shy smiles, nodding heads, inward looking eyes—ghosts for whom time no longer existed.

Exactly at five o'clock, they would get up, thank *Maman* in extravagant words for the most superb two hours, accept all those cheek-kisses from us girls, and shuffle away—just to come back every Wednesday—at three—to *Maman's* coffee hour.

Put the Man Together

LEAH MEYER

Rhetoric Placement Test

DR. ETHEL ALPENFELS, THE WELL-KNOWN ANTHROPOLOGIST, spoke to a group of high school students recently on their role in society. After discussing the goals and the problems of her adolescent audience, Dr. Alpenfels related an anecdote which I consider to be invaluable to any teenager or adult who doesn't realize his individual worth and importance in our modern society.

On an especially humid and uncomfortable day, the doctor explained, a young child was annoying his weary father. "What can I do?" the youngster begged. "Give me something to play with, Daddy." The parent, wishing to be rid of the child, reached for a map of the world and cut it into varied shapes.

"Here," the lad's father said, "take this puzzle and see if you can put it back together."

Jumping at the unusual plaything, the child soon became engrossed in it, while his father relaxed and eagerly anticipated a few hours of peace.

In a few moments, however, the boy returned with the map, which was perfectly pieced together. His father was amazed. "How did you do this?" he demanded.

"Oh," his son replied, "there was a picture of a man on the other side of the map. So I just put the man together and the world came out all right!"

With this, Dr. Alpenfels concluded her speech, but each of us in the audience left remembering her important advice—"Just put the man together and the world comes out all right." It was a child's thought, and yet it is often difficult for the adults of today's society and those of us who will be adults of tomorrow's society to remember the importance of man in relation to the world. Men such as David Reisman, one of the authors of *The Lonely Crowd*, have emphasized the problem of conformity. *The Corporation Man* also deals with this subject. For example, what are the citizens of our own country doing to create the feeling of individuality in American education and politics?

In our school systems too much importance is placed on being "a regular guy." Joe College and Betty Coed seem to have over-run the campuses of our country. Children are enrolled in our elementary schools at the age of five and usually progress upward on the educational ladder until they reach the end of their compulsory education. Group living and social studies are stressed in the child's elementary and high-school education, but is he taught to be an individual? I believe that there are too many cases in which he does not learn this important lesson. How much more satisfactory the process of learning would be if every student were allowed to progress at his own rate, feeling neither superior nor inferior to his group, but rather, feeling the importance of his individuality.

Our country's political affairs, too, stress the crowd rather than the human being. "Join the bandwagon and vote for our candidate!" is the campaign cheer, rather than "Think for yourself and vote wisely." Perhaps this too relates back to our educational system. Learning to reason and think for himself should be today's student's major lesson.

A better world, a hopeful future—these I believe could belong to posterity if only we would begin to realize the importance of "I" rather than "we." If our "indifference to being different" can be corrected, I believe we will have accomplished Dr. Alpenfel's dream. Like the young boy, we will have "put the man together" and the world will "come out all right!"

Rhet as Writ

. . . but if it hadn't been for that little wreck, I might still be driving wrecklessly.

Running around the corner and tripping over a dog with a trayful of milkshakes was an everyday occurrence.

The new freshman's expressions are absolutely uphauling.

At 12:10 the lieutenant was going to call the bus terminal when it drove up.

This was proved last year when the all-freshman average was 3.178, and the all-pledge average was 3.921. The difference, as one can readily see, is almost two-tenth of a grade point.

What good does the football player himself get out of football? He may earn noteriety, which may prove useful to him in later life.

I plan to build a large ranch house with French widows in it.

At the present time there are some 28 different programs for the prospective service man divided into two sections.

The other employees would enter the office with simile of accomplishment and their belts loose.

I like all kinds of water sports, especially water polio.

Colleague: a person whom another attended college with.

Also, if traveling makes one sick, the airline companies provide a personalized paper bag for your disposal which is just one of many luxuries of traveling by air.

Thus, the main reason for existence is to keep life from getting boring.

If everyone would speak the same language, how could there be any secret weapons?

The Contributors

Dale Lytton—Flora

Mike Sovereign—Western Springs

Judith Raphael—Maine Twp.

James H. Stein, Jr.—George School, Pa.

Sue Hatch—Oak Park

Frank Kaspar—Crystal Lake

Sara Crew—Oak Park-River Forest

Stanley House—Southwest, Kansas City, Mo.

Max Flandorfer—U. S. Navy, G.E.D.

Sue Fullerton—Sparta Twp.

Valerie Neville—York Community

Mark Zimmerman—McHenry

Nelson G. Freeman—Springfield Technical, Springfield, Mass.

Kay Jones—Dewey

Richard Koch—Austin

Sally Langhaar—Urbana

Toby Black—Oak Park-River Forest

Leon Simon—West Aurora

Jutta Anderson—Gymnasium, Graz, Austria

Leah Meyer—Bloom Twp.

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Dep. Collection

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Phyllis Rice, Edward Levy, David Gladish, George Estey, and Carl Moon, Editor.

Dear Mr. Ford

LLOYD L. LEHN
Rhetoric 100, Theme 5

DEAR TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD:

I have seen you start your television show by coming on stage and shouting, "Hello, all you pea-pickers." Last summer I was employed in a pea-canning factory. The workers of this factory and I came to the conclusion that you don't know anything about the preparation of peas. Peas are packed and not picked, Mr. Ford. I would like to explain pea packing to you.

The factory at which I was employed is located near Mendota, Illinois. It is a division of the California Packing Corporation. Workers in the factory came from throughout the United States. Approximately 400 of us lived in barracks near the factory. The remainder of the employees were scattered on twenty-two farm stations in the surrounding area. Each farm crew consisted of approximately twenty men.

Work on the farms started as soon as the early-morning dew was off the ground. The pea vines were cut with a mower and then loaded on wagons and taken to the viner. Here the vines and peas were separated. The vines were stacked in a huge pile and later used as silage. The peas were loaded onto trucks and transported to the main factory.

Upon arrival at the factory, the peas, dirty from being out in the fields, entered a system of flowing water which washed them. The water entered this system as clear drinking water but left as a dirty black stream. The volume of water used in this operation was so great that the factory maintained its own purification plant. The peas leaving this bath were separated by their different weights; the light peas floated on the surface of the water and the heavy peas sank to the bottom. The light peas were sold as inferior peas. The peas continued on to where they were spread out on wide white rubber belts. Women sitting beside these belts removed the discolored peas and discarded them. The peas were then conveyed to the hoppers above the canning machines.

As the peas were put into the cans, they were mixed with a salt and sugar solution. The sealed cans were loaded into carts, each cart containing about 1000 cans. The carts were placed into retorts where the peas were cooked for an hour. As the carts were removed from the retorts, they were sent to the "scrambler," which took the cans out of the carts and sent them to the labeler. The labeler was the most delicate machine on the can line, and it caused the most trouble; however, when it was working properly, the labeler could label four to five cans per second. The cans then rolled to the boxer, which put twenty-four cans in each box as fast as the cans were labeled. The boxes were stacked on pallets and removed to the warehouse for shipment.

The above is the operation of only one can line in the factory. The entire

factory had five can lines, each capable of filling 33,000 cans per hour. Each line required a crew of at least sixty workers. This meant that there were 300 workers in the factory and 400 in the fields, a total of 700 workers. Of these 700 not one was picking peas. They were packing peas.

I have described only one canning factory. There are many others throughout the country. The process the others use is much the same as ours. This means that no one picks peas.

Therefore, Mr. Ford, it is my wish that on your future programs you do not say, "Hello, all you pea-pickers," but that you shout, as you come on stage, "Hello, all you pea-packers." If you do this you will set at rest the minds of all the people who work in the pea-canning factories each summer.

Sincerely yours,
PEA-PACKER LEHN

Nature's Beauty

DOUGLAS ROYER
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

AS I THINK ABOUT THE WORD *BEAUTY*, IT IS HARD TO understand what this word really means. What is beauty, and what does it imply?

Looking out over the wintry scene of an ice storm, I would find the glistening trees beautiful. To the persons who must repair the damage done by the ice, this scene would appear, more than likely, ugly and wicked. Therefore beauty is relative.

Beauty is everywhere waiting to be enjoyed by everyone: the first snow seen early in the morning before it is yet fully light, hanging in great piles on the trees, drifting high in places, and blanketing the ground with a white fluffy carpet; a rainbow arching through the heavens as though it were the brilliantly colored handle with which someone was holding up the earth.

The most beautiful sight I have ever seen was the Northern Lights. I first noticed some distance away in the black sky a patch of white which reminded me of falling rain. As I watched, light spread over the entire northern horizon and extended until it was directly overhead. Then the lights began to flash and dodge across the sky. The sight was so awe-inspiring that at first it gave me an empty feeling, as anything does which you don't understand. Then, before my eyes, as if this display were not already beautiful enough, the white lights became green, red, blue, and all the hues of the rainbow. It was only then that I realized I was watching the Aurora Borealis. I stayed up for over four hours watching this array of nature's fireworks until it subsided as slowly as it had come. I shall never forget this most beautiful of all sights.

Brave New World

RAE LESSER

Rhetoric 101, Book Report

MAN CALLS HIMSELF THE HIGHEST OF ANIMALS. AND because his superior intelligence has enabled him to accumulate a creative and cultural heritage, he calls himself a human being. Thus the "humanity" of man has elevated him above the beasts. This humanity that has driven him to strive for goals beyond mere personal well-being has sprung from a power unique to man. For he alone has been endowed with the mental capacity to think, reason, dream, and act as an individual. Through the ages, his basic power of individuality has led man to great struggles—with himself, his fellows, his environment, and his destiny. Human existence on earth has ever been hard, despite the comforts gained through the advancements of culture and applied science. But man has clung to his birthright of humanity.

Would he ever willingly forsake his heritage as a human being in return for the elimination of all struggle and hardships? To explain the existence of the Utopian society depicted in his book *Brave New World*, Aldous Huxley created a situation in which man was forced to answer that question.

The choice was made in A. F. 150 (150 years after the introduction of Henry Ford's first T-model). The Nine Years' War had ended but the world was left in a state of complete economic collapse and social chaos. When the leaders of the earth's surviving population met in an attempt to prevent total disaster, they were forced to decide between "World Control" and uneasy co-existence among national militarized totalitarianisms. The former system meant efficiency and stability in an age of advanced technology, under a Utopian welfare-tyranny. The latter alternative signified militarism, oppression, and social upheaval.

For what they undoubtedly considered human reasons, the leaders chose to create the world-wide Eden. As science became the end and human beings became the means, individualism and all records of the past were thoroughly suppressed. The World State that was formed adopted "Community, Identity, Stability" as its motto and technology, symbolized by an almost-legendary Ford, as its god. Thus man surrendered not only his inherent liberty as an individual but much of his soul as well.

Into his novel about the "brave new world" of universal well-being,

Huxley has injected many elements that make the book a significant work. The thought-provoking theme, the compelling style, and the realistically imagined, forceful presentation blend harmoniously and serve to emphasize Huxley's skill as an author. In addition, this meaty, satirical novel has been given new meaning and importance by the events and trends of the quarter-century that has elapsed since *Brave New World* was first published. Time is uncovering the most vital, yet most terrifying aspect of this book; time itself is giving Aldous Huxley's tale the semblance of a prophecy. For during the course of the last few years, many of the characteristics of the soul-less Utopian society he visualized have become evident in our own way of life. Each day, our increasing passion for scientific progress, a "consumer economy," "security," and a Miltown brand of "happiness" makes *Brave New World* less of a fantasy about a far-removed life in a distant future.

Indeed, Huxley has focused attention on the dangers to the spirit of man that are now latent in modern society. It is his belief that overemphasis on science and technology directed at controlling the individual and his environment will make a slave of man. Once Progress has become his master he will be forced to adapt to the "fruits" of his technical achievements. In the preface added in 1946, 15 years after the book was written, Huxley explains: "The theme of *Brave New World* is not the advancement of science as such, it is the advancement of science as it affects human individuals."

As the products of applied science, the book's well-drawn characters appropriately illustrate the author's stated theme. Completely conditioned tools of their technical society, they are almost wholly unquestioning in their acceptance of its doctrines: *Brave New World's* characters are a forceful demonstration that the inhabitants of such a world must, of necessity, be mere human robots. The only natural man in the story is an outsider immediately branded as "the Savage." Although he had dreamed of the day when he would finally enter "Ford's kingdom," he ultimately came to prefer suicide to life in that artificial place. The Savage did not know what kind of world awaited him when, in naive anticipation, he quoted Shakespeare: "O brave new world, that has such people in it . . ."

Reading *Brave New World* for the entertaining and unusual contents is an experience in itself. However, it is difficult to finish the novel without having contemplated its implications. Such contemplation seems to be almost a part of the book, for there is much in this story of a Fordian society to prod the reader into new evaluation of the disturbingly similar world of today. Therefore, it is through the successful stimulation of thought that Aldous Huxley has best accomplished the purpose of his book.

What Happened to Christmas?

WARD MALISCH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

CHRISTMAS? YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO Christmas? Why, it just disappeared, that's all. Why? It could have been any number of reasons, I suppose. It went through a series of changes down through the years and then, no more Christmas.

How did it disappear? Well, it's a long story, but the biggest changes started back in 1960. It was then that people had the idea that a three-day week-end would be more advantageous than a holiday falling during the middle of the week. If all holidays fell on the week-end, there would more time for everything. Oh, this wasn't a new idea even then. Many people had suggested it, but nothing was done, not until 1960. Finally a law was passed making all national holidays, including Christmas, fall on week-ends. This was all well and good then because people didn't have to stop and think, "Will Christmas fall on a Monday or a Tuesday this year?" This problem was eliminated since it always fell on a Friday.

But people still weren't satisfied. Next, someone thought that Christmas and New Year's Day were too close together, and it was suggested that if they were spread, they would be much more convenient for all. Why not space the holidays evenly throughout the year? "A wonderful idea," everyone said; "Why didn't we think of that before?"

Now obviously, New Year's Day couldn't possibly be moved to a different time of the year; consequently Christmas was chosen as the one to be moved. After all, if the day on which it fell didn't matter, why then should the month make any difference?

The holidays were then spaced evenly, and everyone was satisfied once more. Of course, having Christmas in April had some disadvantages. Christmas trees weren't very pretty at that time, but this was easily remedied by forgetting about them completely. Also, the legend of Santa Claus had to be discontinued since there wasn't enough snow for his reindeer. But giving presents was the main purpose of Christmas anyway; so people decided it was unnecessary to clutter the day with useless tradition. It was then reduced to its essential purpose—the giving and receiving of gifts.

There was one last change to be made. Many people still thought of winter, Santa Claus, and the old traditions, when Christmas was mentioned. Also, the church had never been satisfied with this holiday changing and had continued to call December 25 *Christmas*, designating it as a church holy day along with Pentecost, Easter, and the other days recognized by the church. The answer

to the problem of the name was simple. The name was changed to Gifts Day and everyone was happy. Our holidays are now all arranged in such a manner that they fall on week-ends, are evenly spaced, and are not cluttered with all that useless trivia of tradition—quite an improvement.

Strong Will Conquers

NANCY COHERNOUR

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

TOMMY WAS A SMALL BOY FOR HIS EIGHT YEARS, BUT he had the irrepressible will that comes from struggling to overcome disease. I met this polio-stricken boy one summer day when his mother brought him to the public beach for swimming lessons. As a swimming instructor, I was giving private lessons to all age groups at the lake. Mrs. Fisher, Tommy's mother, inquired about lessons for her son and then stated, "I hope you can teach Tom to swim. I know he will work hard for you."

Well, Tom's work was to prove his mother's statement. Never in my life have I seen a child so bent on learning. His span of attention was unbelievable. I can well remember drilling and drilling him until I thought his whole form would take on the withered appearance of his tiny left leg. He never complained.

Along with other exceptions I made for him, I permitted him to call me by my first name. By and by, we became great friends, and it wasn't uncommon to see me, a lifeguard, and the small boy, hand in hand. We often took rowboat rides, sunned together on the dock, or just built castles out of sand.

I learned great things from Tommy Fisher. I was aware of human compassion every time we were together because he was an example to me of what life—in essence compounded of disease, doctors, care, prayers, time, love—can do for one so young. We talked often and quite seriously, and sometimes we discussed his affliction. For an eight-year-old, Tommy was certainly grasping for graces in life which some adults never achieve. His attitude of acceptance overwhelmed me. I hate to remember shouting, "One—two—kick—kick; one—two—kick—kick!" I shouted until my voice broke from strain, and then I'd say, "Hey, little man, let's take a rest." Tommy always answered, "O.K. I know it will be a long time before I learn how to swim, Nancy." I replied, "Not long, Tom." He accepted my confidence and worked through many hard hours for days and weeks. I sometimes thought those hours were just as hard for me, in a way, to see his twisted form laboring. But, early in August, I rejoiced to hear his squeal when he took his first strokes.

Yes, Tom learned to swim. My heart held such joy for him when he lifted his head and said, "Someday I'll be a good swimmer." I knelt to answer him, "You won't be the best, my dear, but you'll be good." I thought I understood. But somehow, my feeling seemed shallow as I looked over on the beach to where Mrs. Fisher was sitting.

America's Staunchest Ally

DAVID ABRAHAMSON
Rhetoric 101, Final Theme

MONEY IS THE STAUNCHEST ALLY THAT AMERICA possesses. If proof of this fact is needed, one has only to look at the proposed governmental budget for the fiscal year of 1958. Approximately four billion dollars are to be used in various forms of foreign aid. Although supposedly intended for economic and military improvement, the purpose of this money is to help keep some of our "staunch" allies on our side of the iron curtain. From foreign countries there is a continual demand for American aid, with the threat of turning to Russia if the United States refuses to supply more money. It is the generosity of the government in Washington, not the high ideals of freedom, that keeps the "free world" united. This generosity is not always called for.

Many of our allies show little appreciation and still less need of American aid. The British, who are quick to comment on reduced aid, reduced their own income taxes while receiving American tax dollars. In France, where the Communists are one of the major political parties, American tax money is quickly squandered while millions of Frenchmen dodge the tax collector every year. These examples would tend to make one wonder why we continue giving money to our allies.

The examples of how the money is actually spent would make one wonder why we ever took the trouble to start the aid program. In Great Britain over 180 million dollars' worth of machinery from the United States was stored in British government warehouses, with the United States agreeing to pay the British government warehouse charges. Enough linseed oil was purchased in Germany to last the United States Army for eighty-four years, because a time limit had been placed on an amount of money to be spent in foreign countries and no other way could be thought of for spending it. Gross neglect in the supervision of profits has led to the loss of thousands of dollars in the form of excess profits made by foreign companies. It is undoubtedly time to review our position on foreign aid.

If a large-scale foreign aid program is to be undertaken, its supervision needs to be greatly improved over that of previous programs. Better supervision will lead to an improved return on our foreign aid expenditures. The government should especially check to see if aid is needed before it is granted. In some previous cases, military weapons were sent to countries that were unable to supply enough men to use the weapons. Beyond these steps, a new look at our relations with our allies should be taken.

The idea which some of our leaders seem to hold, that we must supply large

amounts of money in order to maintain our alliances, is false. Our allies are more vitally interested in their own welfare than we give them credit for. We should not and we do not have to give them aid in order to have their support. Foreign aid should be greatly reduced, and there should be no more of the attitude of "how much money for your friendship," that now seems to prevail in Washington. If our government continues its present policy of something for everyone but the American taxpayer, there may come a day when there will not be enough of our "staunchest ally" for our own protection.

Breathless

LEO KRUEGEL

Rhetoric 100, Theme 8

ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO, I MET AND WORKED WITH A very quick-tempered man who was well-built, muscular, and handsome but also conceited. As we know, handsomeness and conceit seldom afford a good friendship. This man, whom I shall call Bob, was a moody man like myself, and I felt it was inevitable that our moods would sometime clash. Finally it happened.

One day, while working together, we angrily found fault with each other's slightest mistakes. In my anger I said words that I normally wouldn't even have thought. At this point the waters of his brain came to a full boil. He swung his fist toward me. Fortunately, my timing was right, and I ducked the blow. This made him become disgusted with himself; he felt that he must hit me to keep his pride. Like lightning he picked me up and dropped me to the floor. My head hit the concrete floor with a loud thud. My ears were screaming with the impact. I closed my eyes with a superstitious hope that that which I could not see could not harm me. Suddenly I felt his knee pound into my chest. My head ached with the fall, and my heart pounded in my ears. The weight he put upon his knee seemed inhuman, and I could not get my breath. I was helpless, and I was frantic with fear and shock. I opened my eyes and the ceiling seemed to spin above me, then slowly the spinning images faded away. Gradually, there came complete darkness. I felt no pain. A horrid thought flashed through my mind. Could I be dead? No, I could hear my heart feebly but distinctly pounding in my ear. I was confused by the darkness, the numbness of my body, and the nearly complete silence. I rested.

I slowly awakened to realize that my head was bandaged, and my chest was tightly bound. I was lying on a cot. I tried to move to a more comfortable position, but I found myself too weak. I looked at a clock and found that nearly three hours had passed since the fight. Bob, standing nearby, took a sigh of relief and solemnly apologized.

It felt good to breathe.

Humanity versus the Slide Rule

RAE LESSER

Rhetoric 101, Final Theme

THE BOY WALKS ALONE; THE WIND, SWEEPING ACROSS the Broadwalk, tousles his hair. At first glance there is nothing in his typically-collegiate appearance to distinguish him from the thousands of his peers who have come to the University of Illinois in search of knowledge and understanding. But something heavy, encased in dark leather, swings from his hip. He is identified as a member of a breed apart.

The engineering student adjusts the slide-rule clipped to his belt, and quickens his pace. He has no classes in any of the imposing buildings that line the Broadwalk; his day is spent in the various specialized training centers located north of Green Street. He is a representative of a fast-growing segment of American youth destined to emerge from college without an education. After amassing approximately 120 credit hours, the youth will be given a degree and thereafter will be classified as a graduate of an institution of higher learning.

But can technical training be considered learning? Does passing 120 college credit hours constitute an education? According to the current catalogue of the University of Illinois, published in pre-Sputnik days, only 20 of those 120 hours required for graduation in the College of Engineers are devoted to "liberal electives." Within those 20 hours, the student must take the equivalent of 6 hours of freshman rhetoric, leaving approximately 11.67% of his college career to the pursuit of the cultural values that might tend to enrich his knowledge and broaden his horizons as a human being and an individual. Is it any wonder that many of the graduates of the science courses complain that the general effect of such specialized training is a sensation of having one's mind narrowed and restricted to a sphere not greatly exceeding the dimensions of the ever-present slide rule?

Recently a lustrous metallic sphere hurtling through space in an orbit far above Earth has created an intense feeling among the population of the United States of America that we are lagging behind in the mass production of scientific personnel. The apparent result of this fear of falling behind in a race against science and total annihilation is a "step-up" in the process that now turns out "89.33% pure" technical talent. If further concentration on technical studies, coupled with a vastly increased number of engineering students, will result from the current emphasis on science (as the only hope and future of our troubled globe), the dilemma facing the nation is real indeed. At the moment, the situation is such that we are "short-changing" merely a small

number of students on their chance to become well-rounded individuals. However, if the boy with the slide rule becomes the rule on this campus, and on the campuses of the country's colleges, we will be faced with a new danger. The civilization dominated by the well-trained robots of the scientific monster of Progress, of our own creation, will differ from our own in one all-important way: *We* are human beings and individuals.

Sputnik: For War or Peace?

DAVID CHAMBERS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

LIKE A GREAT TIDAL WAVE EMANATING FROM THE satellite itself, political and diplomatic repercussions of Russia's Sputnik have rolled over the world since the launching was accomplished last October 4. To launch a satellite into space successfully on the first attempt is a great scientific achievement. As a result Russia has gained much international prestige at the expense of the United States, and the world has had to re-evaluate (rather grudgingly) its opinion of Russia's technological know-how. Among the many questions concerning Sputnik, probably the most important one is this: What effect will the Soviet satellite have on world peace; or more specifically, since the United States is the leader of the free nations working for peace, what effect will Sputnik have on United States security?

Russia announced earlier it had a workable intercontinental ballistic missile, the ultimate in war weapons; the successful launching of the earth satellite gave strong support to this claim. However, for such a missile to be workable, it must first leave the earth's atmosphere (which Russia's missile is capable of doing), re-enter, it and effectively hit the target. Russia publicly announced the next major step in its satellite program would be to devise a method for bringing a satellite back to earth without its being destroyed. If the Russians cannot accomplish this feat with a satellite now, how can they possibly have a missile which must do essentially that same thing: leave the atmosphere and re-enter it unharmed? The answer: Russia does not have a workable intercontinental ballistic missile.

For the purposes of war a satellite has a great reconnaissance potential. Photographs could be taken from which accurate maps could be made; and very conceivably a television transmitter could be installed in a satellite, enabling military strategists to scan every part of the world once a day. Finally, bombardment from the missile itself would have a

most devastating effect. But many complex technical problems must be solved before a satellite can attain such a high degree of efficiency. Sputnik, instrumentation-wise, probably does not have a fraction of the necessary efficiency because the bulk of its weight is composed of storage batteries, a crude source of electrical energy. Hence, the value of Sputnik as a device or weapon of war is nil.

The Kremlin's victory in launching their satellite has been chiefly psychological and dangerous mostly as a weapon of propaganda. That they are exploiting this weapon to its utmost has been illustrated in recent international events. The objective of this propaganda weapon is threefold: Russia wants to (1) impress the neutral peoples of Africa, the Middle East, and Asia; (2) frighten Western Europe into neutrality; and (3) jolt the United States into two-power peace talks on Soviet terms, thus breaking the Western Alliance. In the face of this renewed Russian cold-war campaign the Western allies have not panicked; they have been calm and deliberate in their reasoning. In the recent Middle Eastern crisis where Khrushchev acted most belligerently, Mr. Dulles bluntly told the Communist chief that any attack by Russia on Turkey would most assuredly result in war with the United States. Knowing this fact, Khrushchev made no move of aggression. In answer to the Russian "Big Two" conference proposal on satellites, space, and peace, the United States stated that any such conferences would have to be unilateral, not bilateral. The free nations have resolved to tighten Western unity by removing bans on sharing of scientific secrets and by pooling all resources. Russia has met, and is meeting, staunch resistance against its effort to shift the balance of world political and diplomatic power in its favor.

Russia will not make war with the free world for several basic reasons. The Kremlin is troubled internally by a continual power struggle—as long as this struggle exists, Russia is not ready for war. If and when the Communist forces are ready, still they will probably not attack, because they realize the futility of war—why fight a war no one can win? Man is not bent on self-destruction.

When the United States regains its former prestige as the world leader by stepping up its scientific research and education (the President formally initiated such a program the last day in October), Russia and the United States will eventually come to a peaceful co-existence.

Man is destined to explore space, at least within the solar system. Russian scientists have already concluded that the economic burden of the comparatively short space flight to the moon would be more than one nation alone could bear. Thus, the inevitable outcome will be that all the nations of the world will peacefully unite in one common effort to realize their destiny in space.

The Hiding People

MAX FLANDORFER

Rhetoric 102, Final Theme

AFTER YOU LEAVE CRESCENT STREET AND BEFORE YOU go very far on Fulton, you come to a section of Brooklyn known as Brownsville. The streets, during the day, are usually very crowded, but at night a strange quiet settles over them. The pushcarts are gone, the hawkers retired to no one knows where. The automobiles which choked the street during the day, now line the curbs, resting quietly like sleeping beasts.

The houses are all connected one to the other, and their long dim grimness seems to form a wall against intruders. The soot and dirt of the city have turned the brownstone facade into a grimy, blackened grimace. Streaked here and there by the rain, spotted by the birds, and crumbling with neglect, the buildings seem, somehow, forbidding—yet pathetic. The staring windows, the gaping doorways seem to carry the stamp of idiocy, of senility; and like things that were once proud and have fallen in disgrace, the buildings convey an inevitable feeling of isolation.

The people in the buildings, the ones that make these lonely things their home, seem to be the same as the buildings themselves. Each person seems to be, somehow, something less than he must have been once. Each person, somehow, seems to be streaked by the soot and lined by the weather. And each person, too, seems to be afraid of showing what is inside himself.

The silence of the now deserted streets is punctuated by the sound of footsteps—hurrying, hurrying. You can feel the urgency, the need to be off the streets, the need to be locked in the tomb, away from the world and other men. If the glances of two of these silent hurriers ever meet, there is a quick turning away, a feeling almost of panic. The words are never spoken, but they are heard as clearly as if they were shouted in a frenzy of fear—"Leave me alone! Don't look at me!" And the footsteps quicken, to regain their solitude the faster.

As each building is passed, a sound can be heard, very faintly—more of an undertone than a definite sound, but it's there. It carries through the sound of radios playing too high, and people laughing too hard, and voices talking too loud. It carries through all the falseness the people wear outside. It comes and is inside you before you know you have heard it, and it clutches at your soul. It is the sound of weeping. It is the great, pain-choked sobs of weariness—the tears of loneliness . . .

Down the street the cold wind blows, and the houses seem to shiver and cringe, and the wind seems lonely too.

The Tower

JAMES HOCKENHULL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

UP THROUGH THE GREY AUTUMN MIST A GREAT SQUARE shaft of weathered stone looms black against the dreary sky. Tall and straight it stands, though it bears the burden of many decades, while, on the wet sidewalks below, thousands of students hurry by, hunched and stooped by a mere fraction of the tower's age. Thousands of young people rush on, scarcely noticing the proud monument of the past, scarcely heeding its plaintive message. But its message is there. It can be heard through the swirling mist, through the driving rain. It can be heard over the clamor of the crowd at midday and it can be heard calling through the silence of night. For the message is time. Time is the cry through the fog. Time! Time is flying! Time! Another hour of life has passed! Time! A child is born! Time! An elder dies! Time is the most urgent message in the world.

But to the grey crowd below, the carillon voice means another class is over, only fifteen more minutes to study, a half-hour till dinner. So on they rush, living from minute to minute. Few ever look up to the four conical turrets and the great tiled pyramid that crowd the shaft. Few peer into the gaping ports of the tower to catch a glimpse of the ropes and pulleys that actuate the bells. But the tower stands, a proud prophet of the god of time, in spite of the ennui of its listeners. And, though hundreds of future generations come and go, the great stone shaft will still loom up through the mists of the years, black against the sky.

They Needed Affection

VIRGINIA VIDA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

DURING THE TIME I SERVED AS A GIRL SCOUT CAMP counselor last summer, I became acquainted with the twenty-seven fifth and sixth graders who attended camp, but I became especially intrigued in observing how a certain few displayed their need for affection as a means of finding security.

On the far extreme of insecurity was Janie, a thin, unattractive girl whose pleading smile could not help but cause one to pity her. She was very slow-thinking, was inclined to forget most of what was said to her, and would ask the same questions repeatedly. The head counselor defined the girl as "dull."

Janie's conversational ability was confined to her knowledge of a few facts, which she related to me time and again, interrupting herself now and then with, "Now, what did you say your name was?" However, the action which depicted clearly her need for affection was her habit of "hanging" on me day in and out, clutching my hand or my dress as if this were the only nearness she had ever known. Janie followed me everywhere I went, plaguing me with questions, dry facts, and requests that I fix her tent, or that I play her a tune on my "ukelady." She was shunned and nearly ostracized by the other campers, but she never gave up trying, in her pathetic, yet obnoxious manner, to win their approval.

Anne, a pretty blond who had come from the "wrong side of the tracks," was a perfect example of the insecure attention getter. She had a grand total of two friends, and the three of them, except for their contact with me, completely isolated themselves from the rest of the group. Anne was their leader; the other two followed her like sheep (loud sheep), and they idolized and tried to imitate her every move. I soon became deeply interested in this defiant girl, and she in me. Her grammar was incorrect, and her speech was rough and sometimes insulting. The clothes she wore were tight-fitting and loud, the heels on her loafers were worn to a thin sheet, and the backs of the shoes were flattened to the heels, so that she shuffled along in order to keep them on when she walked. She presented a rough appearance. I was struck by the thought that Anne, at the age of ten, probably knew as much about the unmentionables of life as I did. Anne needed affection badly, but found a sort of security in rejecting it. The head counselor said that Anne was "intolerable, uncontrollable, and worst of all, whiney." Yet, her defiance toward me changed completely, and she, too, began following me around, bringing her friends with us. I was beginning to feel like the Pied Piper.

On the second night out, I was informed that one of the scouts had become homesick and was going to leave, so I immediately rushed over to her tent in hopes of changing her mind. There, sitting on her cot, was life's picture of innocence—Kathy. Her platinum-blond hair was curly and of medium length, she was small in stature, and her baby-blue eyes were radiant when she smiled; she was a little doll, a magnified infant who made me wonder momentarily why some children have to grow up. I somehow succeeded in convincing Kathy that she should remain. It was her first time away from home, away from the affection she was used to, and which could not be replaced by her tentmates. After that evening, she, too, attached herself to me. Needless to say, she was a joy to have around.

Janie and Anne looked to me for the affection that was missing in their daily lives, whereas Kathy only needed it temporarily. Janie was trying to get it, but was using a wrong approach; Anne had rejected it, but showed her need for it in that she tried to draw attention to herself; and Kathy was normally accustomed to the affection which the others lacked.

Bloomington, Indiana

STEPHEN WEISER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

I LIVED IN BLOOMINGTON FOR TEN YEARS, FROM THE time I began my second year in elementary school until I left home for college. The town has filled my mind with countless memories, both good and bad. In it I have spent what have been the most formative years of my life.

Bloomington is a community of contrasts. It has a small-town flavor, in that gossip travels fast, but it has a big-town feeling, too. Upwards of 30,000 inhabit the town, and the population swells each school year with more thousands of Indiana University students. On the square, where the County Courthouse is located, a citizen can encounter many of his friends every day. But the intellectual and social influences of the University give the town a big-city, cosmopolitan atmosphere.

Bloomington has always had many characteristics of the farming community. On Saturday mornings, the farm families come into town to do their shopping, and the old-timers stand in the sun outside of Woolworth's and Penney's on the square and chew their tobacco. The banks too are filled with farmers and working men with rough clothes and rougher hands. Dusty old cars fill up all extra parking spaces. Stout women in flowered print dresses and with several children alongside are seen in the dime stores buying coloring books, peanuts, and tin toys for the youngsters. The sporting goods stores are frequented on Saturday mornings by boys with change in their pockets looking for baseballs and BB's. The farm folk crowd into the Postoffice, the feed stores, the hardware stores, and the A. & P.

Yet all one has to do to step out of the typical southern Indiana farming community and into another world of educated and intellectual people is to travel about six blocks east of the Square to the campus of Indiana University. Here is a world of pizza, famous dance bands, opera, symphony concerts, modern jazz, sports cars, academic degrees, philosophic bull sessions, and many, many other contrasts. Here, in the form of a big rectangle measuring about one mile by one-half mile cut out of the eastern half of the town, is the institution that links Bloomington with the outside world. The campus is Bloomington's land of shade, limestone buildings, bookstores, fraternities, young people with futures, Big Ten football, dormitories, and education.

In Bloomington, I received innumerable impressions that have influenced me. I could stand on the square and watch the drugstore cowboys in their customized used cars roar around and around on weekend nights. There was the world of Elvis Presley, Fats Domino, and no more than a high school education. Here were the youth of the typical southern Indiana farming town.

Their future is a world of labor, fat wives, and large families. Their Bloomington is the rootbeer stands, the drive-in movies, the overcrowded high school, the soda fountains, the Hollywood magazines, the jukeboxes, the dual exhausts and fender skirts. I knew their Bloomington and learned from it, yet I don't call it my own.

In Bloomington's other half, I came in contact with such things as the Sadler's Wells Ballet, the music of Artur Rubenstein, Dave Brubeck, Woody Herman, the Vienna Symphony and the Metropolitan Opera, the college dances, the people of learning, the atmosphere of the world. Here I could draw upon the world's great culture and entertainment; I came to know what the world really offered. I tasted Bloomington's collegiate half, too, and I learned from it.

I realized during my last visit to Bloomington that I love the town for what it is: a unique, wonderful combination of two very real worlds.

The Emancipation Proclamation

MYRNA LEVINE

Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper

ALTHOUGH THE PEOPLE RECEIVED AND INTERPRETED the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, according to their own particular interests in the slavery problem and Civil War of the United States, President Abraham Lincoln's reason for issuing the Proclamation was to accomplish faster his primary purpose in the war—to save the Union.

Although President Lincoln spent the entire afternoon of January 1, 1863, greeting and visiting with the many New Year's Day callers that stormed the White House, he had a decidedly more significant matter to attend to during the early evening. By the time Secretary of State William Seward brought him the official copy of the Emancipation Proclamation to sign, he was rather tired from the ordeal of the day.¹ The few people who were gathered in his office at the time of the signing heard him say: "I never in my life felt more certain that I was doing right. But I have been receiving calls and shaking hands since eleven o'clock this morning until my arm is still numb. Now the signature will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled, they will say 'he had some compunctions.' But, anyway, it is going to be done."²

What Lincoln did was to emancipate the slaves in the areas still in rebellion against the United States, namely, Arkansas, Texas, most of Louisiana, Miss-

issippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and most of Virginia, asking the slaves always to conduct themselves respectably and telling them that the qualified members among them would be accepted into certain branches of the armed service.³

Since these areas were in rebellion against the law of the United States, the actual freeing of the slaves could not be effected. The pro-Union slave states, areas in which the freeing of the slaves could be effected, were not within the compass of the Proclamation.⁴

This lack of authority of the Proclamation was the cause of much criticism. People scoffed openly at the man who had issued such an unworkable document. Abolitionists could not understand why Lincoln had differentiated between slaves of Union states and slaves of Confederate states.⁵ Pro-slavery Northern Democrats were angry that the President had changed a struggle to save the Union into an anti-slavery campaign, since Lincoln had gained their support by emphasizing his purpose of preserving the Union.⁶ Other Unionists, although agreeing that the measure at least tended to weaken slavery in the United States, were skeptical that it would help end the rebellion.⁷ Even the Negroes themselves were not completely in favor of the Proclamation. Those of the deep South, who hated and feared Lincoln and the North as fervently as their masters hated them,⁸ simply continued laboring as before, content to know that freedom was technically theirs if they wanted it.⁹ Only those slaves who were far enough North to taste a limited freedom were enthusiastic over the Proclamation. Masses of jubilant Negroes flooded the streets, shouting, singing, and practically worshipping the man who had liberated them.¹⁰

The Emancipation Proclamation was received favorably in Europe, especially in Great Britain, France, and Spain, where it was popularly believed to be a great act of humanity.¹¹ Although history does place strong emphasis on the humaneness of the act, careful study indicates that Lincoln did not approve of immediate and unconditional liberation, considering it unfair to slave-holders as well as to slaves.¹² He told the Negroes: "When you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being on an equality with the white race."¹³ Thus, he apparently understood the social problem much better than did the radical abolitionists, who demanded the slaves' unconditional liberation.

Lincoln believed that this social problem between the Negroes and the whites could be best solved through a very gradual emancipation. He also felt that the South should be compensated financially for the destruction of an institution encouraged as much by the needs of the North and the rest of the world as by those of the South.¹⁴

Several times, the President appealed to Congress to adopt plans for buying the slaves in order to liberate them. When, on April 10, 1862, Congress did adopt such a plan, none of the slave states would agree to the terms, and, as a result, slaves were liberated by purchase only in Washington, D.C.¹⁵

Thus, Lincoln's attitude toward emancipation would suggest that he had an even more fundamental reason for issuing the Emancipation Proclamation. British Foreign Minister Lord John Russell said, concerning the matter: "If it were a measure of emancipation, it would be extended to all the states in the Union. . . [it] is not granted to the claims of humanity but inflicted as a punishment."¹⁶ Russell's interpretation was substantiated by Lincoln himself, who, on several occasions, explained that the Emancipation Proclamation was merely one factor in his constant attempt to preserve the Union; specifically, it was a war device to punish and weaken the still rebelling states.¹⁷ As Lincoln wrote to critic Horace Greeley on August 22, 1862: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."¹⁸ History tells us he chose the third course.¹⁹

¹ Margaret Leech, *Reveille in Washington 1860-1865*, p. 249.

² As quoted by John Bach McMaster, *A History of the People of the United States During Lincoln's Administration*, p. 268.

³ "Emancipation Proclamation," *The Encyclopedia Americana* (1953), 10:272.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ McMaster, p. 269.

⁶ Benjamin P. Thomas, *Abraham Lincoln*, p. 359.

⁷ McMaster, p. 269.

⁸ Thomas, p. 360.

⁹ Clifford Dowdey, *Experiment in Rebellion*, p. 219.

¹⁰ Thomas, p. 360.

¹¹ "Emancipation Proclamation," *The Columbia Encyclopedia* (1950), p. 612.

¹² Dowdey, p. 215.

¹³ As quoted in Dowdey, p. 215.

¹⁴ J. G. Randall, *Lincoln—The Liberal Statesman*, p. 29.

¹⁵ "Emancipation Proclamation," *The Encyclopedia Americana*, 10:272.

¹⁶ As quoted by Dowdey, p. 215.

¹⁷ Randall, p. 492.

¹⁸ As quoted in "Emancipation Proclamation," *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, p. 272.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*

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Escape

ANDREW SEDLOCK

Rhetoric 100, Theme 5

LAST SUMMER I WAS ABLE TO PARTICIPATE IN MY FAVORITE sport only a few times. On one of those rare evenings in the month of July, I managed to slip away from the house and make my way to the nearest lake. Parking my car as near the lake as possible, I walked to a spot near the water's edge. There under the maple trees I took time to assemble my fishing tackle, stopping now and then to view the lake area whenever sounds of activity came to my ears.

A fish was feeding near some brush twenty feet from shore. He broke the surface of the water with a sloshing sound several times in the space of a few minutes. Each time he disturbed the water I would look for him to see how far he had moved. I managed to tie to my line a small bass lure of the floating type. This I was sure would make Mr. Fish my fish.

I moved cautiously the last few feet to the water's edge. Carefully I stripped line from my reel. Making one false cast, I dropped the lure on the few sticks of brush, allowing it to slide off and fall lightly upon the water.

I was afraid to move. A full minute went by; nothing happened. I gave the line a sharp, short twitch. Again I allowed the lure to rest. A small disturbance near my vanishing lure brought an immediate reaction from me. Pulling upward on the rod, I set the hook. My line went taut, but no action. I had become hooked to a log, or so I thought.

At this moment the lake exploded. A beautiful fountain of spray shot upward into the setting sun. In the middle was my log, twisting and squirming. Falling back into the white water, he disappeared from my sight, but I knew I still had him, for his telegraph message came back to me through my fishing tackle.

It was clear that he wanted to leave for some other part of the lake. Not wanting to disappoint him or myself, I let him believe that he could go by giving him some line. He wasn't satisfied. Up he came to view the situation. Again he made a headlong dash, but this time toward me. I took in line as fast as possible. An eternity passed before I felt any indication that my fish was still on my line. Then I saw him, almost at my feet.

He turned and looked me straight in the eye. We looked at each other for a second or two; then my fish made one powerful swing with his tail, sending himself and half the lake into the air, shaking and twisting himself violently. He then vanished beneath the foaming water. I knew what had happened even before I saw my line flying back to me. My fish had made his escape.

The "Troublesome" Veto

CARL F. ABEGG

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

SHOULD THE VETO POWER OF THE PERMANENT MEMBERS in the Security Council be eliminated? If so, what type of voting should the Security Council and the rest of the United Nations adopt? A similar question was recently asked of hundreds of adult Americans, and an overwhelming majority favored eliminating the veto because, as they said, the Russians have abused the veto and have greatly hampered the efficiency of the U.N. as a world government. Most of the people questioned favored giving each country in the U.N. one vote; thus, they believed, the United Nations would have a more democratic form of government.

An intelligent analysis of these wide-spread beliefs concerning the veto and its relation to the United States and the United Nations proves how completely absurd this public opinion is.

First of all, the U.N. is not, and was never intended to be, a world government. The representatives of the allied countries which met at Yalta, Dumbarton Oaks, and San Francisco, realized that the world was not ready for a single, central government. Their primary purpose was not to found a world government, but to organize a league of independent, sovereign states in such a way as to prevent war. They also knew that if war was to be prevented, the great powers in the world would have to be united. Thus, they formulated the unanimity of the Big Five.

While it is true that the Big Five have not remained united—as it was first thought that they would—and that the Russians have used their veto power for selfish political reasons, these are not sufficient reasons to do away with the veto. It is a little-known fact that the United States also favored having the veto clause inserted into the U. N. Charter. Our representatives to the conferences knew that the Senate would never ratify a treaty (the Charter of the U.N. is considered by the United States to be a treaty) which would destroy our national sovereignty. How many of the strong advocates of a world superstate would favor such a government, a government to which all of the American people would owe their allegiance, if they realized that their sons and daughters who are in the armed forces could be sent anywhere in the world without the consent of the people of the United States?

Many of the more intelligent individuals who were questioned did not favor completely eliminating the veto. Instead, they believed that the veto should be modified so that it could be used only in matters concerning the use of military forces. They believed that on all other matters each country should have only one vote, and that a majority of these votes should decide any issue. How intelligent their reasoning is! How democratic this would be! Under

this system it would be possible for forty of the smaller member nations of the U.N., having ten per cent of the world's population, to determine the policy for the other ninety per cent of the world's people.

No, the veto cannot be abolished or modified without destroying our national safety and sovereignty. As exasperating as the U.N. is under the present voting system, this system is still a necessary part of the Charter. Until the present tension in the world is relieved, we must insist upon the U.N. Charter containing the "troublesome" veto.

Travelogue

BENNETT E. GATES

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE DAY WAS HOT, AND THE CITY OF RIO SUFFERED. The heat rose in shimmering waves from the gleaming buildings and broad expanses of pavement, making all but the coolest "casas" and air-conditioned "restaurantés" places of sweltering misery. High above it all, a tiny cable car creaked and groaned and swayed its way along toward the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain. But the temperature inside the car was hardly more bearable than that below. Men squirmed uncomfortably in the hard wooden seats, most of them burdened down with guide books, travel folders, their wives' handbags, and miscellaneous curios acquired along the way. The women, though doing their best to maintain their composure, were now and then driven to reach back and lift the hot, damp hair that clung to the backs of their necks. Occasionally one considerate wife would relieve her husband's load by the amount of one rather stiff travel folder, to fan herself vigorously—a ridiculous effort, since the exertion made her that much hotter and more uncomfortable. Most of the husbands either sat quietly, sulking behind the wall of wifely debris that surrounded them, or else peered sullenly between two packages at the scenery below. Their wives, however, sat as far forward on the edges of their seats as discretion would allow, and listened eagerly to the tour guide who now stood at the front of the car.

He was a short, dark Brazilian, and fat to the point of being perfectly round. He was nearly bald, and when he wasn't droning his memorized speech on the history of Brazilian culture and pointing out various scenic spots, he pulled a sodden handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed furiously at the perspiration that covered his head. Without a doubt he was the most miserable and uncomfortable person on board, and when the car suddenly jerked to a stop and sat him down quite without dignity in the middle of the floor, he looked almost relieved. There was a moment or two of confusion while a few unseated passengers re-seated themselves and the wives hurriedly gathered up their scattered bundles and re-buried their husbands. When order was

finally restored, it was learned that somehow the cable that pulled the car along and the cable that held the car up had become fouled and would have to be separated before the trip could be resumed.

After the car had been bobbing and swaying over the city of Rio de Janeiro for approximately twenty minutes and getting absolutely nowhere, the little red work-car used for hauling tools and parts from station to station came rolling up another cable and stopped alongside. Standing in the car, which was only a small platform enclosed by a low railing, were three wide-eyed Brazilians, clinging for dear life to anything that seemed to offer support. With them they had brought a ladder, and it soon became apparent that they intended to use it to bridge the gap between the two cars and send one of the men across.

After crossing himself several times and having received a little pushing from his companions, the third workman mounted the ladder and crawled on his hands and knees over to the roof of the stranded car. His safe arrival was met with cries of "Olé" and various other congratulations from all the passengers, but the cables still remained to be separated. After one end of the ladder had been secured to the work car, the worker forced the other end between the two cables. This way, when the smaller car began to move forward on its cables, which ran parallel to those of the stranded car, the ladder was run along between the two fouled cables, forcing them apart and eventually separating them. All went well until the cables freed themselves, and then one very frightened Brazilian atop the cable car saw his means of escape flipped from the hands of his fellow workers and hurled high into the air, where it finally stopped rising and began tumbling end over end toward the city below. Terrified to begin with, and now stranded on the swaying car that must have seemed to him miles above the ground, the poor fellow went to pieces. Calling on all emotions his Latin ancestry provided, he moaned, he wept, and he wailed. His companions shrugged their shoulders and held up their hands to show that they were truly powerless to help. He could do nothing but hang on and ride the car in. Finally resigning himself to his fate, the poor devil flattened himself against the roof of the car and gripped the edge until his trembling knuckles turned white. Then the little mid-air trolley began again to climb the long cable toward the mountain top ahead. Every dip or sway of the car brought forth from its unwilling passenger alternate bits of mumbled prayer or loud exclamations of profanity, the latter upsetting the feminine passengers no end. Their husbands just chuckled behind the packages.

When the car finally reached the station, the worker who moments before had been a complete nervous wreck regained a marvelous amount of his composure, and having jumped lightly to the ground, he strode haughtily away, head held high, and acting full well the part of hero for the day. The women, delighted to have reached their destination at last, hurried from the car to take in the view. But the husbands, still sitting in the car, peered around their burdens and gave each other that understanding wink of creatures sharing a similar fate. For them, the most enjoyable part of the trip had just ended.

Nothing Phoney with Salinger

YVONNE EDWARDS

Rhetoric 101, Book Report

I JUST FINISHED READING THIS BOOK. THIS GUY THAT wrote the book, J. D. Salinger, calls it *The Catcher in the Rye*. It is all about this sixteen-year-old kid, Holden Caulfield. Holden ditches his prep school he was flunking out of and goofs around New York for a few days before he goes home. Boy, he has some terrific experiences in those few hours. He really does. He goes to these bars and all and tries to drink like a man, just because he is over six feet tall and wants to be grown-up. And that isn't all, either. He is in this crummy hotel that is full of perverts and queers, and just because he tries to be so man-about-the-townish, he gets tangled up with some old prostitute. Since he is a virgin and all, he is afraid to make love to her. That killed me.

He feels all alone and cut off from society, but he's still got his ten-year-old sister, Phoebe, to love. She is lovable and understanding, and if you really want to know the truth, she is the only person he honestly loves. He did love his brother, Allie, but Allie has been dead for several years. He also likes his English teacher from the first prep school he went to—that is, until the teacher turned out to be a queer. Holden is full of hatred too. I mean he hates things like movies, phonies, night clubs, pimples, sex, and old men who pick at their noses. He finds the world full of crappy people who say one thing and mean another, and it makes him angry. He is unsure of himself because of this cold and complex world. But he finds some good in the world along with the bad, and he enjoys it. He really does. While he is shooting the bull with a mother of one his classmates, and while he is talking with some nuns, he really enjoys himself. He gets a large charge out of day dreaming, too.

Once in a while, Salinger sticks some pretty corny scenes in his story. For example, Holden just happens to be walking down the street one day when he hears a little boy singing, "When a body catch a body coming through the rye." Later on, when old Phoebe asks him what he wants to be, he can only think he wants to be "the catcher in the rye." That doesn't make too much sense—being a catcher in the rye for a profession. Maybe Salinger is trying to criticize the grown-up world, but if he is, he should think of a better way to do it. What I mean is that he should use a more logical example.

Holden swears too much. Everything is "goddam." Even though Salinger used teen-age lingo on purpose, all the swearing gets sort of monotonous. Holden uses what the grown-ups consider bad English. The adults would say that his sentences aren't complete—don't carry complete thoughts. But I bet that when they were young, they used some of those same double negatives and wrong words and all just like Holden does. Once, Holden says, "Nobody kept

answering," when what he means is, "Nobody answered." The author does these things on purpose. He does it because he knows that's the way teen-agers talk. He makes his book unique by using that teen lingo, too.

This guy, Salinger, must really know his beans about teen-agers. Some of the things that happen to Holden and the way he thinks would shock a lot of parents right out of their pants. It would answer a few of the questions that parents ask themselves about their own responsibilities, though. I don't know too many grown-ups who can honestly tell how teens think and feel. Old Salinger does a pretty good job on it, though.

This book really killed me. What I mean is that it is so funny that I cracked up from the first page to the last. There is hardly any book that can make me bust right out laughing the way this one does. One odd thing that caught my attention was that even though the story is funny, it is sort of pathetic, too. Holden is trying to find himself in an adult world and he has a darn rough time doing it. His parents surely don't help him any by giving him any too much loving. Old Phoebe is about the only one that understands and helps him. It wouldn't seem so pathetic maybe if the author didn't have this one big fault—he makes me feel like I am some big wise grown-up looking down at a young sixteen-year-old boy, being amused by the youth's troubles—just because almost every youth has similar problems. Since the author is telling the story through Holden, he shouldn't make Holden seem so young and unwise and all.

Even though I didn't like a few things in the book, I really enjoyed it. It held my interest because it told about a boy going through the same experiences that I am going through, and it was very refreshing because it was told by the boy in everyday, ordinary teen talk. It is very high class literature. I think I'll pick it up and read it all over again to get more of its meaning. You should do the same. You really should.

The Struggle for the Location of the University of Illinois

JOHN N. RUTGER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

THE NEED FOR A STATE UNIVERSITY IN ILLINOIS WAS recognized several years before one was established. During the mid-nineteenth century the main industry of Illinois was farming, often at a subsistence level. Many of the farmers realized that there was a need for research which could not be carried on by the individual farmers. With this thought in mind, the leading farmers and agriculturists of the state held a con-

vention at Granville on November 18, 1851, with Professor Jonathan Baldwin Turner as the guest speaker.¹ Professor Turner had been educated at Yale and had later moved to a farm in Morgan County, where he proceeded to carry on agricultural experiments. At the request of the members of the convention, Professor Turner later had several hundred copies of the speech which he gave at the convention printed in pamphlet form and distributed.

A second farmer's convention was held at Bloomington on June 27, 1860.² Among other things, a letter signed by the civic leaders of the town of Urbana was read to the members of the convention. This letter was the first inkling of the foresight of the Urbana citizens. According to the *Chicago Weekly Times*, the Urbana group proposed to donate for the purposes of a state agricultural college a building erected at a cost of \$100,000.³ They were thus seeking to get a state agricultural college that did not exist to occupy a seminary building that was not yet built. Indeed, the construction contract was not signed until five days after the letter was read to the convention.

The letter was not such a spur-of-the-moment thing as one might be led to believe. The man responsible for it was probably the Reverend Mr. Stoughton, a minister and promoter who first appeared in the Urbana-Champaign area during January of 1859. He circulated among the townspeople and suggested that they establish a college between the two towns, which were separated by one and a half miles of muddy fields. Three principal reasons were advanced for promoting the enterprise: "The interest in education, the hope of allaying the jealousy between the two cities, and the opportunity for personal gain through increased value of property."⁴ The citizens did not have any specific plan for establishing a school at this time, but they hoped the state might take it off their hands at a later date. The proposed Urbana-Champaign Institute appealed to many of the residents "because it offered a means of stopping up the awful 'gap' between the towns."⁵

Mr. Stoughton pushed his idea through the proper channels, and on February 21, 1861, the State Legislature granted a charter for the incorporation of the Urbana-Champaign Institute. The contract for construction of the building had been signed on July 2, 1860, but the cornerstone was not laid until the 6th of August, 1861.⁶ Work on the building proceeded until August 31, 1861, at which time it was delayed for lack of funds.⁷ The Civil War was going on

¹ Mary Turner Carriel, *The Life of Jonathan Baldwin Turner* (Jacksonville, 1911), p. 96.

² Burt E. Powell, "The Movement for Industrial Education and the Establishment of the University, 1840-1870," *Semi-Centennial History of the University of Illinois* (Urbana, 1918), p. 199.

³ *Chicago Weekly Times*, June 27, 1860, as quoted by Powell, p. 199.

⁴ Powell, p. 201.

⁵ Powell, p. 198.

⁶ *Central Illinois Gazette*, July 31, 1861, as quoted by Powell, p. 202.

⁷ Powell, p. 203.

at this time, and people were hard pressed to meet financial obligations that had been incurred earlier.

Meanwhile, the need for higher education had been recognized nationally. On July 2, 1862, President Lincoln signed a bill "for the purpose of promoting 'the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life.'"⁸ The law, variously known as the Land-Grant Act of 1862 or the Morrill Act, provided each state with 30,000 acres of land or the equivalent in "scrip," for each senator and representative the said state had in Congress. Illinois' share amounted to 480,000 acres. The act further specified that the schools receiving land-grant properties must "offer studies in agriculture, mechanic arts, and military training—'without excluding other scientific studies.'"⁹ In order to claim the benefits of the act, the respective state legislatures were required to accept the provisions of the congressional grant within two years and to provide for the establishment of at least one college within five years. During the following February, the Illinois Legislature passed a bill to accept the grant.¹⁰

In the autumn of 1864 a governor's commission visited Champaign. The purpose of the commission was to inspect the Urbana-Champaign Institute, with the ultimate view of establishing a state college therein. A very favorable report for the selection of the Urbana-Champaign Institute was given, based, perhaps, on the cordial manner in which they were received—there seems to have been nothing else to base it upon.¹¹

At their meeting of December 19, 1864, the Champaign County Board of Supervisors prepared for the forthcoming session of the legislature. They decided to accept the offer of Stoughton and Babcock to transfer the Urbana-Champaign Institute building (which lacked \$35,000-40,000 of being paid for) for \$24,000 if the state located the university in it; appropriated \$15,000 to buy a farm for the use of the university; appointed a five-man committee to confer with the Illinois Central Railroad Company to secure cooperation for location of the university; appointed a committee to attend the next session of the legislature for the purpose of promoting an act enabling the county to borrow money and issue bonds; and placed \$5,000 at the disposal of the legislative committee to be used in securing the university.¹²

In 1865 Senator Lindsay introduced a bill in the state legislature providing for the establishment of an industrial university. The Champaign group ob-

⁸ Edmund J. James, *The Origin of the Land-Grant Act of 1862* (Urbana-Champaign, 1910), p. 8.

⁹ *Illini Ycars*, based on the research of Carl Stephens, '12, University Historian (Urbana, 1950), p. 8.

¹⁰ *Journal of the House of Representatives of the Twenty-third General Assembly of the State of Illinois, 1863* (Springfield, 1865), p. 621.

¹¹ Powell, p. 205.

¹² Powell, p. 204.

tained a copy of the bill, struck out the eleventh section (which provided for a committee to select the location of the university) and substituted a passage "locating the proposed University between the towns of Urbana and Champaign . . . [in] a certain edifice [the Urbana-Champaign Institute building] and grounds there situated."¹³ Value of the property was listed as \$130,000. The building was not yet completed. The revised bill, which was introduced to the legislature, drew criticism from several communities throughout the state. The legislature then voted to allow competitive bids from the different counties. No other bids were imminent, and the whole affair was shelved for the remainder of the session.

Their determination undaunted, the Champaign group made more preparations in the fall of 1865. They wanted to have an undivided university located in their seminary building, but failure to get the entirety would have only intensified their determination to obtain at least a half or even a third. "There was a certain bull-dog tenacity of purpose in their efforts that boded ill for their opponents."¹⁴ Turner and the other leading agriculturists, some of whom had been pushing the educational movement since the Granville Convention of 1851, thought that their respective counties should have first chance at the university. In September of 1865, the Champaign County Board of Supervisors met again and agreed to purchase the "elephant" (as the building had come to be known by its enemies) and attached farm, on "the express condition that the said Industrial University be located in this county by the Legislature at its next session."¹⁵ In December another \$5,000 was appropriated and given to a three-man committee to use in securing the location of the college in Champaign County. This fund became known to Champaign County's opponents as the second "slush" fund.

The Illinois Legislature of 1866 decided not to divide the Industrial University fund among the existing colleges of the state. The decision was made contrary to the desires of a group of Illinois college presidents, who thought that the fund should be proportioned out to their respective colleges. In the meantime a new crisis had arisen. The five years allotted the states for acceptance of the land grants were nearly up, and Illinois still had not taken all the necessary steps. The problem was solved by an act of Congress, passed July 23, 1866, which extended the time of acceptance for five more years.¹⁶ The stage was now ready for the 1867 session of the legislature and the contest that ensued.

¹³ Taken from a committee report given at the Industrial University Convention, Bloomington, December 4, 1865, as quoted by Carriel, p. 180.

¹⁴ Powell, p. 211.

¹⁵ *Record of the Board of Supervisors*, September 13, 1865, III: 385, as quoted by Powell, pp. 213-4.

¹⁶ Carriel, p. 193.

Burt E. Powell gives us the following report relative to Champaign's efforts:

The legislature opened the first Monday in January, 1867. The Champaign County committee, at Mr. Griggs' prompting, had prepared for the fight of the next three months by engaging the principal reception room of the Leland Hotel, with several suites of parlors and bedrooms on the second floor. The reception room, holding two hundred people, was used for general entertainment. A buffet service was installed, and arrangements were made for serving elaborate meals. Near Mr. Griggs' quarters were placed those of the Democratic and Republican state chairmen. At once lobbying was begun on a lavish scale. Members, whether Democrats or Republicans, hostile or friendly, were invited to the Leland for drinks, for light refreshments, or for huge oyster suppers or quail dinners. They were pressed to bring with them any of their constituents who happened to be in town, and to order for such guests as freely as for themselves. They were supplied with cigars, and groups of them were taken to the theater. During the week three or four of the Champaign county committee were always on the ground, and at week ends, when entertainment was at its height, eight or ten would come over. All bills were sent in to be paid from the \$40,000 fund subscribed or appropriated for the purpose. No other community had fitted up headquarters in this way, or made any preparations for the entertainment of members. The house was greatly impressed by the earnestness of Champaign county, and many a representative voted for the Champaign bill.¹⁷

Mr. Griggs' foresight was probably the factor which ultimately secured the location of the university at Urbana.

A joint committee of the legislature, which had been appointed to appraise the bids of the various communities, gave the following report to the general assembly on February 16, 1867:

The county of Champaign proposes to donate the Champaign and Urbana University, a new brick building, with stone foundation . . . having cost \$120,000. Said building is nearly ready for occupancy. We estimate its cash value at \$75,000. Also, 10 acres of land, in the center of which said University stands, being about equi-distant between and within one mile of the depot of the Illinois Central Railroad, in the city of Champaign, and the court house, in the city of Urbana. We estimate the cash value of said land at \$2,500. Also, 160½ acres of well cultivated farm land, within one-half mile of said University and adjoining the city of Champaign, through which runs a stream of ever-living water—the cash value of which land we estimate at \$20,000 . . . Also, 410 acres of like farm land, adjoining thereto, with orchard, farm-house and barn—the estimated cash value of which is \$30,000 . . . Also, 400 acres of like farm land, within about two miles from said University—the cash value of which is estimated at \$20,000 . . . The entire amount of land offered by Champaign county is 980 acres. Also \$2,000 worth of shade, ornamental and fruit trees . . . Also, \$100,000 in Champaign County 10 per cent 20 year bonds—the cash value of which is estimated at \$100,000. Also, \$50,000 in freight on the Illinois Central Railroad, for the said Industrial University—the estimated cash value of which is \$30,000.

¹⁷ Powell, pp. 242-3.

The total offers of Champaign county are estimated, in cash, at \$285,000.¹⁸ The committee then gave similar detailed reports on the bids of the other counties, which may be summed up as follows:

McLean County's bids totaled \$470,000 for a university to be established in Bloomington.

Logan County offered bonds and properties valued at \$385,000 for the establishment of the university in Lincoln.

Morgan County offered some \$315,000 in bonds and property plus the Illinois College valued at \$176,000, which was located in Jacksonville, for a total of \$491,000.

The Champaign group arose in arms after the presentation of the joint committee report to the general assembly. The Board of Supervisors issued a statement claiming that "Champaign County's bid, if valued as the joint committee valued McLean's bid, would have amounted to \$555,400, an excess of \$85,000 over Bloomington . . . also that a scarcity of water in and about Bloomington rendered it wholly impracticable as a site."¹⁹ Upon hearing of this, McLean County replied by issuing a circular which was distributed to the general assembly. The circular gave wholehearted support to the joint committee for estimating the bids at actual cash value and not on local assessments. The charge about the "scarcity of water in and about Bloomington" was denounced as entirely false.

By this time Champaign County's methods were regarded by her competitors as highly unfair. Her lobbying committee, her apparent influence over the Chicago and Springfield newspapers, and her exaggerated reports of the value of her bid made her a prime target for criticism from other communities and, surprisingly, from certain home-town interests. A circular was distributed in Springfield on February 6th, supposedly subscribed to by a group of Champaign residents. The circular, which was reprinted by the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, stated: "We believe that a good portion of the five thousand dollars appropriated [by the Champaign County Board of Supervisors] in December, 1866, has already been used to bribe the public press, and that almost the entire sum [\$15,000] is to be squandered corruptly, as the five thousand before."²⁰ There seems to have been some suspicion that this circular was published by one of the competitive communities.

On February 20, 1867, House Bill No. 70—"an act to provide for the organization, endowment and maintenance of the Illinois Industrial University"—was read to the lower chamber of the general assembly.²¹ Section eleven of the bill provided for the location of the university in Champaign County. After the reading, Mr. Eppler, of Jacksonville, moved for the adoption of an

¹⁸ *Reports made to the General Assembly of Illinois, 1867* (Springfield, 1867), I: 443-5.

¹⁹ *Turner Manuscripts, Springfield*, as quoted by Powell, p. 259.

²⁰ *Bloomington Pantagraph*, February 8, 1867, as quoted by Powell, p. 260.

²¹ *Journal of the House of Representatives of the Twenty-fifth General Assembly of the State of Illinois, 1867* (Springfield, 1867), II: 442.

amendment which would strike out section eleven and insert a passage locating the university at Jacksonville, in Morgan County. The amendment was defeated by a vote of 61 to 20. Mr. Green of Dewitt tried an amendment inserting McLean County's bid in place of Champaign's. This was defeated by a vote of 58 to 26. Mr. McGailliard moved that the university be located at Lincoln in Logan County, and was overruled 60 to 21. The bill with section eleven intact—locating the university in Urbana of Champaign County—was then passed by a vote of 67 to 10.

The bill was introduced to the Senate three days later. The ensuing course of events roughly paralleled those that had occurred in the House. Mr. Metcalf moved to locate the university in McLean County. The motion was defeated 13 to 12. A motion by Mr. McConnell to locate in Morgan County was defeated 17 to 8. Mr. McConnell then tried Lincoln, in Logan County, but this was also defeated. Mr. Fort proposed a bill naming an alternate location in case Champaign defaulted. This bill was defeated 13 to 12. Mr. Strain became rather sarcastic and suggested that the act should not be declared invalid merely because it ignored the superior bids of other counties. His suggestion was promptly tabled. The bill was read for a third time and passed 18 to 7.²² It was sent to the governor, who signed the bill on February 28. Champaign County thus became the site of the Illinois Industrial University, the name of which was changed to the University of Illinois in 1885.²³

After any struggle there are bound to be verbal repercussions, and this contest was no exception. An article which appeared in the *Jacksonville Journal* claimed that the Champaign "ring" used a "slush" fund of at least \$12,000 (actually it was nearly \$17,000, but the Jacksonville group did not know this) to influence the legislature, press correspondents, editors, and others. Referring to Champaign's dilemma when it became apparent the other counties had presented better offers, the *Journal* said: "Their advocate and champion in the House, S. A. Hurlburt, a South Carolinian by birth, and social sympathy and philosophy (to say nothing worse of him) . . . [came to the rescue and told] his friends that the bid of Champaign would be written above all others, let the joint committee appraise them as they would."²⁴ On another occasion Mr. Hurlburt said "that this whole scheme of educating the farmer was a d-----d humbug, and that he wanted to get it off down to Champaign where it would die as quickly as possible."²⁵ A few days later the *Chicago Times*

²² *Journal of the Senate of the Twenty-fifth General Assembly of the State of Illinois, 1867* (Springfield, 1867), p. 1052.

²³ *Illini Years*, p. 25.

²⁴ *Jacksonville Journal*, March 16 and 18, 1867, as quoted by Powell, pp. 496-8.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 498.

printed a "confession" by a supposed member of the Champaign "ring."²⁶ This was merely a colorful recital of the Champaign group's activities at the Leland Hotel in early 1867.

In 1915 Allan Nevins interviewed Clark Robinson Griggs, who had been the head of the Champaign delegation and also a representative during 1867, and obtained the following report relative to the selection of Urbana:

[Mr. Griggs wrangled his way into] . . . the chairmanship of the Committee on Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts and the privilege of naming a majority of its members—it being the body before which all bills for the location of the college would come.

As the session proceeded, the members for the other cities and especially for Jacksonville, began to complain because their bills were not reported out of committee. Repeatedly Mr. Eppler would rise and inquire the reason for the delay in the case of the Jacksonville bill; and as often Mr. Griggs would inform him that he had attempted to call his committee together and had failed to secure a quorum. He would publicly and ostentatiously summon the members of this committee and later whisper them not to appear. In this manner the bills were prevented from coming up until Mr. Griggs had marshalled his strength.²⁷

The selection of Urbana was by a legal vote in the general assembly, but the tactics employed by the Champaign County group were rather doubtfully honest. The Champaign group realized that the representatives were human, and evidently the other counties did not. With this thought in mind the Champaign group created their "slush" or "corruption" fund. The actual amount of the much-criticized fund was calculated by a thorough check of deeds, titles, bond issues, and other records to be \$16,789.²⁸ The presently thriving twin cities make this \$16,789 seem one of the wisest investments made since the white men purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$24 worth of trinkets.

²⁶ Chicago Times, March 21, 1867, as quoted by Powell, 506-514.

²⁷ Taken from an interview of Allan Nevins with Clark Robinson Griggs in 1915, as quoted by Powell, pp. 519-21.

²⁸ Powell, p. 270.

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Rhet as Writ

Police can't stop drinking.

Great credit should be given to the early pioneer of the New World, for it was with the ingenuity of their minds that they populated the Western Hemisphere.

. . . the confession made by certain members of the White Sox team that they had accepted bribes from a gambling combine. . . .

She would rather make pie filling from a boxed product than one from a cook-book.

Her delicately tilted nose imparts a slight expression of expectoration as though waiting for a gentleman caller.

Every salesman should know how to dress and approach a customer.

Sarge is Regular Army right down to the spitshine on his shoes and his close-cropped haircut.

She has a medium-length haircut, which falls from her head in little blond wavelets.

In Chicago as in other cities of the United States, prostitution operates behind the closed eyes of the law according to the newspapers.

A party can be very dull if there is no one at the piano, nor a group in the coroner bellowing out familiar songs.

Arbor Suites is an experimental temporary housing accomodation for women (originally designed for married students).

Agnostic: a person who believes in God but not in his existence

Golf is a sport that can be enjoyed by any reasonably healthy person regardless of sex.

The Contributors

Lloyd L. Lehn—Princeton

Douglas Royer—Quincy

Rae Lesser—Roosevelt

Ward Malisch—Henry-Senachwine

Nancy Cohernour—Bloomington

David Abrahamson—Moline Senior

Leo Kruenegel—La Grove of Farina

David Chambers—Canton

Max Flandorfer—U. S. Navy, G.E.D.

James Hockenhull—Wheaton Community

Virginia Vida—Macomb

Stephen Weiser—University High, Bloomington, Ind.

Myrna Levine—Senn

Andrew Sedlock—Taylor Springs

Carl F. Abegg—Woodruff

Bennett E. Gates—Rantoul Twp.

Yvonne Edwards—Hyde Park

John N. Rutger—Noble Community

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



MAY 1 1958
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Phyllis Rice, Edward Levy, David Gladish, George Estey, and Carl Moon, Editor.

THE GREEN CALDRON as a Freshman Writing Project

KATHERINE HIRT
Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

THE RHETORIC STAFF AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS undoubtedly performs one of the great inspirational acts of its career when selecting ingredients for *The Green Caldron* mixture. The components of this "melting pot" are chosen with thoughtful care.

Unknown to most freshmen, during their first semester's rhetoric experience, their teachers are clandestinely analyzing all 100, 101, and 102 papers in an effort to claim newly-found genii as the ultimate products of their teaching method. After selecting three or four outstanding themes from the semester's journalistic efforts, the more ambitious submit these gems to *The Caldron* staff, confident that at least one of this exceptional array will be published.

Much to Instructor Snodgrass's bewilderment and amazement, however, the next issue bears no trace of his students' masterpieces. What is wrong with the judges? Perhaps they are in need of education, sense of humor, or even glasses. Oh, well—resignedly, he begins to read *The Caldron* selections to test their qualities in comparison with his entries. But, alas, he is sadly disillusioned, for, in his opinion, these themes do not measure up to his rigorous standards. Discouraged, yet not without a faint vestige of hope, he prepares a careful plan of action to make certain that one of his students' chef-d'oeuvres will surely be included in the next issue.

Perhaps the quality of the themes actually is not much above the norm, or perhaps Professor Snodgrass's standards are too high for freshman writing. Perhaps, too, he is so interested in promoting his own students that his objectivity is malfunctioning. Certainly, in light of several past *Green Caldron* issues, the infallibility of the judges could be challenged. The writings are often choppy and incoherent, the author sometimes straying from his thesis. These digressions usually result in a serious loss of the "punch" as well as the unity of the papers, thus raising more questions in regard to effective writing techniques than supplying answers.

On the other hand, the large proportion of *Caldron* themes are excellent examples of how well-written papers should be developed, organized, and executed. However, what actually constitutes a "well written" paper or a "good" example of effective expression should always be the problem foremost in the minds of the judges when reviewing the entries. Since human nature and standards vary so widely, one theme that would rate a "C" from

one instructor could conceivably be given an "A" by another. This is undoubtedly why Instructor Snodgrass finds it difficult to fathom how "C" themes could possibly have been selected instead of his "A" contributions. Though these human differences in interpretations are allowable, critical analysis of all themes for originality of subject, as well as for content, and careful scrutiny of all papers for *finer* details of grammar and coherency would greatly minimize such human differences.

In the final analysis, however, the staff has created a powerful incentive to freshman writers. If the thought-provoking writings occasionally evidenced in previous issues continue to appear in *The Caldron* as examples and models, the campus will undoubtedly see a steady increase in the quality of freshman writing through the coming years.

The Fraternity's Right to Discriminate

JAMES H. STEIN, JR.

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

(*Author's note:* The author does not necessarily approve of the discrimination current in fraternities. Like Voltaire, however, he will defend to the end the fraternity's right to discriminate.)

EVERY FEW YEARS THE FRATERNITY SYSTEM IS BE-sieged by a small group of would-be abolitionists who, if they could have their way, would "integrate" every Greek-letter house on campus before sundown. Paradoxically, these thoughtless people consider themselves the champions of justice. Actually, they are attempting to abolish one of the fraternity's greatest rights: privacy.

These people fail to realize that the fraternity house is set up as a well-organized home. A fraternity is a large family, a group of men who work and relax together in a congenial family atmosphere. Like any household, the fraternity maintains the privacy of a well-ordered family.

Joining a fraternity is a privilege, not a right. Just as a family may invite to dinner friends of its choosing, and ignore others, so may a fraternity also pledge people who are compatible with the group, and ignore others whom it may not know or care to know. Since no one person or group of persons has the right to join a fraternity, there is no wrong done when a fraternity refuses to pledge a person or persons, for any reason.

This is all that need be said. Since, by its discrimination, the fraternity oversteps the rights of no one, such discrimination is legal. The reasons for the discrimination, be they financial, social, racial or religious, and the moral aspects of such discrimination, are clearly irrelevant.

The Educational Value of TV Quiz Programs

SANDRA RAE LEBOE

Rhetoric Placement Theme

NOW FOR \$150,000, MR. SCHULTZ, CAN YOU TELL US THE name of a President of the United States who was an ardent cricket fan, what famous match was played in his honor, the year the match took place, and the names of the participants?

How often we have heard questions of this highly obscure nature coming over our living room television sets. We are amazed at the unending flow of knowledge which pours out of contestants week after week. Our eyes are glued to the screen and we hold our breath while the contestant stumbles and cracks his knuckles. There is an audible sigh of relief when he finally tallies up another \$10,000 of his already fantastic winnings.

What do we gain by watching these quiz shows week after week? Very little, would be my reply. We might make mental note of a few isolated facts which we were heretofore unaware of, but there is no real educational value to be derived from TV viewing of this sort.

We realize that a great majority of the contestants are not necessarily people with educated backgrounds, but people who possess photographic memories. The contestant is an expert in one particular field and questions are geared to his realm of knowledge. Child prodigies and people of dubious mental alertness are not uncommon.

The fact remains that we are being entertained by these quiz programs. We are fascinated by the odd assortment of characters and the master of ceremonies' quips. True, we are impressed by the vast amount of knowledge displayed, but we do not associate these people with ourselves.

An educated person, in my opinion, is one who is as well-rounded in his information as he is in his personality. He is a mature individual who would never flaunt his knowledge in front of millions of viewers. He puts his education to use, in his home, community and business. He may not achieve a monetary reward for his intelligence, but he has the inner satisfaction of knowing that he is applying his knowledge.

Just as there are many differences between a quiz show contestant and a truly educated person, so there are differences between a quiz show and some program of educational value, such as a press conference. A quiz show addict is not harmful, as long as he does not mistake the gems of wisdom he secures from a half-hour program for an education that takes many, many years to acquire.

The Little Buckle

STEVE BORN

Rhetoric 101, Theme C

UPON MY ARRIVAL AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS I immediately noticed that the majority of the students on the campus were supporters of the Ivy League fad. Like a sickness, the Ivy League fad starts by affecting just a few, but it soon spreads far and wide, conquering the multitudes. My job was to put an end to this disease. But first let me diagnose it.

The symptoms of the illness are usually quite evident. A small, unique hat often adorns the patient's head. The hat is a bright, appalling plaid with a small buckle located in the rear. The shirt of the victim is something to behold. It is similar to the normal shirt in all respects except one. That one minor difference is in the placement of the buttons. Granted, it has buttons on the cuffs and the front, which is perfectly normal. But for some unknown reason, it has buttons at varying intervals on the collar also. This is known as a button-down collar. The pants of the victim are also novel in one respect. They possess a small buckle pasted across the seat. It has yet to be determined whether or not this buckle is holding together the pants or the patient. The little buckle can also be found on shoes, blouses, jackets, skirts, and even on other little buckles. Halting the buckle's advance was going to be a genuine challenge.

First I decided to get to the afflicted and discuss the problem sensibly. My attempt was a dismal failure. The Ivy Leaguers accused me of trying to change the nation's styling. My second plan was even less successful. I merely inquired about the chances of halting production on all Ivy League clothes, and I was forced to do some remarkable running to outdistance the manufacturers and designers who had come to lynch me. I was now forced to put my final plan into effect. I decided to display the absurdity of Ivy League clothes by making a public spectacle of myself wearing them. I went Ivy League. I wore clothes that were decorated from head to toe with buckles, and possessed the brightest greens, reds, and charcoals available. I had buttons surrounding the collar of my shirt. Now I was combating the Ivy League.

My results were astounding. I liked the buckle on the seat of my trousers; it made sitting down so uncomfortable. I enjoyed the feeling of security one can obtain only by having his neck buttoned down securely. Even the buckle on my shoes, which I was constantly tripping over, fascinated me. The whole pattern of my campaign was clear to me now: I had contaminated myself somewhere on the battlefield. I was the loser, having succumbed to the little buckle adorning my shoes, jacket, pants, and cap. And even more surprising, I liked being Ivy League.

Out in the Cold

MARTHA SOLOMON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

ANOTHER SHARP, SNOW-FILLED GUST OF WIND BLEW against my back, and practically pushed me around the corner of the block. Instinctively I drew my coat collar closer around me and shoved my hands deeper into my pockets, although I did not really need to, for my coat was very warm and my gloves thick. With this reassuring thought of warmth flitting across my mind, I was startled to notice a small boy huddled against the stone molding which projected from a store front.

The child was visibly shaking, and this was certainly understandable, for his coat was thin and patched, as were his pants, and his shoes showed evidence that other pairs of feet had walked and run in them, for they were worn, and far too large for his feet. His shaggy blond hair, with no cap to cover it, fell into his face.

His face looked rather expressionless, but as I stooped down, his gaze focused on me, and a chill went up my spine to see the eyes, not of a child, but of one who had known suffering and the hard realities of the world about him.

Having taken my lunch hour, I was on my way back to the store where I worked, and so I timidly asked him to come along. Trying to read his thoughts, I added, "Loads of people stop in to warm up on days like this." He did come along, but again that strange feeling came over me, for when he stood up, he didn't hesitate, but yet he didn't do it with enthusiasm; he just came.

At the store we sat and munched on cookies left over from someone's lunch. He told me his name was Bob—not Bobbie, but Bob. In this instance and with each sentence he uttered, his apparent maturity appalled me. His solemnity never relaxed, although I tried and tried to make him smile.

As the afternoon wore on, I returned to him after each customer, for he was content to sit quietly and observe. However, when I started toward his chair once again, I found him gone, and no one had seen him leave. The independent and ragged little boy with the knowing eyes had once again stepped out into the cold.

He Lives in the Past

JOAN HAYNES

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

RIGHT AFTER DINNER THE OLD MAN HITCHED HIS suspenders up over his immense stomach and hobbled in to his rocking chair beside the television set. His daughter began clearing the table with a loud clatter and crash of dishes in the sink; his grandson stretched out on the floor and instructed his small son to turn on the television—loud; the great-grandson and great-granddaughter used their father's command as an

occasion for a noisy argument. Family dinners were always like that—noisy, nerve-wracking and always climaxed by the early leave-taking of the grandson and his family.

The old man's head was splitting, and his pipe tasted bitter—probably from the small red berries surreptitiously lodged there by the little boy. He had tried, earlier in the evening, to engage his grandson's wife in a discussion of entertainment nowadays compared to entertainment in his time, but her attention seemed to wander as she watched—unmoved—her small daughter "dressing up" in his own best hat and coat. A nice girl, his granddaughter-in-law, but a little empty-headed for his taste. His grandson used to hear him tell about hunting and fishing when the boy's father was still alive, but he too seemed uninterested of late. Of course, he had heard it all before, but memories were all that were left, and one would think the boy would like to hear about it occasionally.

Living with his daughter left the old man with much to be desired. He overheard snatches of remarks: ". . . ought to be satisfied there with Lila, nothing to do but eat and sleep. . . . I wouldn't take him, gadding around all the time, just wears her out. . . . so hard hearing; that television just blaes all over the neighborhood." He didn't like to turn on the television because it made his eyes burn to sit close enough to hear it, but Lila was always telling him to go in and watch television; she could lift a heavy chair or carry a big sack of groceries easier herself than she could bother with his slow, painful attempts to help.

The family was good to him; they never hesitated or refused to get him anything he wanted, but they would glance at each other with a mocking smile or a frown of annoyance, depending on their mood, when he brought up an incident more than two weeks old. Visiting was a lost art, thought the old man. These days one didn't visit; one watched television and darn well liked it, or else! One didn't interrupt the news reports to tell how the Negroes would have been handled back in 1900. One didn't, that is, unless he could withstand a withering look from his daughter and polite but slightly annoyed glances from the rest of the viewers.

He had wondered, once, if an old friend of his—a rich man independent enough to live alone—didn't enjoy life now, but one afternoon's visit had convinced him that financial means didn't make the difference. His old friend was unhappy and neglected too. The difference was age—just old age. The hustling, busy younger generation just didn't have the time to listen to the interesting anecdotes of a past era.

The pattern was always the same: after his grandson gathered up the mischievous, cute, affectionate children and left, he would hunt up his cane and hobble into his room. After he cleaned his pipe out and lit fresh tobacco, he would take out his box of old pictures and go through them again. He especially liked one of his wife, taken when they were courting. Those were the days he liked to remember.

Eloise

VERNALIE MOBERG

Rhetoric 102, Book Report

ON EXAMINING KAY THOMPSON'S DELIGHTFUL BOOK *Eloise*, a person's initial comment might well be "How sweet for the children," and a glance at the illustrations would certainly promote that conviction. Artist Hilary Knight has taken advantage of a variety of the techniques of contemporary juvenile art—fresh color, simple line drawings, and a cartoonist's impressionism—and, with Miss Thompson, has developed a principal character so utterly lovable and human that the only possible description is "Eloise." The incorrigible yellow straw (topped always with a candy-pink hair bow), the lace-collared, puffed-sleeved blouse and short, pleated skirt which refuse to agree upon a common waistline, and white knee-stockings matched with baby-doll patents, affirm, upon first observation, that the book was intended for a lollipop-consuming audience; yet, when the smug suggestion-of-a-mouth and the all-knowing, mischievous eyes are perceived, a person realizes the truth in the subtitle's warning, "A book for precocious grown-ups." Furthermore all doubts for the book's maturity are removed when, on the first page, Eloise herself announces with the stance and superlative dignity of Gainsborough's *Blue Boy* "I am Eloise. I am six."

With this profound statement as beginning, Eloise proceeds, in her own incoherent way, to relate the story of her exciting life at the Plaza, the exclusive hotel where she resides with her English nurse, Nanny. Consequently, within a modicum of time, the reader has become intimately acquainted with Eloise and Nanny as well as with Wennie, Skipper Dee, Sabina and Saylor (Eloise's dog, turtle, and dolls, respectively) and the rest of the crowd at the Plaza. Skillful narrative and almost perfectly collaborated drawings carry the reader through episodes in the daily life of Eloise on cycles of intellectual snickers. While this characteristic of light entertainment is an integral and undeniable part of *Eloise*, the unappreciated great significance of the book is the philosophical message communicated through the clear, unprejudiced (at least by the reader's specific beliefs) eyes of a child—the invitation to the reader to look within himself and others—and laugh.

This subtle invitation to introspection is accomplished by a light, nearly frivolous, journalistic style. The author influences her reader to question the mores of society and of individual behavior by first letting him enjoy himself, then alluding to the truth involved in Eloise's pint-size but astronomical witticisms. The entertainment is achieved most obviously through three basic techniques—simple thought pattern and syntax, loose story structure (planned this way purposely by the author to display juvenile laxity of organization, or

spontaneity), and a vocabulary evidencing the child's complete assimilation of environment.

In the first place, a simplicity of thought structure is employed to please the reader. One of Eloise's favorite locutions, for instance, is exemplified in the following passage:

"Here's what I can do
Chew gum
Write
Spell
Stand on my head for the longest amount of time . . .
And here's the thing of it
Most of the time I'm on the telephone"

The disregard for sufficient and proper sentence structure and punctuation on the part of Miss Thompson is justified in that the more direct, subconscious style of expression, which is facilitated by the colorful illustrations, appeals almost instantly to psychological word association. Connotation is of primary concern.

Organization—or disorganization as the case may be—also implements an enjoyment of the book. While this is probably only an elaboration of the previous phase, of indiscriminate order within the sentence, the loosely organized plot *en masse* is of greater significance, for an over-all impression is obtained from it. The reader remembers the unique methods of Eloise for riding elevators, calling room service, getting up in the morning, visiting the assorted rooms of the hotel, and, in general, finding excitement, more than any one specific quotation from the book.

Most memorable of all Kay Thompson's methods of communication is her will for Eloise to mimic. Expressions such as the pantomime of Nanny ("Nanny says she would rawther I didn't talk talk talk all the time"), references to the waiter Renee ("*Bonjour, Eloise, voici votre petit déjeuner*"), and the over-all light satire of adult conversation ("My mother has A T & T stock and she knows an ad man". . . "an office on Madison Avenue". . . "for Lord's sake". . . "méringue glacée") appeal to the average sense of humor but leave a note of tragedy with the thought that children depend upon and believe so completely in adults while grown-ups do extremely little to uphold the trust.

Eloise, even publishers admit, is sold basically as light entertainment, and nothing will ever come of any forementioned underlying significance because of the limited scope of the material involved. Its authors, in fact, had only fun in mind when they collaborated upon the book. Kay Thompson is a dancer, and Hilary Knight has other interests in the commercial art of the magazine world. Still, *Eloise* must be admired, in that few books attain such volatility and simultaneously express so deep a message.

All in all, *Eloise* is simply a portrait of Eloise, and the beaming six-year-

old child is the embodiment of the secret child desires of every human soul. The reader, having experienced the book twice (once for sake of humor and again for an analysis of purpose) will find in himself, if he gazes honestly into a mirror, a remnant yet of his juvenile capricious longings. He will recognize that they are now clothed in the inhibitions of modern society's protocol, and, if he has been successful in his perusals of *Eloise* and is basically sincere, he will laugh. Then, he will consider his own goals and accomplishments. "Are they so superior," he will ask, "to the childlike ideals and deeds of *Eloise*?"

The Horse and I

KAY FRANKLIN

Rhetoric 101, Final Theme

I HAVE SPENT MANY HOURS HORSEBACK RIDING, ALONE, going no specific place, in no hurry. During my rides I have had time to look at, and really see, some of the wonders of my country, some of the works of God. I discovered that each tree, each timid animal, each wild flower was at once both an individual and a member of a group, neither a conformist nor a rebel. I found, and learned to find, qualities of beauty in the most forlorn, twisted oak, as well as in the lovely, praised violet. An originality and a magnificence seldom paralleled I saw in the sunrises and sunsets. An awareness that the beauty of nature was far from superficial started growing in me.

But this awareness was not the only thing that sprang to life through my associations with horses. It was during these associations that I first conceived the idea that I would slow down and not rush through life. When a person spends a large amount of time in solitude, he tends to be introspective, to ask himself just what he intends to get out of life and what he intends to do with the precious years given him. My riding offered me this chance for solitude and introspection. Out of the latter has grown my belief that I must take my time in doing the things I enjoy, as long as I am not harming another person or myself.

My understanding of human nature has, like my awareness of nature, also benefited from time spent with horses. Spoil a horse to an extreme and he becomes mean and hard to control or handle. Love him and treat him gently and he responds. Tease him and he becomes stubborn, rebellious. Pay no need to his feelings, and he returns the indifference.

So, when I get in a car and drive at a reasonable speed though it would be more of a thrill to go faster, when I show respect for the people and objects which surround me, when I am observant of the natural world, I am not just reflecting my parents' and my teachers' instructions; I am also reflecting hours spent with horses.

A Cup of Tea

LOUIS J. HUHSMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SPRING DAY AND ALL THE WORLD was alive with the joy of re-birth. He could feel the leaves growing and the flowers popping out, even there in the quiet of the cubed island on the third floor of the Art Building. A dart of light fell over his blank canvas and he followed it out the window up to its beginning in the blue. He was thinking.

He was short for his age and knew it. Most of his friends thought of him as a sort of freak. In his possession, however, was a talent none of them could claim; he was an "artist." His quiet, deliberate character demanded that he think that Art was his true love. For the past year he had wondered if he could live this lie born of doubt and bad work.

There was a faint sound from behind him. He realized that there was someone in that small room with him. His unstained brush tightened in his hand and he could feel the red flushing his face. Who else could it be but the Special Art teacher? Slowly he turned, his eyes not wanting to look. There she was, short and fat, wearing that same old drab dress, silently preparing to brew a pot of tea.

Her actions were as always, quick and decisive. Their eyes had not met, even though each of them knew the other was present. In a moment he felt a part of what she was doing, as she poured a second cupful of the steaming brew. The tea seemed to give a silent invitation to both of them. They both sat down. Looking across the table was easier now. She had put him at ease by her actions alone. There was no one in the world now but the two of them.

His thoughts went back to a few seconds ago, and he wondered just how long she had been watching him in his daydream. It was not until he drew his last, sweet sip from the cup that he knew what she meant without speaking a word. He felt he really knew her now, but more important was the fact that what he was doing was correct. In that unknown span of time his life was not changed, but illuminated for a split second so that his future was clearly visible.

Still without a word, she collected the cups and spoons, placed them in the shallow sink, and left the room as quietly as she had entered.

Before long he stood and, with a smile on his face, gazed at the brush. It did not speak, of course, but it seemed to smile back. The inspiration had come at last and he knew it. He mixed the pigments with a vigor he had never known before. A quick glance at the blank canvas was enough to plot the first strokes. The scene was wet before him. How much time had gone by? How much energy had he used? He did not care to look at his watch nor did he feel fatigued. This new feeling of rightness had made him forget all material things.

For the remainder of his life, he knew, he would communicate his ideas and thoughts to his fellow man on canvas. Yes, now he knew with certainty where he was going.

Just what would become of him in the next five or ten years was uncertain, but one fact was sure: he was on the right road to personal satisfaction. There were many years of study ahead, so many facts to absorb. He knew that this study was not a diversion from the original road to his goal, but a very important step in becoming, first, a fully developed individual.

Perhaps some day his works would hang for the world to judge, but this was not his goal. To express himself to his fellow man, to give him something to enjoy, perhaps to cherish—this was the ultimate.

What would his life be if it had not been for that silent cup of tea?

The Fighter

KLAUS E. BIALLOWONS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

A FEW DAYS AGO A NAVY JET FIGHTER FIRED SEVERAL bursts from its cannon and then went into a shallow dive. With incredible speed it not only overtook its own shells but hit several of them so hard that the damage forced the pilot to crash land.

At first glance one might shrug the incident off as just another freak training accident—and perhaps that is all it was. I cannot, however, resist the temptation to read a deeper meaning into this mechanical suicide, because of its timeliness in a world bent on self-destruction. You may call it a tribute to man's eternal follies.

Give a match to a child playing in a haystack and you are inviting disaster. He may understand the mechanism of rubbing the match against a coarse surface to produce a flame, but he will never be able to visualize the consequences. Yesterday he was able to run away from the flames and watch the scene in detached fascination, always tempted and ready to repeat the trick. Tomorrow the flames may engulf him, and his feeble cries will be lost in the devastation.

Ever since our ancestors earned for themselves the title of *Homo sapiens*, man has been using his unique intellectual powers to improve his lot. And since that day, too, he has viciously and bitterly, bloodily and unmercifully, fought for every little gain and victory on the long, arduous road. In just a few thousand years' time, man has amassed a wealth of knowledge about the world surrounding him. He has wanted to understand his world and master it, but, above all, he has strived to understand himself. Yet there is a wide difference between the physical maturity reached by individuals within a generation and the maturity of all mankind, our goal and destiny.

Throughout history man has never ceased believing that every technical advance carried within itself the key to his paradise, the end of all strife and bloodshed. And as each generation succeeds the old one, that belief is renewed and rekindled into the fairy tale that shall shortly become truth.

To find his truth, man has built and created; not finding it, he has destroyed that which he built and created. He has turned ugliness into beauty and beauty into ugliness in his ceaseless quest, as a child will do to avoid boredom. But the match must be a bigger one and the conflagration more powerful every time, to retain fascination.

With all his technical know-how there is one fact which man, today more than ever, refuses or fails to understand, namely, that he is still as far from understanding and finding the ultimate truth as were the first feeble mortals. Generations of philosophers have preceded us, generations will follow, without hope of changing the question mark to one of exclamation. And as the mind supplies no answer, man is determined to use his physical powers to conquer and destroy the intangible. He has always feared and hated that which he cannot understand, and destruction has always been the convenient method of eliminating it. If the direct object of his mystification is not available, someone or something—the scapegoat—will suffer his fury. When the elements were to be appeased, man made sacrifices to his gods. If the gods remained silent, there were always witches to be burned at the stake.

Man has always hated the gods that hold him in their power, and whenever opportunity beckoned he set out to destroy them. So far he has not succeeded. Several thousand years ago men built the tower of Babel to invade and destroy the kingdom of the gods. Today men threaten to annihilate their God with the atomic bomb. Yes, we are powerful today. We are capable of destroying everything we have built and perhaps everything that we know.

Jet planes and cannons behave according to the laws of pre-nuclear physics which most of us comprehend somewhat dimly. When we get a plane that can outspeed its own bullets, it looks as if things may be getting out of control.

Oh, who is worrying! The whole incident was just one of those things, a slight miscalculation. After all, these mechanical gadgets are our own creation; we control them, and they react according to our wishes. Development demands that they become progressively bigger and more powerful, and this is as it should be. The power of the hydrogen bomb is now expressed in megatons of TNT instead of pounds. Well, admittedly, we have a little trouble controlling the effects of the bomb, and there is that bothersome radioactive fallout to contend with. But a lot of this has been exaggerated. So there are a few scientists who shout about the dangers. What do they know about the affairs of the world? We have made it this far; nothing can happen to us.

Then again, perhaps we should try the assault on Him now, while we are ahead. There is an excellent chance of winning; He is probably not expecting trouble at the moment. Besides, who knows, things might actually get out of hand some day. You have to beat Him to the draw if you want to survive . . .

A Poetic Novel

JUDITH RAPHAEL

Rhetoric 101, Book Report

"Memory believes what knowing remembers. Believes longer than recollects, longer than knowing even wonders."

—WILLIAM FAULKNER

WILLIAM FAULKNER WROTE A POEM AND HE CALLED IT *Light in August*. Technically, *Light in August* is a novel. The foremost literary critics of America have even proclaimed it a most distinguished novel. However, in this book, as in most of his writing, Faulkner does not spill out the beauty of his mind in the conventional patterns. He tends to ignore punctuation and run sentences together, but his prose possesses the essence of poetry. When reading poetic prose, I often wonder where the prose leaves off and the poetry begins. This is a matter of opinion. To me, Faulkner's writing is poetry. Therefore I say, William Faulkner wrote a poem and called it *Light in August*.

Although it contains the Faulkner touch of fantasy, this "poem" is not just a mass of musical words pieced together to thrill the senses. Its message is very real because Faulkner's deep perception of reality is so very astounding in its acuity.

To see the genius of the author's description, you must look from a distance. His style of writing takes you deeply into the story. You find yourself so involved that you do not have time to analyse the book's details. The only analysis I can make is in the form of a feeling that Faulkner's writing invokes in me. When Faulkner describes something, I not only sense, but know, that this thing could never be seen in any other way. Faulkner's descriptive powers are part of his magic.

Light in August has a message. Faulkner tells of two origins of the destiny of mankind. He speaks of man's fate as an inner force he is born with and as a force that is derived from man's relation to man.

A perfect example of his idea of inner destiny is to be found in Lena Grove. Lena Grove is pregnant, carrying an illegitimate child with all the complacency in the world. Her past life, as the ward of an uninterested older brother, may have been a contributing cause of her rather precarious position. But, somehow, I do not feel that Faulkner was using her position as a chance to tell a tale of morals. The author seems more concerned with where Lena derived her peace of mind. Faulkner seems to feel that this complacency in Lena is there because she senses her destiny as an inherent force that will take care of her. Other characters in *Light in August* also sense their fates. Johanna Burden certainly must have known her destiny or she would not have said so plaintively, "Don't make me have to pray yet. Dear God, let me be damned a little longer, a little while."

It is hard to differentiate between the destiny in man that is inherent and the fate that is pressed on him by mankind. I feel Faulkner is trying to relate both of these forces. Not only do the characters in *Light in August* seem to have their special fates and know them, but they also seem to affect the destinies of one another. Joe Christmas is especially affected by mankind. In my opinion Joe is the essential being in *Light in August*. The message of the book is his story.

Christmas is a thief, a rapist, and a murderer. This should make him a villain, but somehow his villainy is a paradox. Faulkner does not excuse any of Joe's evil deeds. However, the author's portrayal of this lonely, half-crazed man is so sympathetic that I could never condemn Christmas. This is Faulkner's magic again. I wonder if Joe's destiny was not determined by the people in his life. Maybe it was the unwed mother he never knew, or the Negro blood in his father's seed. It might have been the cold, God-fearing family who adopted him as a child, who shaped Joe's future. I believe it was all of them. Using Christmas as an example, Faulkner seems to be telling us, in his own style, a bit of philosophy I heard in a very old poem: "No man is an island. No man stands alone. Each man as my brother. Each man as my own."

At times Faulkner seems to wander from his main theme, and at times he becomes rather repetitious. In spite of this, the plot of *Light in August* does not lose its meaning, nor does the "poem" ever lose its beauty.

Conscience in a Practical World

MERLE GORDON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

I WAS TIRED OF TALKING ABOUT CONSCIENCE IN THE ABSTRACT, so I listed about a dozen matters into which the thing we call "conscience" would enter. Looking over this list, I was struck by one thing: it is often hard to tell where conscience leaves off and fear begins. In deciding "Should I or should I not do something?" the question becomes, not "How will I feel afterward?" but "Can I get away with it?"

I had better not murder anybody, partly because something tells me it is not right, but mainly because the world will not abide it. I must not leave my wife and forty-eight kids, as the Army expression goes, for the same reason. Fear keeps me in check, and my conscience need not enter into the picture at all.

In our building we had a five-year-old thief named Tommy Thompson. Tommy was caught red-handed by my father after stealing some foreign coins from our apartment. My father immediately sat Tommy down and painted a vivid picture of jail. I told him that this was the wrong approach, and that he should try to make Tommy understand that stealing is wrong in itself. He

agreed, but said that he didn't feel himself equal to the task. How would one go about making someone else feel conscience, anyway?

I have said that there are certain things the world will not tolerate. On the other hand, suppose that one subdues his conscience, takes a risk on something or other, and comes out ahead? The practical world likes that. The practical world contains many people like that. The lawyer who is just starting out sits alone with his conscience, while the semi-illiterate he graduated from high school with is a rich bookmaker. The bookmaker, the apple-polisher, the bribe-taker, the cheater say: "You have to be practical to get ahead," and maybe the lawyer kicks himself and says: "Look at them. They're happy. All right, maybe they'll get their come-uppance sometime. When? In hell? They're not worried about that." Still he can't take the step and become like them, because he knows he won't think much of himself if he does.

There are times, I'm sure, when everyone has felt that conscience has no place whatsoever in a practical world. Some individuals at this point break with their conscience. If they can effect a complete break, they will probably be happy afterwards. If they cannot rid themselves of the desire for self-respect, the world can be practical or not, but they won't be happy again.

How to Get Ahead in Life

TOM PRIEBE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

THESE DAYS TOO MANY YOUNG MEN FEEL THAT ONCE they get their doctorate at Harvard and then put in a few short years at Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, they'll immediately be besieged by employers eager to offer them positions as T.V. repairmen or district political leaders. *Not so!* Competition in all fields has never been keener. Good intentions are not enough. The key to success in both the business and social world is self-confidence. I can show you how to get rid of the lousy personality you now have and build a new, dominating, and magnetic one that will change your whole life. Here are my four rules, four logical, common-sense suggestions that will work personality magic.

Rule 1: Eliminate all signs of self-doubt!

Rule 1 is the basic rule. Once you have mastered it, the others will come easily. Start now by saying to yourself (no matter how ridiculous it may seem at first): I am just as good as the next fellow. I am just as good as the next fellow. After saying it to yourself for a while, start saying it to the next fellow, and if possible, the fellow next to the next fellow. This self-testimonial will not only bolster your ego, but it will also help you make many valuable "contacts."

Constantly tell yourself (and the next fellow) that you are brainy, witty,

rich, and Napoleon Bonaparte. (Regarding Bonaparte, you'll avoid complications if you tell this only to yourself.)

Rule 2: Radiate energy and vitality!

No one responds to a negative idea. Always think and act positively. When you enter a room, move fast. Slap people on the back unexpectedly. Grip their lapels. Poke them forcefully with your forefinger to emphasize points. If you have no point to emphasize, poke them anyway. Let them know you're there.

First impressions will last for years, and the quickest way to make a first impression is to develop a dynamic handshake—one that people will remember. If you're so feeble that your normal grip feels like a half-pound of beef liver, be ingenious. Conceal in the palm of your hand an electric buzzer or warm chocolate bar. Such a tactful gesture will never fail to make a lasting impression on that prospective client.

Rule 3: Always talk down to people!

This rule is a "must" for the truly self-confident person. Talking down to people puts them in their place. It is a cinch that you don't have enough intelligence or wit to talk down to people intellectually; consequently, talk down to them physically. When you get into a conversation, stand on a chair. You'd be surprised how this simple device will give you a sense of power and authority, especially if you punctuate your monologue with potent expressions like "Get it? Don't interrupt! Pay attention!" and "Paste that in your pipe and smoke it!" Practice this method of positive speaking constantly. It will develop your self-assurance, vocabulary, and sense of balance. It may also get you elected to the Senate.

Rule 4: Make other people feel insecure!

An attitude of unmitigated sincerity is essential to Rule 4. First, study everyone with whom you come in contact, and then point out their weaknesses to them, frankly and honestly. For instance, here is how the rule works: before getting down to business with that prospective client, set the stage. Tell the prospect that he should do something about the unsightly hair in his ears. Point out that his vest is in bad taste, and mention that wearing a tight belt merely emphasizes his protruding stomach, instead of concealing it. Suggest a dentist who could certainly make him a set of more natural looking bridge-work. Make a joke about the amount of dandruff you can see on his head from your vantage point (you, of course, are standing on your chair: Rule 3). He may throw you out of his office, but he will admire your poise and self-assurance.

You now know the secrets that will give you access to the untapped reservoirs of vitality and self-reliance. If, until today, you have been worried because you were unsuccessful, had no friends, and didn't know why, you may now change all this by merely putting these four fool-proof rules to work.

Reflections Through a Looking Glass

RAE LESSER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

ALICE IN WONDERLAND WENT THROUGH A LOOKING glass and returned with a new insight into the world she knew. Sensing a parallel between her experience and the one I had just undergone, I shivered involuntarily, and felt the skin at the back of my neck prickle. I was possessed by the sensation of being newly aware of the world I lived in. Further stimulating my comparison were the reflections of myself which confronted me from many of the surrounding polished glass cases. I was forced to review the reasons for my impressions. Why did I suddenly feel as if I had undergone an experience similar to Alice's? Was this my hall of mirrors—this almost deserted corridor of a musty museum?

Before I surrendered to the call of my imagination, my mood had been quite objective and uninspired. I had been completely absorbed in my task of noting the physical characteristics of a skull on view in the glass case before me. But I paused from my note taking for a few moments and let my thoughts wander. No longer was I viewing a mere yellowed ellipse of bone but a mysterious link with a half-remembered chapter in man's past. My mind provided a covering of flesh and blood for the inanimate mass of bone behind the glass. While inspecting the ancient skull of a Mound Builder Indian, identified as that of a "female below middle age," I visualized a face—with an identity and a past. Who had this girl been? How had she died? Childbirth, disease, war—what had caused her death? Had she been considered pretty? But the answer remained locked away, as inaccessible to me as the skull sealed in the glass case for display in the University of Illinois Museum of Natural History.

From the information given on the description card, I was able to surmise little. The skull was that of a girl who had lived in Illinois ages before its emergence as a state. The girl had died here centuries before the University of Illinois was born from a dream in the minds of recent men. And now her skull is exhibited in a museum at this university.

For a long moment I felt incapable of even the slightest movement. I could only stare at the relic of a dead past, and see a symbol of a distant future. Disturbing, unanswerable questions rose to the fore of my thoughts. Does this skull symbolize an irrevocable glimpse into modern man's fate? In the museums of what society will the skulls of Atomic Age Man be preserved? Will there still *be* a society when the Atomic Age has receded to a mere musty page in the annals of the Earth's history?

Still haunted by the vivid mental images of past and future that I had con-

jured, I turned to leave the almost-deserted corridor of the Museum of Natural History. Or was I returning from the land behind the looking glass?

Putting on Her Face

DORIS L. GOULD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

IF I EVER WANT A GOOD LAUGH FOR NOTHING, I SIT DOWN and watch my roommate "put on her face" before a date. She really makes an art of burying her face beneath several layers of cosmetics. There is a more or less set pattern to her ritual. First of all she sets before her an array of various-sized bottles and jars containing colorful liquids, creams, and pastes. Neatly piled to one side are towels, Kleenex, and toothpicks. She begins work on her face by opening a jar of pink cold cream and smearing it liberally on her face and neck. The cold cream, which is left on for fifteen minutes, takes the place of washing her face. According to the manufacturer of the cold cream, soap and water are harmful to one's face, whereas his product "soothes, smooths, and cleanses" the face safely and effectively.

When the cold cream has done its job, she wipes it off with a piece of Kleenex and opens a bottle of a red-orange concoction. She carefully measures out one teaspoonful of it and pours it into a small cup. Then, with a small brush, she applies the liquid to her face. For the next twenty minutes she cannot smile or talk because the liquid hardens to a hideous brittle mask on her face. After the interlude of silence she washes the mask off with ice-cold water. By this time her poor face is beet-red. She calmly says that the reason for this is the fact that her circulation has been stimulated.

To cover her blushing face, she has to put on make-up base. She measures it out on two toothpicks because if she uses too much, her face will be rust-colored. After rubbing the make-up base onto her face and neck, she applies pink rouge generously to her cheeks. She next outlines her eyelids with a black pencil. On her eyelids she applies black, brown, blue, or green eyeshadow—depending on her mood. She darkens her eyebrows with brown or black eyebrow pencil and makes her eyelashes more beautiful with black, brown, or blue mascara—again depending upon her mood. At the corners of her eyes next to her nose she places a tiny red dot—for that "youthful look."

On top of all the goo already mentioned she fluffs on huge quantities of powder, most of which she then wipes off. She finishes her task by putting on, with a lipstick brush, one of her many shades of lipstick.

With her face thus disguised she gayly prances off to meet her date, who will no doubt end up with her "face" all over the shoulder of his dark blue sport coat.

Why?

ROBERT MATCHETT

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

"S ANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS . . ." SOMEWHERE IN the distance a bell chimes three times. The priest, very close to the altar now, raises the Sacred Host above his head and chants the canon of the Mass: "This is my body which is given for you . . ." After a moment of silent meditation, he takes into his hands the chalice in which the wine is contained. "This is the chalice of my blood . . ." As he elevates the chalice above his head, I know that a very wonderful thing has taken place: mere bread and wine have become the consecrated body and blood of Christ.

Some people would say that this is completely absurd. It has no factual proof. It is not even reasonable. How can a priest make God out of a piece of bread? It just isn't sensible. I find it impossible to explain to such people my "reason" for believing in the Mass. In fact, to be perfectly honest, there is no rational explanation. Admittedly, I take the Mass completely on faith. This faith stems from something within me. I do not know what, or where, or how; but I do not really care. It is always there, and that is what matters to me.

The Mass is offered to the greater glory of God. It lies at the heart of the Universal Faith. To one who must ask "How?" and "Why?" it has no meaning, but for the believer it holds the mystery of life. He does not need tangible proof, for he does not regard religion as a rigorous science. Indeed, he regards it as the single thing which transcends all understanding, knowledge, and logic. In the region beyond the realm of research, the scientist can only close his eyes and say, "There is nothing here. I cannot see it." But he has never been able to *prove* this belief he holds. Is my faith to be criticized because it cannot be poured into a test tube? I do not think so. I do not pretend to have conclusive proof for what I believe to be the greatest truth in life. But who is to say what *is* the truth in the domain beyond the grasp of the human mind?

SPRING is the time when young boys begin to oil and polish their bicycles, rusted from lack of use; the time when mothers may be seen beating their rugs and cleaning their houses as if they were rubbing the sleep out of the corners.

FRANCIS BAMBURG, *Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

HELL has lost its fury because religion has lost its fervor.

ELIZABETH WASSON, *Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

Rhet as Writ

For some reason, back in the early part of the twentieth century, it was almost considered a sin to show a part of the body unexposed.

. . . my giant steps will not be mere gambles at high steaks . . .

Yes, hunger is the only seasoning that can take any food, such as a lowly piece of beard, and give it that divine taste.

Any housewife would probably find her husband pleasantly shocked, if she would ask him to play golf, bowl, or wrestle with her.

Everyman can become a psychologists just by reading Fraud.

After four semesters of writing on "The Poppy Seed, USA," and "Spring Time, Garden Time," the individual will have of necessity developed those characteristics we describe as fatalism and intestinal fortitude of the brain.

Also, it is good for parents to impress on teenagers the dangers and the possibilities of pre-marital relations.

PE is very necessary; we need a strong body to carry our head around on.

Ever since my first history book back in the elementary grades, I have been inclined to devour everyone that comes within my reach.

He and his wife decided to have twelve children on their wedding day, six boys and six girls.

I saw the little black dog of the lady next door, whom I had helped to raise when only a puppy.

The city of my choice is geographically located which will make it possible to enjoy the four wonderful seasons each year.

Babe Ruth became as famous or even more famous than George Washington for hitting home runs.

All of these reasons contributed to my choosing Illinois as the university from which I would like to obtain my college degree and spend the greater part of the next four years of my life.

The Contributors

Katherine Hirt—Indianapolis, Ind.

James H. Stein, Jr.—George School, Pa.

Sandra Rae Leboe—Hirsch

Steve Born—Reavis

Martha Solomon—Peoria Central

Joan Haynes—Newton Community

Vernalie Moberg—United Twp.

Kay Franklin—Morrisonville

Louis J. Huhsman—Rockford

Klaus E. Biallowons—Englisches Institut,
Heidelberg, Germany

Judith Raphael—Maine Twp.

Merle Gordon—Sullivan

Tom Priebe—West Senior, Rockford

Rae Lesser—Roosevelt

Doris L. Gould—Decatur

Robert Matchett—Hinsdale

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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Vol. 28, No. 1

October, 1958

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

To the Class of 1958

FRANCIS BOWEN
Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

IN SEVERAL MONTHS A FEW OF YOU IN THE HIGH SCHOOL class of 1958 will be entering the University of Illinois. Along with many other people I believe that you have made an excellent choice. Presently you will agree. But during the first few weeks, or even months, you may ask yourself, "What am I doing *here*? Why didn't I choose a small college closer to home?" To these questions I can offer no valid answers. You alone will gradually come to realize the merits of the University.

A merit that you may wonder about at first is the size of the University of Illinois. Because of its great size, and in order to be efficient, the University must function as a machine. You will be disheartened by the cold indifference that meets you during your first week. Receive that welcome with indifference. Keep in mind that even though you feel unwelcome, you are to become an important part of the machine. *You* are the University, not the professors and administrators, not the buildings and physical aspects. You are the moving parts, the vital parts of the machine which is called the University. The instructors and professors are merely mechanics who go running around oiling and polishing the machinery. They constantly keep polishing and grinding in order that you may fit in with the rest of the machinery for efficient operation.

This polishing and grinding is not a subtle feat; at times it is quite painful. The instructors will tear you apart. "Conform!" they shout. "Conform! You must conform to fit the machinery of society!" But in the next breath you will hear them screaming, "Originality! To be a true person you must have originality!"

And your instructors will sit complacently in their own little world and throw these criticisms faster than you thought possible. Occasionally a word of encouragement and praise emerges with the criticisms, but you will have to hunt for it. You will wonder if you are missing the meaning of college. Basically you have come to college to learn, not to be criticized. But you must realize that only through criticism can you learn and improve your ability to learn.

Nevertheless, the frequent criticisms will discourage you so much that you will forget your studies and go to a movie. Fine. I believe that this is the best thing to do at certain times. But do not misinterpret my meaning. You should not make a habit of getting discouraged and throwing your books in a corner. Hard work is the only solution most of the time, and it is the only practical way out.

But remember that the machinery comes to a halt during the weekend, and thus you may find yourself with a few free hours. Do something with those free hours. Do something different, something unrelated to your subjects. And

above all, find a friend. Most often he will be the wheel in the machinery above you or that cog below you. A true friend can enrich your college life.

But there is no set pattern for acquiring a friend, as there has been no text written as a guide to the University of Illinois. Thus I am not able to say what your feelings will be as you enter the University next fall. I can only make calculated guesses. I can only say that you alone determine your college career, and only you can make it pleasant and successful.

Looking Back From 1984 or 85

PAUL FRIEDMAN
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

He wasn't interested in anything that had
anything to do with anything real,
What he really was interested in was anything
that had nothing to do with everything.

He liked to read but what he read was not
what was Written, but rather what was written
about what someone wrote,
He liked to write but he only wrote about
what people liked to read so he really didn't Write.

He liked women but he wouldn't marry a Woman,
He liked to move but he didn't like to travel
and he wouldn't Settle Down,
He liked to tap his toe to a trumpet but
he wouldn't bare his Brain to the Beat,
He liked to argue (for he had a good mind)
but it really didn't matter which side he argued for,
He died Hungry.

If he lived in the 1860's his life was lousy,
If he lived in the 1890's his life was lousy,
If he lived in Hemingway's twenties his life was
lousy but he picked up many brothers,
If he lived in Kerovac's fifties he was without
socks, without clean underwear, and again
with an increased number of brothers.

He left \$51,300.30 to no one.
He also left his 30 shares of AT & T to no one.
He did not want to insult his friends.
He caused one doctor to be fired.

The doctor is still sure he died of malnutrition
but everyone knows he had a big appetite.

The members of the Caldron committee regret that the theme "How to Get Ahead in Life" in the April, 1958, issue was plagiarized.

Old John and Man

SUE DIVAN

Rhetoric 102, Final theme

THE DAY WAS HOT—STEAMING HOT—AND SULTRY AS only a late spring afternoon in a small Southern town can be. My starched, white collar irritated my neck, and the light, black suit seemed warm and heavy—suddenly unbearable in the heat. I had walked from the cemetery at the edge of town, and I was tired; I longed to reach my cool, quiet, comforting destination. I walked along the narrow, tree-shaded sidewalk, staring at the crooked, spider-web cracks in the old cement, but not really seeing them. I was thinking—thinking about the funeral at which I had been present earlier in the afternoon. The man who died and had been buried today was old John, the village conversation piece, an eccentric old man whom the town had jokingly called its “mayor.”

John was eighty-seven years old and had lived alone, apparently with no living relatives and only his pension for support, in a squalid little frame house turned black from years of weathering and patched here and there with unpainted boards. The little black house stood just two doors down from the main business district, and the town council had begged John to sell. At first they offered him a reasonable price, then a fabulous sum, for the dirty little house and the grass-barren lot. But John would not sell. He was old, he said, and would not be happy if he died anywhere else but right there in his little house, just two doors down from the business district.

So John was taunted, belittled, hated. The school boys, flying by on bicycles, would sneer at him and call him names. The little girls would cross the street to avoid walking in front of “that house.” And the townspeople put into effect a policy of ignoring him. No one talked to him and he was left alone.

But what the townspeople did not notice, or did not bother to notice, was the look in John's eyes—the patient, knowing, waiting look—a look so beautiful it made me turn away whenever I visited John and talked to him. And what they did not see was inside John's house—the old, dog-eared books on the board shelves, and the worn Bible on the table by the rocking chair. And outside John's house, they did not see the tulips and early roses blooming in the back yard, nor did they see, tied to the back fence, the dogs which he kept and fed and loved, with infinite kindness and patience. The townspeople had passed judgment on old John, but now someone else, someone better, was passing His judgment.

I looked up and saw that I was nearing home. I saw the little white church at the end of the street, shaded by the tall, green elms on either side. I saw above the leaves the slim, white steeple and the silent bell in the belfry. I walked up the steps and into the cool, quiet sanctuary. Making my way up

the aisle toward the altar, I removed the stiff, high collar and unbuttoned the coat of the light, black suit, the symbols of my profession. God would recognize me without them, I thought. I knelt before the Throne of God and prayed for old John and Man.

Footsteps

SANDRA SELLERS
Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

AS I SAT AT THE HEAVY LIBRARY TABLE WITH MY back towards the door, I heard voices from the hall, low, mumbling, laughing in a quiet manner. Rubber-soled shoes squeaked against the waxed, linoleum-like floor. The cool, soft breeze that came through the window carried the sounds of the night, deep sounds like those of a huge, even-running machine heard from a distance. The sounds of the footsteps in the hall and behind me drew my attention away from my work and I sat, listening. The sharp, clear tisk-tisk-tisk of swift feet climbing the stairs changed to a firm, determined step and faded down the hall. Quick, light steps hurried to the door, came in, and went to a table somewhere behind me.

I listened carefully and liked what I heard. With my eyes closed I began to imagine what these people were like from the sounds of their footsteps. For a little while the hall outside the fourth floor library was quiet. Then, from somewhere down the corridor, footsteps approached. The steps were an uneven thup-thup . . . thup-thup, and I mentally envisioned a crippled man, walking slowly. Clackety clackety clackety clackety, the picture of two hurrying coeds came to my mind and the tiskity-tisk, tiskity-tisk of their shoes against the metal edge guards of the steps as they descended confirmed my idea. The light, hurried steps of a girl and the slower, heavier ones of a man made me think of a happy couple, walking hand in hand through the hall.

The big clock in the tower chimed out bunngg — bunngg — bunngg — bunngg. . . bunngg — bunngg — bunngg — bunngg. It was nine-thirty. The sounds of footsteps began to fill the hall as people started leaving the library. I listened and I heard determined people, unhappy people, people with purpose, and some who were either very tired or had no purpose at all. I heard one particular set of footsteps and I listened intently. Evenly they climbed the steps, reached the top, then started towards the library door. Stipch, stipch, stipch, clup-stipch, stipch . . . stipch . . . stipch. I didn't need to guess about the person who walked like that. He was young, tall, goodlooking, with eyes that saw beyond the scenes they looked at and shoulders that carried the weight of problems not always his own. Stipch . . . clup-stipch . . . clup-stich . . . stipch . . . clup-stipch. They stopped behind me.

"Sue?" The voice was soft, with the unbelievable gentleness that only a strong, tall man possesses. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, Ted. Let's go."

Carefully he put my sweater across my shoulders, handed me my books, and began to wheel me out of the library and towards the elevator.

The Battle for Better Education

PAUL W. HIGGINBOTHAM

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

OVER FIVE SCORE YEARS AGO, OUR FOREFATHERS founded in this state, a new educational system with the honorable intention of teaching young Americans of their rights, privileges, and heritage under the auspices of a country rich in natural and human resources. Now we are engaged in a great civil crisis, testing whether that crisis shall finally end a partly, if not wholly, antique educational system. We are come to decide what can be added to or detracted from our educational system in order that we may, in future years, continue to compete with a hostile and aggressive world.

Maybe Abe Lincoln would have said something similar to the above were he alive to be called upon today, but rather and more likely, he might have said simply, "Is our present educational system effective, and if it isn't, what can we do to make it so?"

The need for a "system" shake-up is quite evident in the light of recent statistics. Only half of the total number of young people who *could* succeed in college ever get there, and of this half, an even smaller percentage stay to graduate. Russia is graduating over twice as many engineers, physicists, chemists, and professional people in the other branches of theoretical and applied sciences as the U. S. What then are we to do to hold our own, or more correctly, to catch up with our formidable opponent?

Indeed, the road to sound educational practices is a deeply rutted one; it is grooved by the failures of previous years. It is furrowed and plowed by our own doubts as to whether or not our free society has failed in an educational sense. But this need not be, for there are many, many solutions to this educational puzzle, three of which I would specifically like to point out.

Number one—we must give our teachers better pay. If we are to have a sound educational system, we must have good teachers; we must have an adequate number of teachers. At the present we are woefully lacking in both quantity and quality. The problem, and its solution, is amply stated in the words of Rear Admiral Hyman Rickover, "If we insist on paying our teachers as though they were second-rate professional people, then that's what we'll

get—second-rate individuals. . . . It is a sad thing indeed when a country as rich as the United States is, will spend as little as we do for education.” Our teachers and instructors are *college graduates*, and as such they deserve the respect, cooperation, and appreciation due to them from our society. A good start towards demonstrating these things is an increase in salary. Money will also attract more people into the field of education.

Number two—we must increase our financial aids to students who have the ability to do work at the college level. Financial aid doesn’t have to be administered in the form of a give-away; very often a program can be so designed as to help the nation in another, equally important way. A typical example and proof of this is the G.I. bill. It not only gave financial aid, but it increased our ready military strength as well. Many, many boys joined the service with an eye for the future and for the aid that could be had from Uncle Sam.

Number three—we must clear the “dead wood” out of our schools. There are many young people who upon completion of grammar school, wish to discontinue their education because of lack of interest or for other reasons. At the present time there exists a statute which makes it mandatory for all children to attend school until the age of sixteen. This statute exerts a strong deterrent effect upon the efficiency of administration achieved in our school; it makes a truancy department necessary for most schools. Our schools are tremendously over-crowded, and yet we insist upon forcing people who are not interested to attend them.

If we face facts, we will readily see that there are many young people who are quite ready and willing to quit school at fourteen, even thirteen, “to learn a trade.” In an effort to hold the interest of these young people, we have extended our schools to include many different types of shops which supposedly teach many different types of trades.

The only drawback in expansion to include the field of trades is that we cannot expect a small or even medium size school to keep directly abreast of recent developments in some of the rapidly moving trades. For instance, many high schools teach printing in a shop course, but they teach it with old cast lead characters which are hand set into frames. The newest and most modern printing process in commercial use is the offset method. In this method no type whatsoever is used, but printing is done from a chemically etched plate. The cheapest offset presses cost ten to fifteen thousand dollars. Moreover, each and every day newer and better chemicals and processes are being developed for this field. Can we reasonably expect *a school* to keep abreast of such developments?

My solution to the whole problem is to eliminate the “dead wood.” Eliminate shop courses and let the space be used for classrooms or laboratories. Eliminate those individuals who do not want to continue their education by eliminating the law that forces them to. Invoke tight child-labor laws to pre-

vent unscrupulous individuals from taking advantage of the free child. Let the burden of teaching *skills* fall where it belongs—in the lap of industry where the newest and most modern equipment is readily available. *Let* the young people quit school and learn a trade at an early age, simply prevent them from doing heavy labor until a later age.

But when we have done all this, let us not close the educational door on those who have chosen to quit school. Let us make classes for all grades from first through high school available to *anyone* as either a full or part time student. In other words, let's put it there for the taking, but let's allow our people to decide for themselves whether or not they want it.

The Universe and Dr. Einstein

JOHN TASCHER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

ALBERT EINSTEIN STANDS AS THE GREATEST THEORIST and mathematician of modern times. He possessed a mind capable of reasoning mathematical and physical relationships of such great complexity that most people cannot even begin to comprehend the full meaning of his theories. In this capacity, Einstein has created a new mathematical conception of the universe, which has destroyed the old mechanical universe of Newton. In the book *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*, Lincoln Barnett presents the structural and metaphysical properties of the universe as explained by Einstein and the other foremost physicists of the present day.

The book deals mainly with the description and the logic of the Einsteinian concept of the universe. It describes the inadequacies of the Newtonian concept of the universe, which caused it to be replaced by the modern concept. Even though the mechanical universe of Newton explained the movements of the heavenly bodies very adequately, it contained certain seemingly insignificant errors which caused it to be branded as incorrect. Thus the publication of the Quantum Theory by Max Planck and the Theories of Relativity by Einstein gave rise to a new, but unrealistic, universe.

Modern physics must employ abstruse methods of description, since the equations of quantum physics define more accurately than would mechanical models the workings of the universe. Therefore, the aim of the modern physicist is to define the laws of nature in more precise mathematical terms.

A good example of the application of mathematical logic was in connection with the Special Theory of Relativity. Einstein said in this theory that there is no such thing as absolute time or an absolute space interval. Both quantities depend upon the coordinate system in which they are related. Trying to tie the infinite number of coordinate systems into one absolute system would

be mechanically impossible. However, through the mathematics of the Lorentz Transformation, the scientist can overcome this impasse. In order to describe the phenomena of nature in terms that are consistent for all systems throughout the universe, the scientist must plug the measurements of time and space into the Lorentz Transformation as variables. Through this equation, Einstein was able to discover a number of new and extraordinary truths about the physical universe.

A direct outgrowth of the Lorentz Transformation was the theory that time slows down and distances contract as the velocity of the system is increased. According to Einstein's mathematics, a yardstick would shrink to about half its length at the velocity of ninety per cent of the speed of light and would theoretically shrink away into nothingness at the velocity of light. As a direct consequence, therefore, nothing in the universe can move with a velocity equal to or greater than that of light.

Since time slows down with an increase in velocity, a man in a rocket travelling close to the speed of light could theoretically travel to a distant star years away, according to earth-time, in what would appear to him a few days. However, he would be shocked to find his friends on earth years older when he returned.

Scientists now claim that everything in the universe can be stripped down to a few basic quantities: space, time, matter, energy, and gravity. In turn, these quantities are interdependent on each other, so that the state of the universe can be resolved into unity. However, as this simplicity emerges from complexity, the fundamental laws become more remote from human experience. In the evolution of scientific thought, scientists have come to the conclusion that since human intellect is a finite quality, there is a definite limit to man's knowledge. Science can never hope to find the ultimate in truth. All scientists can do is to delve into the causes and effects of a phenomenon and not into what it is or why it exists.

In *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*, Lincoln Barnett tries to give an account of the structure of the universe and the nature of quantum physics in the layman's language. In the work, he discusses the philosophy and limitations of science. Since science, technology, and space travel are important topics at the present time, every educated person should have some insight into the present status of science and its future possibilities. Therefore, inasmuch as the book is well written on an important topic, it is valuable to the average reader who wants to gain an insight into modern physics. The influence of Einstein's theories, which may now seem highly theoretical and impractical, will become incalculably great in the future. (The awesome power of the atomic bomb displayed the practicality and application of Einstein's theories. Atomic power is an indication of what is to come.)

The conclusions of the book are startling. The book shocks its readers with the feeling of the insignificance of man in the fathomless universe. It is one

of the very few books in scientific literature which explicitly state the finiteness of human intelligence and the limitations of man's potential. Only in this way can the layman begin to grasp the meaning of macrocosm and microcosm. At the same time, however, the book could have a detrimental effect on its readers. It fosters pessimism and realization of the fruitlessness of man's attempt to solve the riddles of his environment. The book might breed discouragement in many who are actively interested in the subject. However, it emphasizes the pragmatic values of science and the fact that it does not matter what a phenomenon is if we can predict what it does.

Lincoln Barnett discussed most of the basic tenets of relativity and modern cosmology. To readers of scientific background the book is highly inconclusive, but to the general reader, the résumé is fairly complete and adequate. A more complete discussion would probably be above the level of most people.

Since the facts and conclusions in the book come directly from the top scientific authorities of the day, the accuracy of the book cannot very well be questioned. The march of science will replace many of the details, of course, but the basic relationships in the Einsteinian Universe will become the axioms of future cosmology. Einstein was so far ahead of the scientific level of his time that it will be many years before his genius will be fully appreciated and understood.

One of the striking features of the book is the clarity with which it is written. The organization and development of the subject are almost flawless. The book is as readable as science fiction because it is quick to read, if not relaxing. The author did a very excellent job on a difficult subject, and the book should continue to be one of the best in scientific literature.

Do It Yourself

ELIZABETH ROBERTS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

DO-IT-YOURSELF KITS ARE FAST BECOMING ONE OF THE most popular forms of recreation in the United States. There are boat kits, coffee table kits, radio kits, and even television kits. All we need now are theme kits—and I'm serious—we do need them. To be more exact, we need a do-it-yourself attitude toward writing.

Most of the writing we read today is in the form of long, connected strings of store-bought verbs and nouns and other parts of speech. And yet the author has no lack of raw material. There are already enough words to fill reams of writing paper, and there are new words waiting to be coined.

The do-it-yourself man has stopped meekly taking what the stores offer. He has decided to make his own furniture and surroundings to fit his own

personality. The results may be crude at first, but with patience the projects will improve. Soon the do-it-yourselfer will be able to make the exact coffee table he wants. He can select rare woods, colorful paints, and unique designs.

And it can be exactly the same with words. A coffee table or a theme—both are better if you use rare and personally selected materials, and put them together the way you yourself want them. Don't be afraid to use color in your adjectives and design in your sentences. You are seeing things differently; write about them differently, not wildly or exotically, but with each word personally yours.

Why is this difficult? It takes work to look at each word and choose the most exact or the most colorful one. It takes heavy tools—dictionaries and and grammar books—to fashion a smooth, concise idea in words. And hardest of all, it takes thought. In order to choose the right words and phrases to prove your point, you must know exactly what your point is. You must have a workable blue-print before you do-it-yourself with words.

Good Neighbor Policy

CINDY LEE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

MRS. VAN HORN WAS A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN WOMAN: she read the Bible daily, she tithed, she donated to worthy causes, she was deeply involved in charity work, she was president of her church circle—and she belonged to the WCTU. Everyone admired Mrs. Van Horn. What a wonderful person she was! How selfless! How noble she was! Almost everyone belonged to the I-Love-Mrs. Van Horn fan club.

But then came a sad day. Mrs. Van Horn had to move to Wenosha in order to nurse her poor ailing mother. She would have to leave her innumerable friends. She must sell the dear little white house which contained so many fond memories of her late husband (God rest his soul). But Mrs. Van Horn cheerfully bore these inconveniences. She was a noble person.

Now Mrs. Van Horn had to endure a really trying six months during which countless strangers traipsed disrespectfully through the little white house. But they didn't love the little house as she did; they asked all sorts of probing questions. Did the fireplace draw well? What kind of heating did she have? Was the insulation good? How could *she* know? Her husband had cared for these matters, and he (God rest his soul) was now dead, or as she liked to say, "passed into the great beyond."

But then a different sort of man came. He carefully examined the little house and then fell in love with it. "This is what I've always wanted," he rejoiced. He did not argue about the price, as everyone else had done, and he

said that he would pay cash. Moreover, he seemed to be quite a personable and likeable young man. But Mrs. Van Horn looked into his inquiring dark eyes and she stared at his black skin; then she replied, "No, I cannot sell it to you." She saw the joy die in his face. "I understand," he answered abruptly, and he left.

"I couldn't do anything else," Mrs. Van Horn thought to herself. "What would my neighbors think of me? And how would his moving in affect the neighborhood? After all, my first allegiance is to my friends and neighborhood. And it's better for *him* too. Why, he would be snubbed and ignored; he would be an outcast; he would be socially ostracized. I'm really doing him a favor. He said that he would pay my asking price in cash too. But I don't mind giving up a few dollars. I have a service to perform for my neighborhood and my friends."

She finally sold the house to a Mr. MacDougal. He found fault with everything about the house. He managed to persuade her to cut her price by a thousand dollars. He had eight children (and there were only three bedrooms) and a dog.

The neighbors hated Mr. MacDougal. His children were the scourge of the community. His dog raided garbage cans and took a fiendish delight in scattering remnants of last week's dinners all over. Mr. MacDougal, moreover, got raging drunk once a week and beat his wife. She retaliated by throwing dishes at him. Drunken curses, crying children, and splintering crockery shattered the peace.

"Why couldn't that Mrs. Van Horn have been careful?" raged the neighbors. "Why wasn't she more thoughtful?" asked her ex-friends. "She was in such a desperate hurry to move that she just sold it to anyone who came along," whispered her new enemies.

If Mrs. Van Horn had learned of her "friends'" thoughts, she would have felt deeply hurt. But she also would have felt like a martyr. She had done her duty as she had seen it. A noble person was Mrs. Van Horn.

Viewpoints on Autumn

SUSANNE CAMPBELL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

AUTUMN HAS ARRIVED—THE SEASON OF MATURING AND the season of declining; the season of rejoicing and the season of despairing. L'Allegro, the cheerful man, sees the beauty in the hillsides and feels satisfaction in the completion of a busy summer's work. On the other hand, II Penseroso, the thoughtful man, sees autumn only as a time for mourning the death he sees all about him.

In autumn l'Allegro, like the blazing trees about him, is in his glory. He

tramps happily through the drifts of chattering leaves, wondering at the glossy beauty of a chestnut that emerged from such an ugly shell; laughing at the busy squirrels who scamper from their occupations at his noisy approach; running to catch a glimpse of a wedge of honking geese, who announce their approach as efficiently as any streamliner. The brisk wind, which playfully ruffles his hair, carries the poignant smell of leaf smoke and brings near the distant scrape of a rake on cement. A season of festivities, harvest moons, pumpkin pies, trees letting down their golden hair—these are autumn to l'Allegro.

Yet, in spite of all the splendor about him, Il Penseroso registers only increasing melancholia. He wanders through a trackless maze of leaves, which by their falling have left the bare arms of their nourishers stretched imploringly against a pitiless sky. Absent-mindedly, he pulls at a burr in his trouser-leg, as he pauses to look at a half-grown rabbit, which stares back at him with dark, liquid eyes, bidding a final, silent farewell until spring. Suddenly, the wordless conversation is interrupted by a harsh shriek overhead, quickly followed by another, and another. The geese are flying south, to food and shelter and security from cold; the rabbit disappears in a thicket. Il Penseroso turns toward home, the chilly wind tossing and twisting his coat about him. Gone are the dewy violets, the gliding butterflies, the nodding goldenrod, the long, lazy days. Autumn is here.

The Phenomenon on the Prairie

HELEN LEVIN

Rhetoric 102. Theme 4

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES FROM CHICAGO AND thirty-five miles from the University of Illinois is one of the most unusual notches on the "Corn Belt"—Danville. This small city, like a spider's web encircling the neighboring farming communities, is just far enough from Chicago to be free of cosmopolitan chaos, yet close enough to absorb some of the city's more notorious habits. A typical midsummer Saturday well illustrates the vacillating personality of this unusual town.

After supper, there are Municipal Band concerts in the park. Most of the town attends, the eldest sitting in canvas camp chairs, wearily flicking away flies and reliving the days when they were young, as the band director leads the aggregation of local instrument players in the perennial Strauss waltzes and Sousa marches. Younger couples push baby carriages down the lantern-illuminated walks, and as the music weaves its spell, they forget for a time the budget and other immediate problems. In a remote corner of the park, some of the high-school crowd play tennis. Their buoyant laughter drifts over the courts: the only other sounds are those of the tennis balls

as they thud against rackets, and of nocturnal insects droning as they swarm in frantic clouds around the floodlights. Snatches of music come on an occasional breeze from the other side of the park, and now and then, one hears the swoosh of a five-year-old skimming down a slide. About eleven o'clock, the lanterns wink "good night," and gathering up their camp chairs, children, and tennis rackets, the tired citizens leave for home, or for a soda at the inn on the lake.

But while all this is going on, another part of Danville wants excitement. Red lights beckon on Green Street as the prostitutes put the finishing touches on their makeup in anticipation of the evening's trade. The pungent odor of cheap perfume comes wavering out the plastic-curtained windows and seems to permeate even the pavement of the streets. Tension runs high. Raids by the sheriff's office are frequent. Often, grim-faced M.P.'s from nearby Chanute Air Force Base park their official cars outside the notorious shacks, returning after a few minutes with some chagrined airman arrested on the one block that is "off limits" to all military personnel.

And past the barns of sleeping cattle on the South Highway, still more excitement can be found. "The Lamplighter," "Don's," "The Glass Pitcher," and "Alibi Inn" are filled with people seeking excitement. At the "Jungle Club," tables and booths are brimming with people laughing loudly. Cigarettes glow like miniature phosphorous torches scattered here and there in the hazy gloom. The only sign of coolness in the stifling atmosphere is the frosty "sweat" coating the glasses and beer bottles. The dancers contort violently to the brassy strains of a Negro band. All this is set aside, like a Rivera tableau, from the outside world and the highway and the sleeping cattle.

Dawn comes, and the glaring Sunday morning sun melts over the city. The prostitutes lock their doors and remove their stale makeup, settling themselves into exhaustion until night returns, bringing with it a new assortment of airmen, youths from neighboring farms and universities, and unhappy husbands. And across the other end of town, families gather around their breakfast tables, immersed in the Sunday paper and thoughts as mundane as Sunday picnics and washing the family car.

On the square, the bells peal cheerfully, calling the citizens to St. Patrick's and the First Presbyterian church. And some come, hardly aware that as they pray for the sins of their fellow men, they are praying for those sleeping on Green Street, and for those waking up with splitting headaches after a night on the South Highway.

And Danville rests on the Illinois prairie like some strange unknown phenomenon: by day the ideal home town, by night a city of infamy and sin.

The Killer

LAWRENCE D. SWIDLER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON A SATURDAY NIGHT, I WAS ALONE. What kind of a deal was that? There I sat in my new convertible on a gorgeous July night and where was my girl? She was still at her hen party with all of her giggly girl friends. Why didn't she come out already? She told me ten-thirty. Finally! Here she came, at last. As I saw her walk down to the car, the wait didn't seem bad at all—no, not bad at all.

She jumped in next to me, I got my "hello kiss," and we took off. She said she was thirsty; so right away I whipped over to the Steak 'n' Shake. While we were sitting over our sodas, some rod-jockey next to me started to feel his oats. His buddy sneered, "Y'wanta drag?" at me, and laughed. He must've thought there was a rocket under his hood in order to dream of "taking" me. I told him that when I wanted him, I'd find him. He yelled back, as they left the lot, "I'll see you on the highway, dusteater!"

We lingered for a few more minutes over our drinks before I felt a swelling urge inside. I pulled out slowly onto the main drag and drove south, toward the highway. The air was clean and crisp and the hum of the motor reminded me of a panther, ready to leap. When we hit the highway, I edged her up to seventy, until we left traffic behind.

I was ready. The time was right. Over the next hill, or the one after that, I'd see the tail lights I was looking for. I hit the accelerator. The car jumped like Br'er Rabbit. The speedometer started its climb around the dial. My girl stopped talking as the needle passed one hundred and started to breathe hard when it rose on toward one-twenty.

We hit the top of the hill, or was it the next hill, or the one after that? Anyway in front of us about a mile away was a flashing red light. "Well," I figured, "they caught me in a radar net. Now what'll I try?" But I didn't have to try anything, because as we got closer we saw that the blinker wasn't for us. There, on the turnoff to the Forest Preserves, was another car, but this one was all over the turnoff. It looked as if it had bounced off of the concrete lane divider. The body of the old job looked more like an accordion than a car, and the two fellows that were in it wound up splattered across the concrete. They'd see me on the road, I thought; sure they would. Nobody's gonna see me, not at those speeds, anyway. No sir, not again.

Humble Town Refuses Role as Fair City

CYRUS G. MUETH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

Editor :

When the officials of a small town, such as ours, lose their insight and good judgment, it is sometimes necessary for the younger generation to assume partial responsibility in order to save the reputation of their fair city. And if the conflict between the younger generation and the town fathers is not too much of an additional burden on the reputation of our city, then truly it will survive to be a town of which we may boast.

A few days ago you ran a news article concerning the assault and "merciless beating" of our one-man police force by a group of juveniles. It is obvious that your knowledge of the incident was derived from the only known witness to the assault—our police chief himself. According to your article, Jack Wird, while on duty late Friday night, observed a lone driver run the stop sign at First and Main. He pursued the car with siren screaming and lights flashing; but the motorist ignored both, driving at top speed out of town on route 41. About one mile outside of the city limits, the driver turned onto the old High-bank Road and proceeded east. Mr. Wird overtook the car at the edge of Deer Creek and, in the process of arresting the driver, was suddenly attacked from the rear by a group of young men who had emerged from the woods. He was "badly beaten and left to die" in the middle of the old dirt road. The persons involved and their purpose are supposedly unknown.

Lest this event pass without benefit to our fair city, I am writing this letter to present the facts to all our citizens and to give to our town board a true picture of their lawman. I also wish to make it clear that I lay no blame on the editor for publishing what he presumed were the facts presented by a supposedly reliable source.

For many years we have had a peaceful, quiet town with no juvenile delinquents, no habitual traffic offenders, and no frequent arrests. Six months ago we were in need of a new police officer; and Mr. Jack Wird, having resigned his important position as police lieutenant in a city twenty times our size, was chosen to enforce our law. Since that time 25 m.p.h. speed limit signs have been posted along our whole quarter-mile of Main Street, known only as Highway 41 even to some of our prosperous old-timers. (Since this is the only thoroughfare through our thriving metropolis, it should appropriately be named after our zealous reformer; already some are referring to it as Wird's Windfall.) Every Friday night from about 9 to 11, we can hear the habitual screaming of the police siren as another unfortunate motorist is caught in Wird's speed trap. Or perhaps the anxious traveler accelerated

before his car came to a dead stop at First and Main. It takes but a few minutes to bring the motorist into Judge Brown's office, ideally located at Third and Main, where the poor victim is fined according to his apparent prosperity.

The main principle of this system cannot be overlooked. Mr. Wird took this position with the condition that, plus his monthly salary, he would be paid a generous percentage of all money collected from arrests. Nothing has been said about Mr. Wird's seat at the bar in Tony's Tavern. It has been rumored that money runs low by Friday night; so Mr. Wird's pockets must be relined for his weekend spree.

Two weeks ago an attempt was made to persuade the town board to place Mr. Wird on a monthly salary alone. This attempt was made to halt the degraded reputation our city is acquiring. It seems that Mr. Wird and the board talked the matter over, and it was decided that the law must have complete backing if it is to survive. So Mr. Wird continued his relentless task of subduing the criminals and enforcing our law and order.

Last Friday night a group of young men committed a grave criminal offense. They attempted, in the way they knew best, to stop the degradation of our humble town. But if the obvious reason behind their effort is so easily overlooked, we truly have a town destined for self-destruction. These young citizens lured our innocent police chief to his "near destruction" and "left him to die" in the middle of Highbank Road. Well, how many of our citizens would consider that "merciless beating" an attempt on a man's life if they knew the real facts? Actually Mr. Wird was subjected to a humiliating face-lashing, and a few solid blows to his middle, then left sitting in a tub of ice water without the formality of his breeches. We hope the press will be better informed on future events. And unless the officials of this town assume their responsibilities, their sons and daughters will bear the reputation imposed on their home town.

Anonymous

What My Hometown Needs Most

ROBERTA SAX
Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

MOST TOWNS NEED A NEW FIRE ENGINE OR SCHOOL OR hospital, but Middletown needs Sam. Now this may seem idiotic, but to Alice this is a real problem. As far as she is concerned, Middletown is deserted, desolate, dismal, and dingy without Sam. To her, Middletown without Sam is like Sears without Roebuck, ham without eggs, Liberace without his mother. And so, as she listens to Elvis Presley records, she tries to figure out how she has become involved with Sam and their problem.

Alice thinks back one year to the day she had first entered college. She had come with the idea of dating millions of boys, playing the field, and, in general, having one hell of a time. Her life was planned: four years of college and then marriage. But in between there were to be no serious attachments. After all, hadn't she been constantly told that what she did in the next four years would shape her future? She was there primarily To Learn.

In the beginning, things went according to schedule. Alice dated a different boy every weekend. She talked and laughed and held pinkies in the movies and had lots of fun, but she refused to give anyone a second thought. Greek, Indee—they were all the same.

Then "Out Of An Orange Colored Sky," as its says in the song, came Sam. Of course, it was quite unexpected (that's how things like this usually happen); he ran her down with his motor scooter. They talked for awhile, and then she limped home to do homework. A half-hour later he called. How he got her name and found her telephone number was a mystery to her, but "where there's a will there's a way" she had decided philosophically.

That first night they went bowling (Sam won), and pretty soon they were seen together often. And many times, as she sat quietly and watched Sam crack his bubble gum, Alice tried to analyze her feelings towards him. He wasn't handsome, although his horn-rimmed bifocals gave him a distinguished, scholarly appearance. His physique wasn't of Tarzan calibre, but well, you know those "Before" and "After" pictures in the advertisements? Sam looked like "During." He always said she ate too much and should go on a diet; he told her what to do and how to do it; he was sometimes inconsiderate—he wouldn't let her watch Mickey Mouse one night on television. He thought it too plebian. And yet, Alice obeyed all his wishes and never got angry. What had happened to her strong will power, her solid constitution, her decisive mind?

Poor Alice went around in a daze. She couldn't concentrate, she couldn't sleep, she lit the wrong end of her filter-tip cigarettes. Was it love? She had to be sure! One evening, she found out for certain. She missed the Mickey Mouse Show and it didn't bother her. "This it it!" she decided. "Sam is more important to me than anything else."

And so, this is their problem. How to get Middletown a Sam. Sam lives one thousand miles away. What will she do all summer without him? She can't very well visit him and Sam can't go to Middletown—he doesn't have the gas money for his scooter. Perplexed, Alice ponders and ponders until she finds a solution. "Eureka!" she says, coining a phrase, "I have found a solution!"

And she runs over to the Middletown Chamber of Commerce and announces to everyone, "Middletown needs Sam. He is good, kind, brave, and all that jazz, and I love him and I want him here because I'm lonely, and like that!" The chairman looks at her. She looks at the chairman. Finally,

he turns to the others and says, "Gentlemen, every town needs one good Sam to be complete. We shall bring him here as a Representative of Good Will. Besides, look at the free advertising."

Alice is overjoyed. She turns to the chairman of the Middletown Chamber of Commerce, and with tears of happiness in her eyes, she says, "Thanks, Dad!"

My Theory

JOHN H. ALTHOFF
Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

WHY CAN'T THE AVERAGE ENGINEER SPEAK OR WRITE? If an educator answered this question, he would solve a complex problem facing industry today. Colleges and technical schools today lay the blame on the limited number of English composition and speech courses in the engineering curriculum. I do not agree, and, at the risk of being trite, I now present my theory.

To write a paper or speech of any kind, for any audience, takes imagination. The word "imagination" is the key to the whole problem. An engineer is a machine, and machines do not have imagination. Machines do not create. This is the fundamental difference between calculating and imagining. To think without imagination is to calculate, and calculating is a mere rearranging of the pieces in a puzzle. Calculating is not making a new type of puzzle, for the same pieces are used. The new type of puzzle must be created.

There are some machines such as the Univac or the Illiac that can calculate, but they use the same pieces of information or information derived from these pieces. They do not have the ability to reach out and get an idea completely unrelated to the information that has been fed into them. They cannot create. They do not have imagination.

When the engineer comes from a factory like the College of Engineering at this institution, he goes into the world packed to the top of his coldly calculating cranium with engineering theories and formulae, but with nothing else. Has he been trained to calculate? Yes. Has his imagination been trained? No.

Upon meeting a graduate engineer, one finds that he can design bridges, aircraft, and electrical marvels, but cannot express his opinions about other matters. He soon runs out of material since he thinks nothing *but* engineering. This one-sided knowledge is the engineer's downfall. He has not been given the opportunity of free thought for thought's sake alone, and the resulting nourishment of his imagination. This undernourishment results directly in an inability to compose a relatively good paper or speech.

There are exceptions, yes. But these exceptions, we find, are men who take an active interest in other fields than engineering. This is a different breed of engineer. These men are thinkers, and, remember, they *can* speak and write.

The Decline and Fall of an Empire

JOHN A. WOODRUFF

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

I AM SITTING HERE IN MY STUDY VIEWING ONE OF THE books on ancient history, and wondering how a whole nation of intelligent people could be so oblivious to their destruction. When the campaign against them really began to take effect, the so very few persons that did realize what was happening were completely helpless. History was repeating itself. The United States of America was decaying and would crumble just as the Roman Empire had done before.

You must understand that the situation during the last half of the twentieth century was far from new. It was not the first time that one nation sought to overthrow another. The method, however, is the unusual part of the story. The population was simply allowed to grow old and die!

After having unsuccessfully employed violent means for almost a decade, the Russians finally conceived the Master Plan. If the Americans were not allowed to reproduce, in a hundred years there would be no Americans. The method by which this plan was accomplished was a masterpiece in the study of human nature and in the particular nature of the American male. The women were simply and voluntarily defeminized!

The battle plans were carried out quickly and efficiently. Top men were sent out to the fashion centers of the world with orders to work their way into the elite circle of designers and attain a position that would allow them to carry out the Master Plan. Within a year, they had accomplished their objective. The American female was no longer attractive to the American male. People who were normally engaged in chasing women were now engaged in illegal activities, and the police forces rapidly became inadequate. In a last, desperate attempt, the wearing of a sack dress was prohibited. But even this was too late. The men were completely independent of women, and soon even the women ceased to care.

It is a sad story, and the story of a great victory. The Russians had overthrown the American Government without losing a soldier or firing a shot. They waited until it was a nation of old bachelors and spinsters and then brought in their healthy young men. But they had learned from experience. They made sure their young women were clothed in tight skirts and sweaters, and the wearing of a sack dress was a crime punishable by death.

One Way of Looking at It

The word *prejudice*, in my opinion, is one of the most misused words in our language. It is used as a wall behind which people of any race, religion, nationality, or other special group can hide from the people of groups foreign to their own. It is most commonly used as a defensive measure by a person who finds himself losing an argument; he protects himself by saying, "You're just prejudiced."

BRIAN SANDBERG, *Rhetoric 102*

Empress of Calvary

SUE DIVAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

THE TOWN IS AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS; THE TIME IS late April; the year is 1886. The quietly austere yellow brick mansion sits back a few hundred feet from Main Street of the peaceful college town. The giant pines and the dense evergreen hedge do not afford a ready view, but looking closely one might glimpse the garden and the clumps of rhododendron and daffodils blooming flamboyantly in the early spring.¹ Looking closer, and perhaps opening the gate and walking up the old brick walk, one might even catch a fleeting glimpse of a white-clad figure vanishing ghostly down a corridor inside.²

The house—the Dickinson “homestead.” The figure—Emily Dickinson, fifty-five years old, a recluse from the world, said to be the greatest woman poet who ever wrote in English.³

Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst on December 10, 1830. She died in the house in which she was born; after she was twenty-six, she rarely left it.⁴ She has always been shrouded in mystery, and her life has been and will continue to be a controversy among her readers and biographers, no matter how many attempts are made to analyze her life and work. Even in the town in which she lived, she became a legendary figure. She sent perennial roots, cakes, and cookies with cryptic little notes to neighbors and children, and became, in short, the village oddity.⁵

Emily was a dedicated artist, shy and a bit fugitive perhaps, but a woman who selected a way of life as deliberately as she chose a metaphor. For over one-half century, curiosity has spent itself in the direction of “Who was Emily’s lover?” “What prompted her seclusion?” “What were the influences that determined her life and thought?” “Why did she write the way she did?”

Though all the evidence is purely circumstantial and will always remain so, the inescapable conclusion drawn is this: Emily Dickinson’s poetry was inspired by the men in her life and the influential environment of her ultimate seclusion.

The men she knew, the “muses” who presumably inspired her love poems, she did not know well.⁶ The vanished lover could have been any one of the large number of fleeting male acquaintances Emily had. Her poetry and seclusion are said to have been prompted by this legendary inspirer. The

¹ Millicent Bingham, *Ancestor’s Brocade*, p. 3.

² Louis Untermeyer, *Modern American Poetry*, p. 89.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 88.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 89.

⁶ James Southworth, *Some Modern American Poets*, p. 17.

sanction of public opinion has given the legend of a broken heart such vitality that it has withstood all attempts to disprove it.⁷ Having accepted the theory that she renounced the world because of a broken heart and wrote her poems because of one man, her biographers differ only as to the identity of the candidate for her love.⁸ So they try to decide which man.

The youthful friendships of her younger days were followed by a succession of deep, lasting attachments, on Emily's part at any rate. Among the young men to whom she felt drawn in her youth was Leonard Humphrey, the principal of Amherst Academy, whose unexpected death when Emily was nineteen was her "first affliction."⁹

Her first "muse" was the young lawyer, Benjamin F. Newton, who, some say, was the first to give direction to her career as an artist.¹⁰ He fed her eager interest as he talked with her about the nature of existence. In the late 1840's, he was a law student in the office of Emily's father. While in Amherst, he introduced Emily and her sister, Lavinia, to the writings of the Brontë sisters, and he presented Emily with a copy of Emerson's poems in 1849, two years after they were first published. In 1850 he set up his own practice in a neighboring town; in the following year he married. In 1853, in his thirty-third year, and when Emily was twenty-two, he died of tuberculosis. Ben Newton had been one of Emily's earliest "preceptors" and his memory always remained within her.¹¹ Newton awakened in Emily a response to intellectuality and an appreciation of literature, which later made her call him "the friend who taught me immortality." It would seem, then, that when Emily was about twenty, her latent talents were stirred by a gentle, grave young lawyer who taught her how to observe the world. Perhaps during the five years after Newton's death in 1853, she attempted, in a manner, to fashion verses, but her first muse had left the land, and to bestir her talent further, she had to await the coming of the second.¹²

Though all evidence is, again, circumstantial, the supposition is that in 1854, Emily fell deeply in love with Reverend Charles Wadsworth, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. Lavinia and Emily, then aged twenty-three, were visiting an old school friend in Philadelphia for two weeks early in May of 1854. Though there is no record of the event, one must suppose that Emily went to hear Wadsworth preach. Perhaps she met him then. The only certain fact is that he called on her in Amherst some five years later. That visit and another he paid her briefly in the summer of 1880 are the only two known, and quite possibly the only two he ever made. But

⁷ Bingham, *Ancestor's Brocade*, p. 97.

⁸ Bingham, *Emily Dickinson, A Revelation*, p. 4.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 7 and 8.

¹⁰ Thomas Johnson, "Prisms of a Poet," *Saturday Review of Literature*, 33:16 (June 3, 1950).

¹¹ Johnson, *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Introduction, XX.

¹² *Ibid.*, XXI.

letters that she wrote after his death state much and imply more.¹³ She called this profound and eloquent "man of God" her "dearest earthly friend."¹⁴ He was her "shepherd from little girl-hood," this preacher "whom to know was life."¹⁵

Emily Dickinson was surely born to her talent as a poet, but she felt no dedication to her art until she met Reverend Wadsworth. After this meeting, she began desultorily writing a few poems of nature, such as "Bring Me the Sunset in A Cup" and "These Are the Days When the Birds Come Back." In the following year, an increasing proportion of poems were written with deepened purpose. Then came the event of Wadsworth's first visit to her in 1859. A volcanic commotion in the emotional life of Emily Dickinson was becoming apparent in her poetry now.¹⁶

The Philadelphia pastor, approximately fifty years old at this time, was at the zenith of his mature influence, fifteen years married, and the head of a family—an established man of God whose rectitude was unquestioned.¹⁷ In such a career, there was no room for the slightest wayward inclination. One could readily see how Emily might idolize such a man, but what could she have meant to him? Charles Wadsworth was a man of intense sympathies. He was unsparing of himself in his ministering to the sick and all afflicted and troubled spirits. People clung to him, and Emily Dickinson was undoubtedly one of them.¹⁸ Both of his visits were probably made at her request on occasions when he was traveling nearby. His youngest son, Dr. William Wadsworth, contends that his father happened to call on Emily in Amherst ("There came a day at summer's full, entirely for me. . .") because an intimate friend lived nearby whom he sometimes visited. His kindness prompted him to pay her a parochial call. Emily may have written to him previously to ask him for comfort. At any rate, he corresponded with her after that visit, and "I got so I could stir the box in which his letters grew. . .," she wrote.¹⁹ His letters of spiritual counsel were certainly translated by Emily into symbols of an agonizing, unbearable intimacy. She brooded upon them until she felt herself dedicated to him. Her love poems say it over and over.²⁰ The letters they exchanged did not survive their deaths. Except to her sister, who never saw Wadsworth, she talked to no one about him. That fact alone signifies the place he filled in her emotions.²¹ The picture that emerges of Wadsworth is that of a man utterly consecrated to his ministry, happily married and devoted to his family, finding fulfillment in his power to uphold and strengthen

¹³ Johnson, *The Poems of E. D.*, XXI and XXII.

¹⁴ Bingham, *E. D.*, *A Revelation*, p. 8.

¹⁵ Johnson, *The Poems of E. D.*, Introduction, XXII.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, XXI.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, XXII.

¹⁸ George Whicher, "Pursuit of the Overtakeless," *Nation*, 169:14 (July 2, 1949).

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 14 and 15, quoted from Emily Dickinson's letters.

²⁰ Untermeyer, p. 94.

²¹ Johnson, *The Poems of E. D.*, Introduction, XXII.

the wavering souls of his flock. "Out of Emily's thwarted longing for companionship with the adored clergyman came a lyric outpouring which included the most intensely moving love poems ever written by an American poet," George Whicher has written.²² Whereas Newton as a muse had awakened her to a sense of her talents, Wadsworth as a muse made her a poet.

By 1862, Emily's creative impulse was at a floodtide, and by 1865, the greater part of her poetic inspirations was spent. However, she continued to write poetry until her death. But one concludes that nearly two-thirds of her poems were created in the brief span of eight years, in her early thirties, from the years 1858 to 1865.

The extent to which Reverend Wadsworth realized the intensity of her adoration is not known. His son says that he would not even have cared for her poetry. The poetry he liked was of a different order.²³ However, the ultimate crisis in her life seems to have been precipitated when Wadsworth accepted a call to a church in San Francisco in 1861. To Emily, his removal was terrifying. She would be without his guidance. It is at this time that she began to dress entirely in white, adopting, as she called it, her "white election." The name Calvary now appears in her poems. In 1862, she used it nine times, always in verses charged with intense emotion. She speaks of herself as the "queen" of Calvary, and grieving for her lost lover, she recalls "old times in Calvary."²⁴ In 1870, Wadsworth was back in Philadelphia in another church, where he remained until his death on April 1, 1882. Though nothing would again wring from her the anguish and poetic fulfillment of the years 1861 through 1865, she continued to write verses throughout her life.²⁵ At his death she applied to him a line from Tennyson: "Of love that never found its earthly close, what sequel?" Thus, more than any other man, Wadsworth has been identified with the lover of her poems.²⁶

Among other men who have often been disputed as the inspirers of Emily Dickinson is Edward Hunt, husband of author Helen Hunt Jackson, one of Emily's close friends. One author discovered a secret lover in George Gould, also of Amherst College. Still another went so far as to accuse her of a Freudian father-complex.²⁷ Most of the stories of these incongruous lovers have been disposed of, however, and in their place has emerged the more preferred story of the Reverend Wadsworth as the true inspirer.

Other deep attachments after Wadsworth were only two, if the evidence is reliable. Samuel Bowles of Springfield, whom she loved "beyond sentimentality," and Judge Otis P. Lord, one of her father's closest friends, were each

²² Whicher, p. 14.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 15.

²⁴ Johnson, *The Poems of E. D.*, Introduction, XXIII.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, XXIV.

²⁶ Whicher, p. 14.

²⁷ Untermeyer, pp. 90 and 91.

serious attachments, but they did little to influence Emily's poetry, as they came about long after the peak of her writing years.²⁸ If there must be a single individual who influenced her love lyrics, and it seems, according to the public, that there must, the most plausible one, from all circumstantial evidence, is Reverend Charles Wadsworth, who, like all her other "muses," was totally unaware of the havoc that he was creating. He and the other men who may have been her inspiration were the men she knew least, who never suspected that they were inspiring poems that would later prove immortal.

The mysterious event or events which prompted her withdrawal from the world, her seclusion at an early age, have been variously detailed and disputed. Biographers have always searched to find the reason why good-looking Emily ("My hair is bold, like the chestnut burr; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves. . .") immured herself in her father's sprawling mansion for over fifteen years.²⁹ The legend of Emily Dickinson's withdrawal from the world because of a youthful disappointment in love has been wholly accepted as the truth because it is the most evident, logical, and easily understood theory. The legend arose during Emily's lifetime because the Amherst villagers could not understand either her secluded life or the fact that she wrote poetry.³⁰ Though there are hints of the vanished lover, we are never actually made to see him, feel him, or realize his being, whereas there is a complete projection of Emily—her heart, soul, and influences—all her tricks of thought. The much-sought but still relatively unknown prompter of her poems and seclusion may have been Wadsworth, Newton, Hunt, or Gould—but it is not he who is immortalized in her work. It is Emily. There were outward events and attachments in her life, but in them the secret of her life does not lie. The emotional experience of Emily Dickinson cannot be defined in terms of thwarted love; it cannot be limited to her feelings toward any single individual. "A broken heart is not needed to explain her way of life. To try to understand it in such terms is to fail to grasp its quality."³¹

If there was no man who broke her heart, what, then, prompted Emily's desire to be a recluse, to withdraw from the world into the seclusion of her father's house? Was it abnormal? a sign of morbidity?

To begin with, the withdrawal was gradual. During much of her life, she did live in seclusion, but it was a seclusion which narrowed with the years. When did it begin? Not in her twenties, certainly. In 1854, she was visiting Washington with her sister. Five years later she was still doing her "courtesies," as she called her social obligations, although throughout this time, she was showing more and more disinclination to mingle with the villagers. In

²⁸ Bingham, *E. D., A Revelation*, p. 8.

²⁹ "Out of the Top Drawer," *Time*, 55:91 and 92 (June 12, 1950); quoted from Emily Dickinson's letters.

³⁰ Bingham, *E. D., A Revelation*, p. 58.

³¹ Bingham, *Ancestor's Brocade*, p. 98.

the early 1860's, she completed the gradual seclusion. She was rarely seen outside the house and received very few visitors. Now at last, she had become the white-robed recluse of the legend.³² Emily's seclusion, the dominant theme in every study of her life, will doubtless continue to be a stumbling block as long as there are biographers to study her. If it did not happen as the result of a heartbreak in youth, what are the other possible answers?

Throughout her life, people were of utmost importance to her, but contacts with them exhausted her so emotionally that she shrank from all but the most intimate. There was about her an intensity which terrified some people. For her, actual living was a heavy load. Thus her seclusion became nearly absolute in the latter part of her life, and she found her "saving relief" through poetry.³³ This becomes one plausible theory.

Another is that her wish not to see her fellow townsmen was primarily due to the fact that with people in general, she had little in common. "All men say 'What' to me," was her way of putting it. She was reluctant to squander precious time in pointless talk.³⁴

Some readers think that she was afraid of and shunned the realities of everyday life; that she found the greater reality in the realm of the soul and imagination; that she found the ecstasy of living greater when alone than she would have in the Amherst of her day. She found greater happiness in her seclusion than she would have experienced among the Amherst matrons with their small talk of husbands, babies, and cooking. She set her life apart for the art of poetry, and so unwilling was she to be diverted from what she thought was her calling that she deliberately chose obscurity.³⁵

No explanation of why Emily Dickinson lived her life in retirement can satisfy everyone. Not all people can understand all things. But no one can question that what she valued most was a chance to explore the confines of her own spirit—which could be accomplished only in seclusion, close to the certainties of her own soul. "Her poetry could spring only from the gradual expanding of a soul which functioned where it found peace—in solitude."³⁶ For Emily, solitude was a necessity, her natural state. Like all creative persons, she needed time in which to read, to write, to think, and to be still. Her father's wish always to have her at home weighed heavily upon her; however, a more dominant reason for this inch-by-inch withdrawal was simply lack of time. This desire for a normal blossoming of her impressionable spirit resulted from the feeling that she lived in the presence of God—and Immortality.³⁷

³² Bingham, *E. D., A Revelation*, p. 4.

³³ Johnson, *The Poems of E. D.*, Foreword by Johnson.

³⁴ Bingham, *E. D., A Revelation*, p. 6.

³⁵ Johnson, *The Poems of E. D.*, Foreword.

³⁶ Bingham, *Ancestor's Brocade*, pp. 322 and 323.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 99.

Whatever the reason, her poetry was influenced by and written in this seclusion. Emily was a recluse in the sense only that she withdrew from village life in order to investigate things that interested her more. She explored the secrets of nature and life. Nothing was too trivial or familiar to excite her interest. She took nothing for granted: snakes, flies, grass, stones, the rising of the moon—all were of the essence of miracle. Emily's real love was creation. Any object, man or earthworm, was caught in shining words.³⁸ She had a power within her which, no matter how slight the stimulus, and it might be no more than an exchange of glances, could create a poem. No poet was so aware of the minutiae of her daily life as Emily, and perhaps no one was so unconscious that they were minutiae.³⁹

Though her seclusion prompted great poetry, it also proved a hindrance to her works in many evident ways. Emily, at times, too much resembles *Great Expectation's* Miss Havisham, who shut herself away from the actual world of men and women, living alone with only herself and her memories. Emily escaped behind physical barriers.⁴⁰ Such a life is not enough. Her imaginative experiences gained in intensity because of her seclusion, but the roots of these experiences failed to go deeply into daily life. Many poems reveal her inability to grasp the joy of reality. She accustomed herself to a life of memory—remembrances which were rootless.⁴¹ Had this seclusion come after her emotional maturity had been fully developed, she could have gained much. Coming before, it is her loss more than her gain. She missed the completion of maturity that broader social contacts could have given her.⁴² These characteristics are all of the one basic fact that emotionally, Emily probably never outgrew adolescence. Perhaps her love poems sprang from the very incompleteness of her experience.⁴³

In May, 1886, Emily was ill. According to the minutely detailed diary of Mable Loomis Todd, the next-door neighbor of the Dickinsons for years, all hope for Emily was given up on May 15. On that day she describes Emily as "just leaving." The eerie presence, the invisible voice, the white phantom in the corridor came to a sudden end; Emily died about 6:00 that evening. According to the diary, on the day of Emily's funeral, May 19, it was a "most deliciously brilliant, sunny afternoon" for the "simple services." Emily Brontë's poem *Immortality* was read, and the procession then walked quietly across the sunny fields to the cemetery. One who might have been watching the procession as it passed slowly through the blossoming fields would remember only how small the coffin was.⁴⁴

³⁸ Bingham, *Ancestor's Brocade*, pp. 98 and 99.

³⁹ Southworth, p. 23.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 19.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 17.

⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 15.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 17.

⁴⁴ Bingham, *Ancestor's Brocade*, pp. 12 and 13.

It is plausible that any one of the many men Emily Dickinson knew could have inspired her love poems. It is plausible that from the very incompleteness of her experience may have sprung her love poems. It is conceivable that one of that number of men could have prompted her seclusion. It is conceivable that her withdrawal from the world was brought about by her desire for solitude and time in which to "blossom." One thing is sure—excuses for Miss Dickinson are not necessary. When all is said, explanations do not explain. What else, then, matters? Whatever the provocation, all that remains is the poetry.

Denied a public, even of one, Emily perfected her imperfections in secret. Lacking the partner, she played her game with herself. Yet when all the biographies are considered, the most successful game was the one she played on the world—a solitary recluse who had the world in her garden; an escapist who summoned infinity with the trick of a forefinger. It is doubtful if, in spite of her isolation, there was ever a less lonely woman.⁴⁵

She surely contained a universe within herself, and all things considered, perhaps in the end she did not need the world. For Emily Dickinson is a major poet—the greatest woman poet who ever wrote in English.

⁴⁵ Untermeyer, p. 94.

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No one is able to pick the environment into which he is born; he must adjust himself to fit the type of pattern that is prevalent in the society into which he has entered. If he is unable or unwilling to conform to the group in which he finds himself, he will rebel against it, and he will become the "square peg," fighting the set patterns. If he is to stay in this environment and be happy in it, then he has to adopt the characteristics common to this society. If he does conform, then he will have accomplished what the Parisian fashion designer suggests—he will have taken on "the form of the garment that envelops" him.

GEORGE G. BRYAN, *Rhetoric* 101

Rhet as Writ

Gulliver manages to find land which is inhabited by minute people called Lilliputians.

Westinghouse scraped a whole heating plant because it was not paying for itself.

A fish was caught that had supposedly been dead for millions of years.

I unanimously agreed.

The two main clauses are relative and irrelevant.

Am I ready for college? This poses a very important question which I think is taken very lightly by far less students than should be.

There's nothing like a good mystery, or a moving love story, or plain disaster to take people's minds off the turmoil and comotion of the days work.

You must know what places to go to and what places not to go to and how to dress for each one.

We never got a chance to get the strict formal type date in but everyone enjoyed himself roughly.

Since time immoral . . .

This doorway is a large stone in the path leading from a child's world into adulthood.

Women are playing a vital role in industry in this modern era. They are constantly being educated in designing, chemical engineering, mathematics, and many other fields which are detrimental to our nation's economic system.

We should be willing to give aid to a revolting people who want freedom not fail to do so as we did in Hungary and Poland.

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THE GREEN CALDRON

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What Is Loyalty?

LARRY SCHAFER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

"LOYALTY," A SINGLE NOUN, HAS NO SINGLE MEANING. When written, spoken, or thought, it is usually expressed in terms of a certain object. It is used in reference to something. One does not say, "I am loyal." That declaration in itself means nothing. One must specify and limit. One must say, "I am loyal *to* this group, or *to* this nation." As an isolated, definite state of mind, loyalty is indefinable.

Modern dictionaries attempt to define it, but they begin, "Faithfulness *to* . . . Trueness *to* . . ." They do not say, "Loyalty is *this*." They cannot. They must define it as being related to something else. They must limit it in order to define it.

One dictionary does attempt to define it as a concrete, single state of mind; however, it fails miserably. In effect, it says, "Loyalty is the state of being constant." This leads one to assume that since the earth's rotation on its axis is constant, the earth has loyalty. Of course, this is not true; but, in my estimation, it *is* true that a definition completely and adequately defining loyalty has not yet been recorded.

What is loyalty? In vague terms, it is a human concern for, or emotion for, or toward, some definite thing, "definite thing" being any one of a number of different, available objects. Such objects, which receive loyalty, are one's country, one's family, one's home town, state, or national athletic team. One may be loyal to an ideal, a leader, or a master.

Since a "human emotion" or "concern" may include an infinite variety of states of mind in varying degrees of intensity, the one general type of emotion intended in the definition of loyalty must now be established. Here, though, is the difficulty. An emotion is formally defined as any departure from the normal calm of the mental state. It may be joy, fear, sorrow, anger, surprise—any number of conditions. Of course, the "human emotion" in the definition of loyalty refers to one or, at most, a very few of the numerous existing emotions. But to which one does it refer? Does a soldier loyal to his leader display the same emotion as a man loyal to a baseball team? No; so the words "human emotion" in the vague definition of loyalty are really as specific as one can get. To select one word and to insert it in the definition is not logically possible.

Loyalty is a state of mind defying accurate description and definition. Because of its various manifestations and the widely different stimuli producing it, it is *not* a set state of mind and cannot fit a set definition. Everyone knows what loyalty is, but no one can define it.

A Look at Discrimination

WILLIAM PRESNELL

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

THE WORD *DISCRIMINATION* HAS FALLEN INTO DISREPUTE. As one examines this word in the light of some of its modern uses, he may be able to discover that he has a number of erroneous ideas concerning it.

I am a discriminating person. I pride myself on how well I am able to distinguish between a good steak and a bad one; if I had not this knowledge, I would no doubt be eating tough, poor grade meat at least fifty per cent of the time. By the same token a great many of our decisions, both important and trivial, require the ability to discern whatever difference there may be in our possible choices. If we are to be responsible, independent persons, then we must discriminate.

Discrimination may be carried a step further. When one has differentiated between two things, it is possible for him to show preferential treatment to one or the other of them. That he do this very thing, both in his personal life and in society, is to the mutual benefit of all. Notice, if you will, the attitude of our own country towards young men. If our society deems a young man bad, beyond help, or criminal, he is thrown into prison, or some such fitting punishment is imposed. However, should he be highly intelligent or an able athlete or possess other desirable characteristics, he is shown preferential treatment in the form of scholarships, money, and prestige. Far from being bad, this form of discrimination offers incentive to those who would be ambitious.

Now let us apply this term, *discrimination*, to a basic social issue of today, the race problem. Often as not, the word *discrimination* is used when *prejudice* is the word meant. The two terms are quite different, however. *Prejudice* means, literally, *pre-judge*. One generally assumes, upon hearing that the Southerners are being "discriminative" in the South, that it is the Negro who is being mistreated. This is a dangerous assumption! It becomes very obvious that we have assigned meanings to an "innocent" word which are far from valid. We've heard "discrimination" used so often in connection with the suppression of Negro by white that we have unthinkingly come to use the two expressions synonymously. Because we have allowed ourselves this carelessness, we are easy prey for the rabble-rouser and the name-caller, whose object is not to introduce wisdom and clear thinking into the vexatious problems that beset us, but rather to sway our opinion, by words highly charged with emotions in support of his selfish cause. Let us cease to be partners in such folly. Let us allow our "discrimination" to mean "illumination" of the great issues which face us.

An Evaluation of Two Positions

MARSHALL DAPIN
Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

A. THE CASE FOR SEGREGATION

Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary* defines *segregation* as a "separation from others or from the general mass or main body." The recent controversy over segregation has been based on the fact that Negroes have been separated from whites, especially in educational institutions. Many people have condemned this separation, presenting various legal, moral, and psychological reasons; and these same people have also presented evidence to prove that desegregation is both workable and beneficial. The first part of this essay is being written to show that the "integrationists" are wrong in condemning segregation, and to support the contention that desegregation is neither workable nor beneficial.

The first disagreement in the segregation controversy concerns the legality of segregation. Many people favoring integration cite the 1954 Supreme Court decision ordering desegregation as evidence that segregation is illegal. But in 1896 the Supreme Court made another ruling on segregation in the case of *Plessy versus Ferguson*. The specific issue was whether Louisiana was justified in passing a statute creating separate but equal accommodations for white and Negro passengers on railroads. The Court decided that since mixed cars involved a commingling of the races, separate but equal transportation was legal. The decision meant, in effect, that although the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution guaranteed the political equality of the races, the Amendment did not guarantee social equality. Basically, the 1954 decision favoring school integration called for "a commingling of the races," or social equality, as well as political or legal equality.

Some people include social equality under the term *political equality*. Even if this were true, the political equality guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment is not, in reality, constitutional. When the Amendment was passed in 1868, the formerly seceded states were run by Northern "carpetbaggers" or by the military authorities, so that when these Southern states accepted the Amendment, it was Northerners who were approving the Amendment. Since an amendment needs the approval of three-fourths of the states to pass and since the seceded states totaled eleven out of thirty-seven in the United States when the Amendment was passed, it is unlikely that the Amendment would have passed if these states had been allowed to vote as they wished—against it.

A third reason why segregation is not illegal is that the Tenth Amendment guarantees to states all powers not delegated to the federal government. Edu-

cation, in particular, is not a power given to the federal government. Therefore, it falls under state jurisdiction, and the state may then decide for itself whether it does or does not want segregation.

Segregation has also been condemned by different individuals as being morally wrong. They quote Biblical passages to show that God disapproves of segregation and considers all men equal. They cite the passage stating that one should treat a stranger in the same way he would treat one of his own family. But these pro-integrationists forget that the Bible does indicate that there are distinctions between people. The best example of this distinction appears in the Book of Exodus, Chapter XXI, where the following statement appears: "If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years shall he serve," and if the servant later agrees to stay with his owner, "then shall his master bring him unto the judges . . . , and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever." These statements permit slavery, which certainly shows that all men are not equal from the moral or religious point of view.

Further, several studies making comparisons between whites and Negroes have shown that Negroes have a smaller mental capacity than whites. Frank C. McGurk, an associate professor of psychology at Villanova University, conducted several of these studies; and he concluded that even when the social and economic position of the Negro improves, the colored person does not bring his educational capacity nearer to the white man's capacity. McGurk tested a group of white and Negro draftees during World War I, and he discovered that only 27% of the Negroes either equalled or surpassed the average white scores. Before the test the recruits were matched for similar cultural traits so that the whites wouldn't have an unfair advantage. In 1951, Negro and white high school seniors of equal socio-economic background were tested; the results showed that only 29% of the Negroes had surpassed the average white scores. Since these Negroes were better off financially and socially than the draftee group and since they were not segregated, the only conclusion that appears plausible is that the Negro mentality is lower than the white mentality.

Finally, in order to show that segregation is not undesirable, one need only cite several failures in desegregation. First, the situation in Little Rock has brought distrust of and less respect for the United States abroad, and has caused violence at home. It is true that Governor Faubus of Arkansas started the crisis when he called out the National Guard; but if he hadn't stopped integration, someone else would have done it, perhaps bringing more violence. Secondly, desegregation in Washington, D.C., has proved a virtual failure. White citizens have left the city in large numbers since the Supreme Court's desegregation order, and the schools in the nation's capital are mostly Negro (three-fourths of the city's school population is now Negro), while the suburbs are nearly all white. In Washington, D. C., white teachers have also raised

complaints about Negro students attacking them in halls, and about Negro boys chasing white girls and threatening them.

Segregation can now be said to have legal, moral, and psychological justification. Legally, the states are empowered to decide upon segregation; morally, the Bible (the most widely accepted moral authority) condones servitude and thus implies approval of segregation; and psychologically or mentally, tests by experts have shown Negroes less intelligent than whites. Adding to this the fact that segregation has failed many times, notably in Little Rock and in Washington, D. C., one must see that the logical conclusion is that segregation is better than integration for the United States.

B. THE CASE AGAINST SEGREGATION

Segregation has been the weapon used by white Southerners to dominate the South and subjugate the Negro during the past ninety-odd years. The Southerners have attempted to justify the segregation of the two races through claims of legal, moral, and mental superiority. In the previous section several illustrations and other types of evidence were presented to demonstrate the desirability of segregation. This section is an attempt to refute the evidence of the pro-segregationist and to present reasons why integration is better justified and more desirable than segregation.

The first segregationist claim is that the separate but equal policy of the South is legally justified. The claim is based on three arguments: that the Supreme Court, which decided in favor of integration in 1954, had ruled that segregation was legal in a decision given in 1896; that the Fourteenth Amendment, which was passed in 1868, is not legally binding on the South; and that the Tenth Amendment guarantees to the states any powers not given to the federal government, thus justifying state laws favoring segregation of schools, transportation, and other state-regulated institutions and businesses.

Regarding the first point, one can see that the 1954 Supreme Court decision superseded the 1896 ruling as soon as the Court made it. The Supreme Court had studied the issue for several years, and before reaching its decision, it had heard testimony from both pro-integration groups, such as the NAACP, and militant segregationists. If the segregationist claims that the first decision was the only valid one, then an *obiter dictum* issued in 1873 by Supreme Court Justice Miller may be cited to supersede even the 1896 decision. Miller said it was "doubtful that the Fourteenth Amendment would ever be construed in any other way than to prevent discrimination against Negroes."

The Southern segregationists also claim that the Fourteenth Amendment is not legal because the South was governed by Northern "carpetbaggers" when the Amendment was passed in 1868. Nevertheless, the Southern legislatures did approve the Amendment and did not raise any serious objections to it until many years after the Amendment was law. The Southern states

were also in the position of a conquered people in 1868; and even if they had been forced to approve the Amendment, it would have been the result of the victor, the United States, requiring the loser, the South, to pay up a debt—signing the law.

The last argument that segregationists use to give legal support to segregation is that the states receive certain powers from the Tenth Amendment. This Amendment gives states powers not given to the federal government; pro-segregation groups have construed the Amendment to mean that states may practice segregation. This may be refuted by pointing out that, because of the 1954 Supreme Court decision, the Fourteenth Amendment has implied powers forbidding segregation; moreover, the Supreme Court also stated that federal district courts should implement integration. Therefore, if the federal government has the power to carry out integration, the states lose the power to enforce segregation.

The moral argument for segregation may be refuted through careful study of the Bible. Although the Bible did allow slavery, it placed severe restrictions on the slaveowner. (Slavery declined considerably during the later Biblical period.) Also, it may be said that slavery was practiced in such a way that individuals were the victims, and not a whole people or race. Morally, it may also be said that since both Negroes and whites are human beings, they should both be treated as such. Christ's teachings in the New Testament set the tone for an over-all morality which more nearly approaches the true message of the Bible than any citation of isolated passages can.

The pro-segregation case also cited several studies by a Villanova professor who claimed that whites were mentally superior to Negroes. Besides this professor, few other psychologists or sociologists hold that viewpoint. In the October 26, 1956, issue of *U. S. News and World Report*, eighteen sociologists, most of them members of the American Psychological Association, wrote an article which concluded that any differences in the mental abilities of the two races, which are shown by various tests, are "scientifically unjustified." This article also contained a statement, signed by thirty social scientists in 1953, which was presented to the Supreme Court. The statement read, "that much, perhaps all, of the observable differences . . . may be adequately explained in terms of environmental differences" and " . . . innate racial differences in intelligences are not well founded."

A refutation of the segregationists' final argument must present examples that show integration can work. A St. Louis principal reported that in the second year of integration at his high school, with 50% Negroes, classes ran more smoothly than the year before when there had been two whites for every Negro. In Louisville, Kentucky, school superintendent Carmichael has devised a plan for giving parents a choice about where to send their children. In 1956, 80% of the high schools were mixed, with the same percentage in grammar schools as well.

As for Little Rock and Washington, D. C., these are exceptions to the rule of quiet integration. A test study reported in the November, 1957, issue of *Scientific American*, conducted by Melvin Tumin, associate professor of sociology at Princeton, in the latter part of 1957, showed that Southerners are not so strongly set against desegregation as many militant segregationists claim, and that the stereotype of Negro inferiority will disappear after desegregation has become widespread.

Integration, or the mixing of the white and Negro races, is justifiable legally, morally, and psychologically. Practice has shown that integration can work when given a chance by the authorities. Interviews and studies have shown that Southerners are not totally opposed to integration. On the basis of these facts, one may conclude that integration is certainly more desirable than segregation.

Theme Song

DALE LYTTON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

THE BLANK SHEET OF PAPER IN FRONT OF HIM REFLECTS perfectly his state of mind. It waits patiently, like a dog waiting to have his back scratched. The bluish lines merge and separate and merge again, and the vertical red rule resembles a pattern not unlike that recorded on the smoke drum of a seismograph. The background of whiteness glows and diminishes, flashes and dims, a neon sign that refuses to be extinguished. These are tricks of the eyes.

And there are sounds—the occasional beep of an automobile-horn, the bothersome whine of an ancient Edith Piaf record playing on the phonograph next door, the familiar noises of a poker game underway upstairs, the nervous drumming of his fingers. Think, dammit!

Think of what? The book says not to worry about thoughts, but just to start writing. He's not an automaton, he laments. Ideas don't flow like water from a tap at the turn of a handle. "Think—final exams only five days away—why not 'ace' French—turn down that phonograph, you idiot—about time for a coffee break—wonder what Pat is doing—maybe a cigarette would help—think! This is thinking?"

He thinks with his body. Nervous hands need no guiding thoughts. His knees press together, he scrapes his calves against the rungs of his uncomfortable chair, his feet dance to the music from next door.

He squirms, he wiggles, he scratches, and his scribbling becomes a mass of unrelated doodles that have no worth except as a collector's item for some aspiring psychologist. He viciously rips away the wasted sheet,

wads it in one clenched fist, and throws it toward the wastebasket, and his eyes are confronted by a second page, as pure and sterile as the first had been.

He pauses, then suddenly grasps his pen and purposefully writes a group of words that meet the basic requirements of a sentence. He leans backward and relaxes, breathing a sigh of relief. The struggle is over. The battle is won. And Hemingway couldn't have fought harder.

Retaliation

JON JENKINS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

HAVING READ SEVERAL ESSAYS THAT WERE CONCERNED with technology and its adverse effects on the human being, I feel that at least one voice, no matter how feeble, should be raised in objection. Therefore, I intend to become the champion of that most attacked symbol of this scientific age, the machine.

Let us discuss this matter of man versus machine. Critics who would have the world remain in a static condition until that happy day when man is a perfectly adjusted being, ready for scientific progress, wail that the machine is becoming a monster that is making Man sub-human.

Very well, Presto! The machine no longer exists. Now Man is free—he no longer feels inhibited or suppressed. Of, course, there are a few drawbacks. With no machines, there is a tremendous burden put on the back of every working man. He must revert to the twelve-hour day and the six-day working week. This is, of course, only a physical argument and is of little real value to these philosophical opponents of the machine. But consider, this man has lost one-half of the time that was formerly his. It was in this leisure time that he decided whom to vote for, what shape foreign affairs were taking, where and how to send his boy through college, when to buy that new gizmo for the wife, or just what to watch on T.V. Granted it was also time that he could use to become an alcoholic or go quietly crazy, but it was time. It is time that we eliminate when we eliminate the machine. It is one-half of a life.

The critics of the machine retort, "Well, sure, this time is what the machine gives him, but look what it takes away. How can a man gain any satisfaction from working with the same piece of machinery all day? It destroys his feeling of accomplishment. He has no pride in his work." Does the machinist find no satisfaction in knowing the intricacies of a three-ton milling machine or in knowing how to set up a multiple drill press or how to turn a hunk of metal into a polished piston on a lathe? If the hoist

operator can feel no pride in the knowledge that he is one of the few men who can pull and drop pipe fast enough to meet a drilling schedule, or if the mechanic feels no pride in having the ability to build a whole car, then I can agree with the opponents of the machine. Since this is very unlikely, I maintain that a man who works with machines today can have as much pride in his work as did his grandfather who was a carpenter or a smith. He is every bit as much a craftsman; only the tools are different.

Therefore, I fail to see just what it is that is so terrible about the machine. Its adversaries picture it as a mechanical monster that is cunningly strangling the intellect and will of man. I see the machine as an extension of the human body that can perform a task with greater speed and dexterity than a man could. The machine is not an enemy; it is an ally. If Man's world is becoming too difficult for Man to control, he should not look darkly upon the machine; he should look instead into the mirror.

Science Our Savior

EDWARD NIEHUS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

. . . How much of modern physical science is a mere rattling of dead bones, a mere threshing of empty straw! . . . Are men better? Are men greater? Is life sweeter? These are the test questions.

—John Burroughs, "Science and Literature"

WHAT CAN JOHN BURROUGHS MEAN BY ASKING: "ARE men better? Are men greater? Is life sweeter?" Can he possibly believe that our modern advancements have not produced an affirmative answer to these questions? Civilization! Progress! These are his answers. It is science and technology which have answered him, and it is these two things which will produce all answers and solve all problems. There will be no place in the future for the so-called "Great Thinker." There will be none of his moral and theological perplexities. Science is our hope for the future. With its slide rule and element chart, it will answer these problems and present us with leisure, health, and contentment. What more can we ask?

What comforts does literature offer mankind? None! It offers nothing but unanswerable questions, unprovable theories, and disheartening philosophies. Burroughs praises virtue, heroism, character, and beauty. But they are non-essentials, of no real concern to society. As long as the buildings grow taller and the planes go faster, our civilization will prosper. A three-day weekend is of much greater interest than a hundred theories concern-

ing the difference between right and wrong. What use humanity if all is equality? Science will provide the world with three meals a day, and happiness will reign.

Literature is full of noble ideas concerning moral and spiritual truths. But where is their success? They have only succeeded in filling the world with prejudice and hate. They start wars, wars which science is called upon to stop. No, it will not be love and understanding which produce peace. It will be the largest H-bomb and the highest satellite. In these rest man's hope for peace.

Scholars clamor for the knowledge of the ancient cultures. Could anything be more useless? Expecting such knowledge to exert an influence on modern society is like expecting a bark from a dead dog. Ancient Greece and Rome have nothing to offer us. We have long since absorbed their knowledge and surpassed their achievements. Proof of our superior intellect lies in the complexity of our modern civilization. We may now reject the past as if it were a faulty theorem. To believe that "the road to tomorrow leads through yesterday" is to believe in retrogression.

The present is the door to tomorrow, and science is the key. Science will provide us with the essentials of life: a full stomach, a warm house, and a new car. Science will take a test tube and a slide rule and develop a mass-producible philosophy. No longer will every individual be required to struggle with literature's unanswerable questions. Any problem which is not applicable to science's unyielding laws will be neatly eliminated like a malignant cancer. A "soma pill" or a "hate hour" will get rid of any undesirable emotions. When science has eliminated the idea that only man is of interest to man, it will have eliminated literature. Then mankind will be able to settle down to a life which is as systematic, definable, unchangeable, and as completely enjoyable as science itself. Then we will be saved.

The Controlling Force

JOHNIE M. DRIVER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

ONE OF THE MOST FRUSTRATING THINGS THAT MEN are required to endure is burning curiosity with no way of satisfying that curiosity. One of the issues that has perplexed man for quite a long time has to do with his origin, his direction and the impelling forces in his life, and his destiny. A result of this curiosity is the theory of evolution—a theory on which many views have been expressed. An excellent treatise on the subject of evolution is one by George Gaylord Simpson.¹ One chapter in his

¹ *The Meaning of Evolution*, (New York: The New American Library, 1954).

book is entitled "The Problem of Problems." In it he asks the question: "What forces have been in action throughout the history of life?" He describes the question as being "the problem of problems for evolution and for life itself." He sets forth three schools of thought, each of which purports to account for the impelling forces that determine the course of evolution: vitalism, finalism, and materialism. Each of these theories as explained by Mr. Simpson is discussed below.

The vitalistic theory of evolution is characterized by the view that the truth is found in the creative aspect of the life process—the truth being that there is a force inherent in plant and animal life, a life substance, a vital element, that is completely non-existent in inorganic nature. This force, the vitalists believe, acts in an entirely inexplicable manner to determine the course of evolution. This view does not ascribe to evolution a given direction or goal but does hold that changes that arise are just the ones needed for best adaptation and that extinction is caused by the continuation of inherent inadaptable trends.

The finalistic theory of evolution is different from the vitalistic theory chiefly in that it holds that the truth is found in the directional nature of evolution—that evolution involves an over-all plan, progressing toward a single goal; this goal is commonly taken to be man. Finalists believe that things happen because they were meant to happen, and offer no details on how they happen, simply accepting the course of events as necessary to achieve the desired end: the perfection of man. The notion has been advanced that the finalistic theory is held mostly by those to whom the theory of evolution is somewhat distasteful, and has served as a sugar-coating for the pill, persuading them that "evolution is, after all, consonant with their emotions and prejudices."²

The materialistic theory of evolution is an attempt to explain evolution scientifically. This entails considering the observable phenomena, determining their nature and characteristics, and making inductive generalizations on the basis of what is discovered. This theory is, of necessity, different from vitalism, which holds that evolution is inexplicable, as well as from finalism, which offers no explanation at all for evolution. Yet, in some aspects there are areas for possible agreement. For instance, vitalism maintains that there is a life substance or principle that is independent of substances found in inorganic nature, whereas materialism agrees that there may be a life substance or principle, but that it differs from the substance of inorganic nature in its organization only—much as different reactions of combined chemical elements are determined by the element's electron arrangements. Too, materialism allows that the forces of history could be materialistic and yet have been, as finalists believe, instituted as a means for reaching an end. Materialism makes no claims of knowing how life began, the origin of the laws and properties of matter under which organic evolution operates, or the end result of evolution. It does

² Simpson, p. 132.

hold, however, that life is materialistic in nature but that it has properties unique to itself which reside in its organization, not in its materials or mechanics, and that all change in life since its inception is capable of being explained in terms of purely material phenomena.

In examining these various theories, one is inclined to make a choice as to which he believes to be the correct or most plausible one. Such a decision is difficult to make. One is not likely to accept all of the views expounded by one theory, and yet he is likely to find some acceptable views in all. Any true decision, then, would embody a portion of more than one such theory. However, any decision will include a greater part of one theory than of others. What is more important, perhaps, is the fact that in order to make any choice at all, one must first accept the theory that evolution has, in fact, occurred.

In assuming that evolution is an accomplished fact, one must accept, at least for examination, the materialistic theory, for it alone offers material that is open to scientific analysis. This theory, as we understand it, is plausible enough in the areas that it covers. On the basis of what we know, we can accept the idea that genes are the determining hereditary factors. We can accept as plausible the notion that adaptations to the environment can cause mutations in genes and thus affect future generations. It is logical to assume that natural selection and differential reproduction, as defined by Simpson, could be prime determinants of the ultimate direction of evolution, and it is not at all unreasonable to assume that environment plays an important part in orienting adaptive tendencies.

These principles are essentially all that are embodied in the materialistic theory of evolution. They leave much to be desired. Without some governing force of some sort, there would be nothing to prevent mutations in genes from causing an infinite number of different results, none of which, perhaps, would be a change that would result in better adaptation to the environment. Natural selection and differential reproduction cannot be the growing forces since they facilitate adaptation only in the sense that they are a result of mutations. Something must cause changes in the environment to act upon genes in such a way that the resultant mutations will cause changes in offspring that will better enable them to cope with the changed environment. Therefore, even though we accept genes as being hereditary determinants, we must insist that there is some vital impelling force, some guiding principle, that causes mutations in genes to produce changes that provide for more suitable adaptation. Too, if there are universal laws that govern the course of life, similarly, there must be an origin of those laws and an origin of life. Just as nothing happens of its own accord, likewise, reason dictates that nothing happens without purpose, and if there is a purpose, there must be a Purposer.

In order to satisfy man's burning curiosity and resolve the frustrations that are a result of this curiosity, we must explain the mysteries that surround us in terms of something. We must accept the most logical and definitive expla-

nation. However, we must remember that on the basis of observable phenomena, inductive generalizations are made. We must also be aware of the fact that these phenomena must be interpreted. Errors are made in interpretation as well as in generalization. A classical example of error in interpretation is provided by the case of Piltdown man. In this case a part of a skull, a jaw, and some animal remains were interpreted as being an important early link in the evolutionary chain of *homo sapiens*. Its authenticity was generally accepted for about forty years. Through a later examination it was determined that the jaw of so-called Piltdown man was that of an orangutan. Likewise, Newtonian mechanics were generally accepted as correct for well over two hundred years. However, the introduction of the theories of relativity and of quantum mechanics disclosed evidence of errors in generalization in the Newtonian theories. Future examinations and discoveries will doubtless show that portions of the materialistic theory of evolution are wrong or in need of refinement.

The materialistic theory attempts to explain man in the universe in terms of observable phenomena. In this it goes far, but still it is incomplete. It admits that man is the highest animal of all, that he has the power to determine the direction of evolution, and that there is a decided possibility that he can introduce finalism into organic evolution. However, materialism does not set forth man's purpose or the final goal to which he would direct evolution. All of our experience and training has led us to believe that there is a reason for all things—that nothing, however trivial, is without purpose. If one accepts this fundamental belief, then, there must be a purpose for man—a purpose for life itself. The materialistic theory would have us believe that man, the world, and life itself exist purely by accident, having no reason for being, moving toward no goal. Logic will not allow us to hold such a view. Yet the materialistic theory, though incomplete and possibly wrong, is the best of the three in that it can be subjected to our present analysis without breaking down in its essential parts.

The materialistic theory attempts to preclude the possibility of a supreme being, but the existence of a supreme being cannot be reasonably rejected simply because the presence of such a being cannot be subjected to scientific analysis. There is too much other evidence that supports such a contention. Aside from the evidence available to us through logical deduction on the basis of our own observations, there is also evidence from witnesses. Among the witnesses is one whose eminence is irrefutable and the veracity of whose statements has been found infallible for well over nineteen hundred years: Jesus Christ. Another prime reason why the notion of a supreme being is more acceptable in the light of our experience is that it alone provides a complete, coherent, and purposeful view of the existence of the world and man's place in it.

In the light of all else, there is still room for doubt that man is a product

of evolution. If he is, however, his evolution will someday be explained in terms of material phenomena. His origin, the origin of the laws that govern his life and his purpose, it now appears, must be explained in terms of One whose intelligence far surpasses ours, of whom and by whom are all things, past, present, and future.

The Advantages of Defeat

AIMEE MERRIAM

Rhetoric 101, Placement Theme

I SAT OPPOSITE MY OPPONENT, WATCHING HIM AS HE arranged the checkers on the board. His precision of movement and facial intensity fascinated me. This was more than an ordinary game to him. His hands rested on the checkers for a moment and then drummed nervously on his glass. "Your move," he said.

My checker skittered unsurely out on the board. He plopped his piece squarely. He looked up and smiled. "My, what lovely blue eyes," I thought. I smiled back. I knew then what my strategy for the game would be. I moved again, and immediately he jumped me.

"That was a poor move," he said.

"Perhaps I should not lose so quickly," I thought. "I will try to win until the game becomes crucial. Then I will lose and he won't notice that I tried to lose."

My next few moves were brilliant, but he countered each one easily. I began to lose confidence as I watched my checkers disappear from the board. I clenched my hands and glared at the table. His face was nearly radiant as his checkers hopped about the board. I was beginning to forget about wanting to lose. I wanted to save my confidence and my pride. It was too late. My last few checkers slid off the board and onto his lap. I was mortified.

"Well," he said, "Do you want to play another game? Perhaps your luck will improve." It was so easy for him to be gallant. He had won. For him it was a closed case. He was superior. I swallowed hard and looked sweetly up at him. I remembered *my* game. Perhaps another round of checkers wouldn't hurt. Then he might offer to teach me how to play. I wanted to keep him interested.

The next game went very quickly. Naturally, I lost. "Let me give you some pointers," he said. "Always keep your first few checkers out next to the sides. Move your men as a block, not individually. Think a few moves ahead of your opponent."

I thought ahead to a lovely walk home through the park. "Perhaps he'll ask me out to the dance next weekend."

"I'll try to do better this time," I said. "You move first."

"Would you like to go to a movie tomorrow night?" he asked. He looked very happy. "You're the first girl I ever met that enjoyed playing checkers."

"I'd love to go. Pick me up at eight."

"Suppose I *did* lose," I thought. "I gained quite a bit, too."

Indian Raid

BARBARA BATEMAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

WHEN MY BROTHER AND I WERE SMALL, OUR FAMILY owned a cabin in the Minnesota wilderness. Unpretentious and secluded as it was, we were not too far from an extremely interesting house. It looked quite out of place in the primitive forest—a huge building with tall pillars and white sideboarding, marked by great black shutters around the windows. It seemed unbelievably large to the two of us, and strangely fascinating. Our favorite game of "playing Indian" somehow brought us closer and closer to the estate each day.

One morning, while stalking a particularly large tribe of imaginary Chippewas, my brother and I got the idea of investigating this mysterious mansion. But such action called for careful planning; we ran home over an unmarked trail, colliding with each other as we fell into the kitchen, highly excited at our wonderful idea. The kitchen served us well, as dining room, dressing room, and often, in the cold weather, as a bedroom. But today it was our conspiring room. The bronzed skin on our bodies shone as we dressed in the early sunlight. Lee pulled on jeans over his thin legs; my jeans, wrinkled and dirty, I hurriedly put on. We removed our shirts and, taking a large burnt piece of wood, traced wild black patterns across our backs and chests. Washcloths and rags became loin cloths tucked in the back and front of our pants. So little could we control our giggles that we were near hysteria, but somehow continued the farce. Dad had made intricately beaded leather head-bands for us, and we had found sea-gull feathers to stick in them. He had also shown us how to make simple tomahawks from a hunk of granite, a bit of twine, and a young birch stem. Bows and arrows, hand-made under his guidance, were our prized possessions, and we got them from the other room. Then, armed and dangerous, we slipped off our shoes and sneaked barefoot back through the forest.

The path wound and often lost itself in the density of the deep woods, but

since we had pioneered the animal water trails to make the original path, it was easy enough to find again. Talking in bird whistles, we were two transformed children. He was Okejawa and I was Arakina, two names meaningless except to small adventurers.

We reached the house. It was quite stupendous; it was beautiful. The sun reflected off its whiteness, and against the uneven crudity of the wild backdrop, it stood out aristocratic and fine. Yet it lacked something. It had to be raided! And we were just the ones to do it. Suddenly yelping at the top of his lungs, Lee began the dash across the yard, his feathers and his legs and brown arms flying. It was very funny to see what he called his "I-am-big-chief-of-all-thunder-and-lightning" dance. Not to be outdone, I too let out a shriek which I hoped would frighten anything living or dead, and catapulted myself over the grass.

This antic over, we stopped breathless and stared at the door in anticipation. We could discern bustling movements as some shades were opened and others quickly drawn. My brother could not resist one last fling of his dance; so, somersaulting twice, he cartwheeled over the black walk. Then he squatted on his haunches and cautiously drew one of his blunted arrows. After notching it slowly, he pulled the string back and let go; the arrow flew to the door, making a terrific bang as it broke through the small window. Again he jumped up with a war-whoop. I was scared a bit now, but since I knew the arrows were harmless, I didn't let my slight tremor restrain me from loosing two arrows myself—one bounced off the side of the house and broke; the other smashed a vase on the porch.

Suddenly the door of the house flew open, and a terribly funny-looking man stood there. His hair was thin and fell over his skinny, long face. Two very silly-looking legs stuck out beneath his maroon bathrobe. We could hardly keep from laughing at this bathrobed gentleman furiously trying to break a blunt arrow across his knee, but succeeding only in bending it a bit.

But Lee and I knew it was time to move and move fast. Unable to resist a last war-whoop, we flung our makeshift tomahawks across the lawn and dashed down the gravel driveway, the strange voice screaming obscenities after us.

We reached the dust road, breathless from laughing and running. The sun was bright and hot, and our bare feet were so sore that we stopped to rest by the mailbox. There was a name on the box, and I stood to read it. Tracing the letters, I spelled out MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS.

"Who do you s'pose that is?" I asked Lee.

"How should I know?" he retorted. "He sure couldn't be much 'cuz he doesn't like kids. And besides, did you ever see anyone so funny in your life?"

"No." I had to admit that early in the morning this Mr. Sinclair Lewis did look pretty funny. "But what about that mansion? He must be pretty great to have a place like that," I continued.

"Aw, he probably stole it," explained my brother. "C'mon, let's go home."

Supper was delicious that night—or so Mom and Dad told us. We didn't get any. News of our episode had preceded us in the form of a very curt, very irate note, dispatched shortly after our exodus. We didn't forget the spanking, but neither did we forget the episode nor the great Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

It wasn't many years later that I was old enough to read Mr. Sinclair Lewis' books. *Main Street* and *Babbitt* became favorites. Then one winter I accompanied Dad on a business trip to Sauk Center, Minnesota. The two of us had dinner with the postmaster, a handsome old gentleman of sixty-five who had made Sauk Center his home all his life.

"Dad, this is Gopher Prairie isn't it?" I asked during the course of the meal. "These are Lewis' people!"

Dad said, "This is Lewis' country, yes, but I don't suppose he is too popular here."

The postmaster laughed and added, "Nope, we don't think too much of that Lewis fellow around here." I remembered once thinking that too.

Modern Babbitts — Trained by Fraternities

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

IN *BABBITT* SINCLAIR LEWIS CREATED A CHARACTER SO representative of a particular type of person that the name of the character Babbitt is now recognized as a noun in *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*. "Babbitt" is defined as "a business or professional man who adheres to the social and ethical standards of his group." Although the birth of a Babbitt can begin anywhere, it is most likely to begin at college, where a person is thrown into a new situation and feels the need to conform in order to be secure and to be accepted. Joining a fraternity in college further precipitates conformity, for fraternity pledge training often results in the molding of modern Babbitts, men who are conformists.

Conformity results because pledge training is designed to fashion a pledge into a shape his fraternity feels is desirable. The first step in the pledge program is to degrade the pledges. When a pledge loses his natural esteem for himself, he becomes more willing to be molded into the fraternity's concept of the ideal member. By subjecting a pledge to hardships, the fraternity is able to humble him. One such hardship is the prevention of sleep.

After being forced to remain awake for an entire weekend, a pledge loses some of his will power and performs actions he would not consider under normal conditions. Embarrassed because he performed these actions, the pledge forfeits some of his self-respect.

Another way of causing a pledge to realize that he is not important is to make him waste hours counting bricks. This demonstrates to the pledge that the fraternity has little regard for his time or desires. By flaunting a pledge's insignificance, the fraternity degrades the pledge. An excellent depreciator is to shave the heads of the pledges, for this action shows the pledges that they have no rights and are subject to the whims of the actives.

After a pledge is humbled, he is accustomed to taking orders in preparation for the actual molding process. A pledge is forbidden to question orders; he must automatically follow the orders given to him by the actives. Thus, thinking, as well as questioning, is discouraged.

Once the pledge has been humbled and accustomed to taking orders, he is ready to be shaped to conform to the fraternity's ideals. Shaping is accomplished by regulating much of a pledge's life. Many of the fraternities require that their pledges study in the library during the day whenever they are not in class. This procedure enables a fraternity to regulate the study habits of its pledges as well as to encourage the pledges to make the grades the fraternity desires of them.

Each fraternity also wants its pledge class and the entire fraternity to be considered "well-rounded." To acquire this reputation, the fraternity requires each pledge to date. It arranges exchanges with sororities and provides its pledges with dates. Some fraternities even instruct their pledges in proper manners.

That pledge training results in a certain amount of conformity is evidenced by the fact that many of the pledges have the same study habits, dating habits, and even the same type of clothing. Many pledge classes and even entire fraternities can be recognized by the type of jackets or sweat shirts they wear, for they are uniform.

After graduation many fraternity men are so well integrated to fraternity life and customs that they wish to remain fraternity men. Thus, many belong to alumni associations. These fraternity men continue to follow the acceptable pattern set down by their predecessors by supporting the fraternity—always.

In this manner an alumnus can remain "one of the boys" even when he is no longer considered a "boy." Belonging to the fraternity, even as an alumnus, gives each the same feeling of acceptance he had as a pledge. Consequently, a fraternity man never feels alone in the world; he can always rely on his fraternity brothers.

Thus, as a consequence of pledge training, many college graduates become modern Babbitts. Many have been so well regimented by their fraternity that they never completely break the tie.

Raising Rabbits

WOLFGANG STEMMER

Rhetoric 100, Theme 3

AS GERMANY APPROACHED THE END OF THE SECOND World War with its highways, railroads, and other means of transportation either destroyed or in the hands of the enemy, the food supply in different sections of my country became critically low and remained far below normal for several years after Germany's surrender. The result was that every family was on its own. In order to overcome this lack of food, families who could find a small plot of land started their own gardens. Likewise, instead of going meatless, my family, among others, started to raise rabbits.

The care of the rabbits usually fell to the younger ones of the family. Since I was the youngest in my family, from the age of seven to about ten, I cared for our rabbits. Previous to that time, my brother had had the responsibility. I raised our last rabbit.

The stall for our rabbits was shed-like, about two feet wide, the same number deep, and approximately five feet tall. The number of rabbits we had usually varied from two to four. These had to be fed twice a day, once in the morning and once in the evening. Their appetite tolerated, as food, most vegetables, grain, clover, hay, and dandelions. Since we ourselves had very little of the first two, their diet consisted of the last three. Later, when I took care of them and began to spoil them, they quite suddenly considered clover distasteful. That left hay and dandelions. Hay, however, had to be bought and therefore was used only in the winter. So they ate dandelions. We, meaning the boys who were responsible for getting this diet, had the choice of going along the roadside and tearing the plants up one by one or of getting them out of a meadow. Since our "pets" consumed large amounts and the roadsides were usually picked clean of these plants, the first method was quite tedious and required several hours. We, therefore, preferred the second method, but the farmers objected vigorously to this. This meant that our task had to be done unobserved—or, simply, we had to steal. This sometimes turned out to be quite an adventure.

One Monday morning I got up, had my breakfast, and went downstairs to feed my rabbits. Arriving in front of the shed, I reached up into a small compartment containing the feed and placed two handfuls into each of the two troughs. I noticed that the supply was getting low; so, Tuesday morning, about eleven o'clock, a friend and I went out to replenish our feed supply. We had memorized a fairly large list of the location of pastures and meadows; in considering every location, we weighed the danger of being caught and the

chances of finding there what we needed. For the first try, we decided on the closest grassfield. We reached it after a quarter-mile walk. The field was rather small, about six times as large as the average backyard in Urbana. We were on one side, and a two-story house stood on the other. We had met its owner, but we had no desire to renew our acquaintance.

The dandelions were quite thick and quite large. That meant less time and less work to fill our rucksacks, brought for that purpose. Quite casually we edged up to about the center line of the field. Here was a slight dip where the rain water had taken longer to seep into the ground. Therefore, the grass was extra rich. We faced each other. I glanced down the road and my friend up, taking one last survey. Then tense and grinning at each other, we counted to three. In four leaps we were at our preselected spot, down on our knees, tearing the green dandelions up, and stuffing them into our sacks. No mower, whether electric, gasoline, or atomic, could have outmowed us. In exactly forty seconds we had our sacks almost full.

Wham! "The idiot!" I thought. "If he hadn't slammed that door, he might have caught us." Both of us took two more handfuls of whatever happened to be in front of us, jumped up and ran—ran like hell. The owner, who had slammed the door and thereby given himself away, was at the end of the field, the wrong end, as far as we were concerned. He ran across, trying to head us off as we came "barrelling" down the road. However, he couldn't run diagonally and thereby get ahead of us because his meadow was bordered by a high fence on that one side. That saved the day for us. I was behind my friend, and it looked as if I would collide with our pursuer. Having two-hundred pounds hit me from the side did not appeal to me, but it seemed unavoidable, for this time I was cornered between a fence running along my side of the road and that "charging bull." Suddenly he slipped, just a tiny bit, but enough for me to get a one-step lead over him. I came charging down the road with my rucksack over one shoulder. He came charging across the field with his eyes solely on me. We met. His left arm made a wide sweep to grab me. Still running as fast as I could, I leaned forward as far as possible. His arm missed. Not only did his arm miss, but he also plowed full force into the fence. Any other time I would have laughed out loud, but I knew he wasn't through yet. As I glanced over my shoulder, I could almost see the steam rising from his head as he charged after us. "Oh brother," I thought. "He'd better not catch you now." The road I was on led directly into my home street, on which there was nothing but four-story apartment houses side by side. When we reached my street, my friend and I went separate ways. He ran on down the street, and I ran into the first building I came to. That was an old trick. That "big bull" behind me was certain he had me this time, but there he was wrong. Through the front door I ran, down the hall, almost falling over a bucket, and out the back door. Then I climbed over a seven-foot fence separating the back yard of one apart-

ment building from that of the next one. From there I headed for the back door of the adjacent building. There I waited for the back door of the building I had just left to slam. It did. That meant the street was clear. Out the front door I went, down three houses, in a front door again, and up three flights of stairs to my apartment. My friend was there waiting for me. We looked at each other, grinned, and finally laughed out loud. We were proud of ourselves. In all the excitement, we had not abandoned our dandelions.

The experience just related was by no means typical. We usually were much more careful in selecting a safe meadow and avoiding such excitement, but since we never knew whether we would be caught, these field trips always brought their excitement with them.

America's Number One Fraud

JAMES B. ELLERN

Rhetoric 102, Placement Theme

THE NUMBER ONE FRAUD, AS PRACTICED IN THE REPUBLIC currently, is, in the author's opinion, the twin daggers which slash at the arteries and even at the heart of Civilization, to wit, Democracy and Puritanism. The two bugaboos are distinctly American characteristics; nowhere else are they found together in such abundance as here, and nowhere else do they have such an omnipotent hold on affairs of state, public and private institutions, and daily occurrences. Below, the author shall attempt to set forth the origin of these two concepts, their nature, and their broad effect on American life.

The rise of both Democracy and Puritanism represents the triumph of the palpably third rate over the admittedly superior. Both ideas were set forth by the *canaille*; Washington was opposed to both, as shown by his writings and actions; the eminent Senator Randolph of Roanoke declared eloquently, "I love liberty; I hate democracy." Ostensibly a contradiction, this phrase rings all too true today.

The nature of both evils is fairly easy to discern in spite of their ubiquitousness and therefore many variations. Democracy is, of course, intrinsically farcical; no sane American believes in the honesty of politicians, judges, and their compatriots. Nevertheless, there is one universal impulse in every democrat who is not being paid off. It is simply to bring every other person down to his level. He loftily terms this concept "equality."

The nature of Puritanism is roughly analogous to that of Democracy. It is the rage of the average (*i.e.*, frustrated and unhappy) American to make everyone else as miserable as he is. Because his wife is peevish and unattractive, he would have every man's wife the same way. He opposes

most forms of pleasure, especially those he cannot comprehend; thus, he has a guarded appreciation of unadulterated pelf, but beauty in art is, of course, strictly *verboten*.

Historically, the two ideas parallel each other quite closely, although Puritanism got a later start on the national scene. (Jackson's first election in 1828 was the first decisive victory of corn liquor over chablis.) Jackson and his cohorts swept in; liberty and sophistication in the Federal Government blew out. Calhoun was the sole survivor, and soon democracy killed him too.

The turn of the century marks the rise of the Puritan concepts in national politics. At first held in check by Roosevelt, who fought them with his own mania in 1912, they succeeded in putting Wilson on the throne. Eight years' exposure to Senator Lodge was too much for him; the unhappy end result was a small town printer who invited Seventh Day Adventists to the White House for amusement. Concurrent with this was the Puritan's greatest victory, Prohibition, the sordid details of which are too well known to merit discussion.

What will happen now? It seems that with the increasingly cosmopolitan (*i.e.*, flagrantly sinful) attitude of our youth, both concepts are doomed to extinction. (The author does not speak here of juvenile delinquents; he draws his information from widespread contact with his contemporaries!) In the meantime all we can do is keep our guard up and possibly perform some constructive action, such as the abolition of Congress.

The World and Billy Graham

JOHN McTAGGART BUSTARD

Rhetoric 101, Placement Theme

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS BILLY GRAHAM HAS LEAPED into prominence as an evangelist of extraordinary persuasiveness and power. Within the last few months he has drawn crowds which may well number in the millions to his rallies. There is no doubt that he has a marked effect upon those who see and hear him, but what is that effect and what bearing does it have on the conduct of the so-called "convert" and on the society in which that person lives?

To find an answer, if there is one, to these questions, one must first examine the content of his thought and message, and then compare that thought and message with the world in which those who hear them must function.

The crux of Graham's message is neither new nor startling; it is, in fact, no different from that of any fundamentalist Christian church. He

offers a plan of vicarious atonement, personal redemption, and unquestioning belief in the literal truth of the Bible. Whether or not this theological basis is sufficient to support an insecure individual in a highly complex, technological society is doubtful at the very least.

We live in an age in which many of the traditional theological concepts are no longer acceptable. Too many of the doctrines expounded for centuries in the name of orthodox belief are in direct contradiction to such data as we can observe through experience. It is too much to ask of a rational human being to disregard his perceptions and experiences and, simultaneously, to believe what can probably be best described as allegorical folk tales. Furthermore, religion need not be in conflict with one's experience. In the final analysis, one can act rationally only when his actions are based on rational beliefs and concepts. Any attempt to act on another basis can result only in confusion and disillusion, and no amount of hope for a better life after death can lessen that disillusion or quiet that confusion.

Graham's message is directed primarily to the individual who hears him and not directly to the total society in which that individual lives. Any effect on that society, therefore, must, of necessity, be indirect, at best. It is extremely doubtful if any marked effect can be traced to Graham and his meetings. It seems to me that unless the factors which produce the effects which Graham is combating are mitigated in society as well as in the individual, and simultaneously, any change in the individual can be temporary only.

Graham's effect on his audiences is, I believe, probably emotional entirely. His hearers are confused and desperate. He offers a simple, socially acceptable formula clothed in a glamorous form. What the final result will be cannot be predicted with surety; reason and experience, however, lead me to expect a rude awakening and a severe emotional hangover.

Her scores on the freshman guidance examinations were far above average. The psychologist interviewing her predicted that she would be in the top ten per cent of the freshman class and revealed that her scores in literature were remarkably high. "You can do anything in literature," he declared. Then he asked what subjects she was taking. "Well, there's Rhetoric 100," she faltered.

CINDY LEE, *Rhetoric 101*

High in the rotting hulk of a once-beautiful sycamore, a woodpecker telegraphed his morning greeting, pausing now and then as if expectant of an answer. Two gray squirrels in the adjacent hickory tree scurried from limb to limb, cursing and quarreling fiercely at the great yellow owl who drowsily ignored their taunts. The ever-present crows set up a raucous cawing, as one by one they broke formation and furiously swooshed over a shrilly-screaming marsh hawk from whose cutlass-like beak dangled the tattered remnants of last night's meal—a rabbit whose pitiful squalls had momentarily aroused the sleeping forest when the hawk's razor-sharp talons had methodically ripped its flesh.

DAVE SCHERT, *Rhetoric 102*

The Triumvirate

WILLIAM D. MILLER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT ADOLF HITLER KILLED several million Jews during the last war. Not so! Neither did Joseph Stalin send Ukranians to slave-labor camps in Siberia. Hirohito did not start World War II by ordering the attack upon Pearl Harbor. These are simply popular fallacies. The more astute historian recognizes these heinous social crimes as the work of three powerful and dangerous brothers in whose bloody hands lies the fate of mankind. Every outrage against the dignity of man has been perpetrated by these infamous three. These brothers are of no specific nationality, and recognize no national boundaries. They can be found in any country and are quite at home in these United States.

In fact, one is sitting now before his television set watching "The \$64,000 Question." He has just switched from another channel where a news analyst was beginning his commentary. Quiz shows are not his usual T.V. fare; but an election is being held in his locality, and the other stations are carrying campaign speeches. Since he never votes, these are of little interest to him. His name is Apathy. He crowns despots—dictators to nations, to labor unions, to economic classes.

The second of these three brothers is a relative newcomer to this country. He is named Servility. Although firmly entrenched here, he uses several disguises. Masquerading as cooperation, he causes men to submit to the dictates of the organization. Naming himself faith, he prevails upon men to accept truth and morality as defined by the policy-makers of a religious organization. In the guise of patriotism he induces men to fight wars and murder defenseless peoples.

The third is Ignorance. He reads pot-boilers and votes straight ticket. His specialty is in paving the way for his brothers, for in his absence the others are bound to failure. Never an infringement upon man's sacred dignity occurs but that his presence is observed.

Incarnations of these three states of mind, which are undermining man's attempts to attain dignity through democratic government, do exist—and to a surprisingly great extent. Surprise is the emotion that most people must experience when they realize that the blame for all social injustices and shortcomings in government rests directly upon themselves.

They are very young; to be alone together seems a miraculous feat. He wants to give her a ring—she gets a cigarette instead.

MARY ROSS, *Rhetoric 102*

Rhet as Writ

The real "brains" in our country were literally "caught with their pants down" because they were so few in number.

Many of them probably feel the way I do about autumn which is not unusual during this time of year.

The manor in which it was written was very effective.

Grant spent Sept. 8 and 9 deploring his troops.

. . . seventy-four victims of relentless cruelty passed away each day, or nearly two every hour.

All at wants I felt something hit my bait, but the water was just a foot deep here and I though I was just caught on something.

With satellites, moon rockets, and jet planes a common thing in the minds of the American people, an education is a must.

[Thoughts of sorrow] greatly outnumber those thoughts experienced during a wedding, when the first child was born.

I have had a very hard life because my mother died at the age of two.

This ballet made one feel like expressing himself in the aisles.

There are also many [athletes] who are in school for an education. This situation is not the fault of the athlete. It is the fault of the educators who have placed the many temptations within reach of the good high school athlete.

[Women] become of legal age at their eighteen birthday, while men have to wait until they are twenty-one before they become legal.

Soon my many belongings were sittings among the jumbled mass of my roomates.

Being a mamal, the porpoise is grey in color and five to eight feet in length.

. . . the author of *Huckleberry Finn*, Sammuel Peppey's . . .

In the eyes of all Christian churches, hate is a corporal sin.

Mr. Johnson's condition was quite bad and was taken to an insane asylum.

After all my classes I rushed home to do my nails, hair, and other odds and ends.

The building has a classical appearance with its silvered dome and yellow stone walls covered with bird droppings.

The Contributors

Larry Schafer—Rushville

William Presnell—Urbana

Marshall Dapin—Von Steuben

Dale Lytton—Flora

Jon Jenkins—N.W. Classen, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Edward Niehus—Plainfield

Johnie M. Driver—Cleveland H.S., Cleveland, Texas

Aimee Merriam—Bethesda-Chevy Chase, Bethesda, Maryland

Barbara Bateman—New Trier

Wolfgang Stemmler—Miami-Edison

James B. Ellern—Ferguson H.S., Ferguson, Missouri

John McTaggart Bustard—Warren G. Harding H.S., Warren, Ohio

William D. Miller—Benton

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Herman Diers, John Dorenkamp, William McQueen, R. W. Lewis, and Phyllis Rice, Editor.

The City and the Plain: Loneliness

EMILE DE ANTONIO

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

THE CITY, ITS VAST MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE MOVING to and fro in strange currents and eddies like a river's rapids, and the plain, still and cold in the moonlight, both foster fundamental loneliness. These two kinds of loneliness are quite different, but both seem to me to have the same essential basis, a feeling that one is completely alienated from one's surroundings and that these surroundings are in some way threatening one's individuality—perhaps by their magnificent ignorance of the fact that it exists.

The primary difference between this sensation in the city and in the plain seems to me to lie in the fact that the loneliness of the plain is a passive thing, while that of the city is an active one. It is the difference between the irresistible force and the immovable object, each overwhelming in its effect on one's mind, each reducing man to a dwarf.

In the last year I encountered both of these kinds of loneliness often and there are instances of each which are nearly as vivid to me now as they were then.

In the middle of the vast Kansas plain two roads met, and at this junction, though it was far from anything save the cattle and the fields, a town arose. I arrived at this town early one summer afternoon and stood at the crossroads there, thumb outstretched, waiting for a ride. For hours I waited, but few cars passed and none stopped for me. Finally, as the sun was setting, I lost all hope of getting a ride and decided to walk to another road that I believed was about eight miles away. By the time I had walked three miles it was dark, a clear, cool darkness lit only by the fire of the stars shining down on the black fields around me. The country was flat, and as I looked about, I could see to the limits of the world—to where it dropped off into the great void. At the edge of this world a glow flickered quickly—some unimaginably huge neon light lying just below the horizon. There were no cars, no people, no trees, not even an occasional light from a lonely farmhouse, nothing but me—and a great presence somewhere in the sky looking down upon me coldly as I stood pinned by the gleam of the stars. The world of people and cities was no longer real. This great dispassionate threat and myself were the only things existing in the universe. I started to run, then checked myself, slowed to a walk, and tried to think of other, familiar things. Nothing worked. All I could think of was that some terrible being was watching me, weighing me, passing judgment upon me—and there was no place to hide.

I arrived in the city penniless, knowing no one, and spent three days walking the streets, looking, listening, observing the great swarms of people moving like lemmings toward some unknown sea. I walked in the shrieking neon neurosis of Broadway and in desolate streets like massive ruins of some former age. I was alone. The walls were blank and cold and ignored me; to the people I was just another obstacle to walk around, or some animal that they must fight with in the dim caverns of the subway. The only people that spoke to me, beggars and drunkards, thought I was an automaton, that if they pushed the right buttons they would get what they wanted. The idea that I, or any of those unknown people milling about, might be human never occurred to anybody. But even through all of this I could feel a kind of striving—an essence of life. I felt that this monster was one that I could fight with, perhaps conquer—or understand. I was at the same time part of it and alien to it. It threatened me, but I did not feel helpless before it. Something could be done.

Man is a lonely egotistical being who understands little about himself and the world around him and fears what he does not understand, who tries to isolate himself because of this fear and because his ego could not bear a clear sight of himself. But he must also have emotional support and so cannot isolate himself completely. It is this conflict, I believe, that produces the loneliness of the city. The loneliness of the plain is man's realization of his smallness and ignorance in the face of the universe.

A Television Commercial

In the Style of John Charles Daly

ROBERT LANKSTON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

It is indigenous to most vertebrates to possess sharp protuberances about the maxilla and mandible known as dentures or teeth. The subject of this communication is concerned with the proper maintenance and general hygienic welfare of these protuberances.

Teeth, to use the common term of reference, require your constant consideration. Lack of individual attentiveness can result in their disintegration or even complete decomposition. It is not conjecture to state unequivocally that carelessness in this regard is an antecedent of halitosis. And, needless to say, oral hygiene is germane to physical vigor.

A highly effectual procedure in combatting dental disintegration and attendant malfunctions is a daily application of a dentifrice. A recent compendium indicates that "Cleendent," as a dentifrice, renders the most complimentary results. This product is composed of ingredients designed to remove nutritive remnants that become embedded between the dentures. Furthermore, it is highly effective in eradicating discolorations, and leaves the breath osculatingly refreshed. "Cleendent," when applied with a brush in a circuitous fashion, is unreservedly guaranteed.

Your unbiased consideration is earnestly solicited. Once you have applied "Cleendent," you will immediately observe the results aforementioned, and will add your encomium to that of hosts of others.

War or Peace?

PAUL SCHWARTZ

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

SINANTHROPUS EMITTED AN ANGRY GROWL, ROSE TO his feet, and suddenly launched himself forward with all the weight of his sinewy body, driving the obsidian point of his spear deep into his opponent's chest—and war began. Then, unconcernedly, he scrambled out of the cave, leaving his victim intact, to be found several hundred centuries later by some fortunate anthropologist. If the reader prefers a Biblical example, then the eternal embattlement of our species began when a well-guided missile careened off Abel's skull.

Statistics prove that hardly more than a decade has elapsed since the beginning of recorded history, when a war of one sort or another has not been launched somewhere in the world. It is as impossible and impractical to realize world peace as it is to actuate Thomas More's theory of Utopian Socialism.

It is necessary to remember that we, as human beings, command a position at the top of the evolutionary scale. According to accepted Darwinian theory, all species—the great proboscideans of the tropical jungles, the mice that scurry, unseen, about our fields and meadows, and even the myriads of amoebae that teem below the surface of the pond—must be kept in perfect balance.

At first, the problem was not too serious, for men bred slowly, and disease, the elements, and the rigors of life made the average span of life comparatively short. But as science and technology gained greater control of our environment, our numbers increased at a prodigious rate, and modern scientists, who have liberal tendencies, estimate that the average life span will increase to one hundred years in a century or less. Man has acquired frightening longevity, and now threatens to overrun the planet, crowding other species and the natural food supply into extinction.

But evolution, as though it had realized Nature's mistake too late, added a highly aggressive personality to the human character and, its work completed, withdrew temporarily from the scene. No one can argue that this personality *does* exist and *does* cause us to struggle against one another. Man has been burdened with the task of keeping his numbers in balance with other life, and since that fatal day in a cave in Northern China, he has handled his duty admirably. World War II, when vast multitudes of excess souls breathed their last, stands in mute testimony to this fact.

Nature also made us social animals because general advancement is promoted by sociality, and thus people fight in groups just as ants, social insects,

swarm into foreign colonies wielding their sharp mandibles, and unwittingly keeping their populations in check. In the case of ants and many other beasts, disease, famine, and natural predators aid in this unpleasant, but nevertheless necessary process, but in the case of humans the contributions of these factors are fairly insignificant and we must provide this inhibitory procedure almost alone.

Certainly nearly every American understands the consequences of war. On the other hand, we are inclined to speak of peace with only the abstract and idealistic considerations in mind. Few of us realize the dread that this term ought to inspire, for the results of peace, by comparison, might make war seem almost mild. It is plain to see that peace would permit our population to run rampant and exhaust the food supply; farming the seas would alleviate the situation only temporarily. Soon, the race would revert to the primitive, the hunting and gathering societies of the past, and Nature's plan, the obscure destination she has set for us, would be thwarted. Do you prefer to see your son wounded and bleeding on a foreign shore, or wandering naked over the shifting sands of a vast desert that was once a rich and fruitful world in a never-ending search for food? Under such abhorrent conditions no scientific, social, or economic advance could be carried out.

This brings us to what is perhaps a side issue, but one that is nevertheless important. Peace makes us tend to be rather lackadaisical and unproductive. The list of great scientific accomplishments that originated or evolved out of war is lengthy. Atomic energy, a scientific phenomenon that will one day prove to be our greatest servant, is still considered a weapon, an awesome dealer of death. Take into consideration too, the famous historical documents and profound philosophies that were instigated by the natural conflict of human beings.

Admittedly, war is a ghastly and terrifying reality and I am not attempting to justify it. But it fulfills a useful, necessary purpose, for while most of us continue to live in its presence, few would survive without it. Possibly, all life would cease without this useful tool of nature, and the earth would become as empty and void of life as the pitted satellite that circles it.

Then, let us remember when we lie dying on some battlefield that is a gaily colored pin planted firmly in our general's map, as many of us will, that we die not for a glorious cause set down in the noble speech of some politician, but because we are compelled to follow the dictates of Nature. Mankind may boast of his conquest of our natural environment, but at the final reckoning we invariably bow to Nature, either quietly as we sleep, or in the fiery midst of an international conflict.

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*

The Four Hundred and Forty Yard Dash

DAVID COVIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THE FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY YARD DASH LEAVES two impressions—one with the spectator, the other with the competitor. The impression left with the spectator is largely one of visual images.

Outdoors, at the dash's classic best, the spectator sees it run on an oval cinder track four hundred and forty yards in circumference. The start is staggered—that is, the man in the inside lane starts at the starting line, the man in the second lane a specified distance ahead of him, etc. Each man stays in his lane for the race's duration. After the runners have taken their places, the onlooker may hear the preparatory commands: "Runners, take your marks," and "Get set." These commands are followed by the starting gun. At the gun, the runners spring from the starting blocks, accelerate swiftly to sprinting speed, and race at almost top speed for the entire distance. The runners' motions are seemingly effortless; yet these contestants frequently race stride for stride, fighting for the lead, over the greater portion of the race. The finishes are usually extremely close. The speed of the race coupled with the spectacular stretch battles make the four-forty one of the most thrilling events on the track, a spectator's favorite.

The four-forty as the competitor knows it is a process. It begins as a faint fear early in the day of the meet. As the day progresses, the fear grows, and an hour before the race it is a tight knot in the pit of the runner's stomach. Fear confronts him in different forms—shortened breath, nervous tension. Nervous tension forces him to jog back and forth, back and forth, shaking his dangling arms. Yet the four-forty is not only the fear and tension; rather it is a series of impressions that continue in a voice that rings across the track. "Take off your sweats." That, the voice that causes the knot in the participant's stomach to expand to long grasping fingers that clench his chest and abdomen, that is the four-forty. And it is also a little man waddling onto the track, his right arm encased in a red sleeve, his right hand holding a gun.

"Runners, take your marks." This is the event that the trackman knows, the call that turns fear to cold pimples and brings beads of cold sweat sliding down his body.

"Get set!" The call electrifies the air, sounding a challenge, a challenge that turns cold fear to expectancy and kindles the fires of energy.

The blast of the gun begins the four-forty and the runner's explosive drive from the blocks. The quick, driving steps that bring immediate sprinting speed

and the practiced relaxation are the dash. The trackman knows this race as the boy to the left and the boy to the right, pushing, pushing. He lives it in the effortless movements of his legs, the feather-light tread of his feet, the thrill of running alone—ahead, the sound of spikes treading light on the cinders behind him. And the competitor feels the race in the sudden sickening fatigue he experiences as he rounds the last turn, the increasing intensity of the spikes to the rear. In the terrible expression of willpower the process continues, through the pushing that is beyond the realm of hope—to the goal that is the finishing tape. Nor does the event end with the dash, for the runner's race lasts in the athlete's exultation in his conquest, mind over body; in his team mate's handshake; his coach's warm words; his dad's warm smile; his mother's concealed happiness; and his girl friend's kiss.

Therefore, the four-forty may be a spectacle or an experience, a sight remembered, or an event relived at every crack of the starter's pistol.

Darkness

DANA SPENCER
Rhetoric 100, Theme 5

I TOSSED AND TURNED IN MY BED TRYING TO MUFFLE the sound of the buzzing alarm clock on my dresser. Finally, with much disgust I dragged to my feet and turned it off. Another day was beginning. Remembering that I was to get up at seven, I thought it was strange that daylight was not creeping into the room beneath the window shade, but, being still half asleep, I soon lost the track of that thought.

The dorm was quiet and most of the girls were still sleeping. I slowly dressed and ate my breakfast while trying to refresh my memory on the chemistry assignment due that morning. It was still not daylight.

I walked hurriedly to my first class; however I wasn't thinking about chemistry equations. Now I was really puzzled by the strange day. The idea occurred to me that maybe some phenomenal thing had happened to my alarm clock causing it to wake me hours ahead of time, but then other students would not be on the campus as they were now.

Climbing the dimly lighted stairway to the lecture room, I sensed the quiet and eerie feeling in the air. The classroom door was locked. A note on the window was all that gave evidence of this being a regularly used room. It said, "No class today. Go home to your room and stay there until further notice."

Something was wrong. I panicked! I couldn't understand the strange occurrences of this day. Still there was only darkness.

Throwing down my books, I frantically ran back to the dorm. I thought surely I could find the answer from someone there. Upon arrival I was shocked to find that everyone was in the same state I was. Girls were milling around the corridors. Some were in their pajamas, while others had dressed

in the expectation of going to morning classes. They seemed dazed and unable to think clearly. I stopped the girls I knew and excitedly asked what was happening, but they couldn't speak to me.

Finally, after a moment of helplessness, I remembered my radio, and I pushed my way to my room and turned it on. I flipped the dial, but got no response until I came to the Civil Defense station. Then, a stiff, tight voice came over the air, and at last, I received the shocking news. It was so unbelievable and out of the question that it took me a few minutes to comprehend the meaning of the announcer's abrupt words, "The sun has gone out!"

Greek Meets Greek

JOE CULBERG
Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

I am university student 265112. I am pledging I Giva Dama, the best fraternity on campus. Last night I had a very funny dream. It seems that somehow I was in heaven. I was looking for a landmark, when I see this guy coming toward me. He was weird looking: bald with a bedsheet wrapped around him.

"Where the hell am I?" I asks him.

"Quite the contrary my son," he says. Then I tells him that I am 265112 and a Dama pledge. He hold me that his name was Socrates. He turned out to be a Greek just like me. He asked me to come over to his house. I told him that I had already rushed so I couldn't. He told me that he had checked with the I.F.C. and it was okay. When we got to his house, I was amazed. It had pillars and big doors, just like the Dama house. We walks in and nobody looks.

"Hey, Soc," I says, "ain't I gonna meet the brothers?" He told me when his friends wanted to meet me they would; "Oh, that's because I'm not rushing, right Soc?"

"No, that's because they don't want to meet you." He took me into the dining room. "Would you like some food?" I was hungry; so I said yes. Well, old Soc claps his hands and a couple of men bring in trays and trays of goodies.

"Pledges, Soc?"

"Slaves."

We sits down to eat and he tells me all about his house. He says they get up when they want to, and eat when they want to. I says to him, "Soc, how can you guys live like this? Whatta ya do for supervision?" He looks at me funny and snickered. Then I asks, "Whatta ya do all day?"

"Oh, we read and contemplate a bit."

I was shocked. "Where do you get time?" I asked.

"Don't you have time?" Whatta silly guy. I told him I was too busy studying to learn.

I finally said, "Soc, just between us two, what do you do for excitement?"

"We have orgies."

"Everyone has to go, huh?"

"No."

"Then you get them dates from the pig pool?" He was getting pretty disgusted with me and I with him. Just before I left I said, "Soc, for a Greek you are the best god damn Independent I have ever seen." He thanked me and I left.

When I awoke I thought, "Brother I wouldn't want a guy like that in the Dama house. He doesn't even know what a Greek is."

Saints and Sinners

JOEL KAPLAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 1

The only difference between the saint and the sinner is that every saint has a past and ever sinner has a future.—*Wilde*

THE THOUGHT THAT SAINTS AND SINNERS ARE ESSENTIALLY alike is both extraordinary and true. Both must occasionally shudder at the thought of their sins and virtues; both must carry an immense burden, heavy and unrelenting; both must suffer, in their long search for joy amid tragedy.

Joy amid tragedy and tears amid gaiety—certainly these are the identifying characteristics of both lives. The difference—a significant one—is to be found in the simple fact that the saint—in the highest sense of the word—finds his tragedy in the past; the sinner finds his not only in the past, but also in the present. For him the present is a transitional stage. He may stagnate, or he may, through suffering, become a saint. The question is will he conquer suffering or will suffering conquer him?

All superior human beings have become so through a long, bitter conflict with themselves. Sometimes the conflict becomes so intensely brilliant and holds such fascination that the man whose soul is its battleground achieves greatness in the eyes of the world. However, to be a saint he must go further. He must have achieved salvation from inner torment; he must have overcome the suffering in his soul in order to have any hope of solving the sufferings of the world. And here can be seen the similarity between saints and sinners. Both have known this conflict within themselves. The saint has experienced his in the past; the sinner experiences his in the present—his conflict has not yet been resolved. Yet, somehow they are both superior to the average man, whose duller sensibilities render him incapable of experiencing deep pain or anguish.

In Wilde's quotation, the fact that the two are considered together indicates that Wilde is not referring to the ordinary sinner, but to a human being aware of his sins, for sins are only such if we consider ourselves to have sinned. To be aware of sin is to suffer from it. To be aware of sin is to strive toward a higher form of life, toward sainthood. Here, we must define the saint as Wilde sees him. By saint, he does not mean a Puritan or a pious and respectable pillar of the church or community. It is even conceivable that an atheist could become a saint (however, he would then cease to be a real atheist). A saint, to Wilde, is one who has achieved what the sinner is secretly striving for—the dimly-perceived, but real life of purity and meaning which is fully aware of the significance of the word "repentance." The saint has

not eliminated suffering or conflict. He has, instead, accepted the former and overcome the latter through a strong and confident determination to follow the path he has chosen.

We are now able to see the reason for the anguish, the burden, the sorrow, and the joy that shall always accompany the saint and the sinner. The former has used the suffering of life as a means of extracting the joy of life. Perhaps the sinner, in his long war against all that degrades and defeats the human soul, will do likewise.

The Mythical Morality of American History

SHARON SIMERL
Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

IN A WORLD WHICH IS RULED BY FORCE AND STRENGTH, it should not seem strange that nations are not respected for their noble motives but for their ability to take advantage of their neighbors successfully. Although most Americans would vigorously deny that the United States gained its power and prominence by such Machiavellian disregard for ethical standards, it might surprise many Americans to discover that the United States, like most other important countries, has committed its share of underhanded and unethical actions in order to protect itself or increase its material size and wealth.

When the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth in the early 1600's, they were establishing themselves on land to which, actually, they had no right. The papers and charters issued to them were signed by European rulers who based their authority upon the voyages made to the New World by ships carrying their flags. Perhaps if the New World has been totally uninhabited by human beings, there would have been justification for the establishment of colonies. However, from Canada to Mexico there were numerous tribes of Indians, scattered across the land that was to become the United States. The arrival of the first white men marked the beginning of long centuries in which the Indians were steadily pushed from their hunting grounds and their native areas into successively poorer and more worthless territories—all because of the greed and callousness of the newcomers. Even today, much of the land upon which most Indian reservations have been established consists of some of the driest, least fertile soil to be found in America.

The Revolutionary War, which has been glorified continually in American history books, had its share of commercial motivation, for, in reality, the restrictions on civil liberties in the colonies were frequently far less stringent than those in England herself. The merchants and industrialists of the thirteen

colonies were among the ones most eager to sever relations with the crown and thereby end restrictions on their commercial activities.

But, although such motivations may tarnish the reputation of the War of Independence, it was not until several years later that the United States entered into a conflict from altogether selfish motives. This was in the War of 1812, which was allegedly fought over the impressment of American sailors into the English Navy. However, a closer study of the situation will indicate that it was the midwestern area of the United States which called for war—not the eastern seaboard states which were affected by the problem of impressment. What did the Midwest want? Expansion had become such a part of America's policy that Canada appeared to be worthy of annexation, in spite of the fact that Canada had no desire to unite with the United States. A war with England would have given the United States an opportunity to seize Canada from the English. But what angered the English most about this attack was that England was then engaged in a bitter struggle against Napoleonic France. Napoleon's victorious forces had swept before them most of the major powers of Europe. Across the continent lay Russia, and to the west stood England. These were the sole remaining opponents to a dictator whose goal was complete subjugation of Europe. The fate of Europe hung in the balance, but the United States was more concerned with her own personal strength and prestige than with the fate of Europe.

There are other events and conditions in United States history of which America should not be proud—the Mexican War, slavery, the Spanish-American War, the doors once closed to Oriental immigration, the intervention in Guatemala, the intervention in Lebanon, and segregation. There are many more. All nations are guilty of similar wrongs, but perhaps it is of value to point out to Americans that they, too, have been wrong and that they, too, have done things which do not merit unlimited praise and unlimited confidence in the morality of their own decisions.

Time

EMILE DE ANTONIO
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

Time! It is an inescapable truth that we can never grasp. It lies in the lined face of the old wino asleep in the gutter, and in the city waiting stilly for the morning—dark towers straining toward the sky. It is the face of the clock whose ticking taunts us with our futility and insignificance, and the fearful, dry-mouthed instant before discovering footsteps halt and turn away. It is the instant between the movement and the flow, and it is the momentary hesitation of the wave before it collapses into white foam. It is the pause between the sound and the echo, the action and the regret. It is the embarrassed silence, and the soft rustling of corn in the still night breeze. It lies in the games that we played when we were children—laughing and rolling in the grass. It is the boring class, the fly buzzing in and out of the instructor's monotone while the afternoon sunlight falls on the trees outside, and the span between the falling of the first leaf and the last. It is the red and golden dusk shadowing pale figures on the grass. It is the sadness of mortality.

Void World—1984

STEPHEN D. MARCHETTI

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

GEORGE ORWELL, THE AUTHOR OF *1984*, IS KNOWN AS A brilliant political writer whose insight and perception are quite alarming because of their accuracy and because of the profound messages they reveal. With this in mind, one can recognize the purpose of *1984*, since after the first few pages, he can feel the presence of something which must be explained in political and economic terms.

Winston Smith, the book's main character, and the shabby world in which he lives immediately convey the message that there is definitely something wrong with the way of life in the year of 1984. So radically wrong is this way of life that the reader is shocked, startled, appalled. And a realization of Orwell's purpose is immediate. The reader feels that he must know why and how such a state of existence could ever result from today's glorified forms of government—even how our own form of democracy could possibly deteriorate to a hopelessly totalitarian form of government. This is Orwell's purpose: to write a novel that is so radical in theme and content that it demands the full attention of the reader, focuses that attention on the fact that through our carelessness and unconcerned attitude toward government, the world of 1984 is not improbable—that we are only a few steps away from it!

The world of 1984 is a pitifully shabby one in which men merely exist, having ceased to live in the sense that we know life. It is a world of tele-screens and Thought-Police, of mass frenzied hates and of hysterical adoration of "Big Brother," the personified head of the Party. It is a world in which intellectual activity has been crushed, leaving the minds of men but empty shells to be filled with grains of party doctrine whenever and however the party chooses. No thought exists other than that approved by the party. "Newspeak," the official language of the party, is a wanton liquidation of words with the hope that eventually thought itself will be so limited by a lack of words that it will be impossible to think anything but party doctrine. There is no reason other than that of "double-think," which causes the terms "IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH," "FREEDOM IS SLAVERY," and "WAR IS PEACE" to ring true in the minds of 1984 as do "In God We Trust" and "*E Pluribus Unum*" ring true to us. Philosophically it is a world void of truth and hope, of faith in fellow men and in oneself. Physically it is a world of poverty and filth, of countless unsatisfied desires.

Life in 1984 is an existence of hunger and want. It is a world of cities ravished by continual war. Visualize the havoc of post-war Europe in our time and you have a picture of the physical state of the world in 1984. Moreover, imagine yourself living among the shambles of a war-torn city with

no hope for anything better in the future. Imagine yourself a man who is just past his prime of life to whom all this misery seems wrong, unnatural, intolerable, but who knows that the situation is hopelessly out of his hands. Yes, hopelessly—because the party has worked hard to achieve this misery and will work even harder to maintain it! Imagine yourself a man who knows that love is a forbidden pleasure in a world where all emotions but fear and hate have been driven out of humanity. Do this and you will see life as Winston Smith does, and you will hate this life.

Winston Smith, by being a party member of 1984, has been deprived of all the things we think of as essential to a worthwhile life: freedom of thought, intellectual activity, even physical needs and pleasures. He is typical of any party member. He wears the dress of the Party, grubby shirt and blue overalls. He listens to the endless stream of lies that flows from the tele-screens. He drinks "Victory Gin" when the strain of everyday life begins to show in weariness—which is several times a day. And he joins the shouting mob in hysteria when it is time to take part in the "two minutes hate" which is the duty of every party member. But in one respect Winston is different.

He believes there is a better way of life. He is one of those throwbacks to civilization who cannot accept the party because he still has his intelligence and some amount of spirit. He is the type of man who will take all risks to have what he thinks should be his. And there is Julia, the woman Winston dares to love. She is not, however, like Winston. She is typical of the majority of party members who are not intelligent enough to grasp the real meanings of party doctrine. Her only desire is to satisfy her immediate physical wants and desires. Therefore freedom of thought means little to her as long as she can eat and sleep in peace and enjoy sex. She doesn't hate the Party for what it is; she hates it because it deprives her of pleasure.

Winston Smith and Julia, by falling in love and daring to defy the Party, give the reader a realistic plot through which to understand and apply what Orwell is saying. Their struggle is the medium Orwell uses to delve into the philosophical and political core of "Ingsoc" (the name of the political theory). By living and seeing the world of 1984 through Winston's eyes and by tracing his rebellion from its first thought to its fateful end in the hands of the Thought-Police, we get an excellent description of the meaning of "Ingsoc." Its doctrines progressively get more unbelievable and eventually reach a point of startling impact. It is this impact that forces on the reader's mind all that Orwell says in his book. And although Orwell never says it directly, the reader knows that the world of 1984 is highly probable.

Orwell's concept of life in 1984 might seem contrived at first glance, but with a little study the reader can see that the setting, characters, and even the situations of 1984 are quite realistic. Style is simple and direct, but the theme of 1984 is so radical that the reader is not apt to forget it for a long time.

Jackson at Chancellorsville

D. CRAIG AHLBERG

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE CLIMAXED THE CAREER of Stonewall Jackson, one of America's greatest heroes. Before following Jackson through his last days, we will attempt to trace the development of those attributes which made him a great soldier and a great man.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson grew up in the rugged frontier region near Clarksburg, Virginia (now West Virginia), where he was born January 21, 1824. He secured an appointment to West Point in 1842. The newly commissioned artillery officer got his first taste of war early; he was sent to Mexico in 1846. Jackson emerged from the Mexican war with numerous commendations for his valor.

In 1851, Jackson accepted a position as Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington. At V.M.I. the professor prepared himself for his daily tasks by diligent study. His habit of reflection enabled him to acquire remarkable powers of concentration. A cadet gives this interesting description of his professor:

Old Jack is a character, genius, or just a little crazy. He lives quietly and don't meddle. He's as systematic as a multiplication table and as full of military as an arsenal. Stiff, you see, never laughs but as kindhearted as a woman—and by Jupiter, he teaches a nigger Sunday school. But, mind, if this John Brown business leads to war, he'll be heard from!¹

Col. T. J. Jackson's first assignment for the Confederacy was at the scene of the "John Brown business," Harpers Ferry. It was here that he took command of the brigade which, along with its commander, would in a span of two years become immortally associated with the word "Stonewall."

It was a few months later, on July 21, 1861, at the First Battle of Manassas that the name "Stonewall" originated. During a furious Union charge, General Jackson placed his well-trained brigade in a commanding defensive position. The attack brought confusion in the Confederate ranks. It was here that General Bee, spotting Jackson's men standing firmly amidst the general retreat shouted to his men, "Look, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!"²

What kind of general was this Stonewall Jackson? Jackson's tactics were thoroughly worked out beforehand. Like Napoleon, he spent a great deal of time studying maps. He gained amazing familiarity with the terrain

in which he was to fight. "In meditation," says Bacon, "all dangers should be seen; in execution none, unless they are very formidable." It was on this precept that Jackson acted. He weighed every risk; he left nothing to chance.³

"Never take counsel of your fears" was a maxim often on his lips. His decisions were swift and firm. He had no moments of deplorable indecision and no occasion to lament the loss of golden opportunities.

These selected quotations present some of Jamkson's military maxims. He was strongly influenced by Napoleon. Notice the emphasis Jackson places on aggressiveness, speed, and maneuver.

There are two things never to be lost sight of by a commander. Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy, if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never give up the pursuit as long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible maneuvering you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it.

Napoleon, he [Jackson] said, was the first to show what an army could be made to accomplish. He had shown what was the value of time as an element of strategic combination, and that good troops, if well cared for, could be made to march 25 miles daily, and win battles besides.

We must make this campaign, he said at the beginning of 1863, an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with the stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared, but struck him the first blow.⁴

Speed was vital to Jackson's bold, aggressive tactics. He never hesitated to call on his lean, light-traveling soldiers to make forced marches if he could gain a surprise, or if the enemy were already in flight. He stated, "I had rather lose one man in marching than five in fighting."⁵ His men rapidly became known as "Jackson's foot cavalry."

Despite Stonewall's demands on them, his soldiers were devoted to him. To them, he was "Old Jack," just as he had been to his West Point classmates. They knew their leader had every concern for their well-being. They looked upon Jackson as a father; they would march anywhere, do anything for him. Stonewall had an equal admiration for the self-sacrificing valor of his men. He believed they could do anything he commanded.

Jackson placed great importance on secrecy. He took infinite pains to conceal, even from his most trusted staff officers, his movements, his intentions, and his thoughts. On many marches, only Jackson himself knew the destination. When Jackson was informed of the irritation of his staff at being kept uninformed of his plans, he merely smiled and said, "If I can deceive my own friends, I can make certain of deceiving the enemy." He often quoted

Frederick the Great's maxim: "If I thought my coat knew my plans, I would take it off and burn it." ⁶

It must be remembered that Jackson was subordinate to Lee. Of his chief, Stonewall said, "Lee is a phenomenon, I would follow him blindfold." ⁷ Lee and his most trusted lieutenant closely cooperated in the direction of Southern efforts. Lee was the strategist; he made the sweeping plans. Jackson was the tactician; it was he who planned the bold strokes which brought so much success to their armies.

These, in summary, are some of the principles which made Stonewall Jackson a great general: His moves were well planned. He was boldly aggressive. In his attacks he used speed, security, maneuver, and surprise to bring himself upon the weakest part of his foe. Once he had defeated his enemy, he followed up his victory by pursuing the demoralized opponent.

The classic example of Jackson's skill as a general is the Valley Campaign of 1862. By looking briefly at this rather complicated campaign, we can see how vital Jackson's tactical skill was to the Confederacy.

In the spring of 1862, McClellan, the Union Commanding General, stood poised for an invasion of Richmond with an army of 150,000 men. The Confederate army was about one-third this size. In the Shenandoah Valley, Jackson had 4,000 men. Facing him was a Union force of over 20,000 under General Nathaniel Banks. Another army, almost as large, under General Fremont, stood ready in West Virginia. According to the Union plans, Banks was to drive Jackson from the Valley, then move east to Manassas to protect Washington. McClellan could then move against Richmond without any fear for the capital's safety.

Lee ordered Jackson to hold as many Federal troops as possible in the Valley, thus keeping them away from the force invading Richmond.

As Banks started to leave the Valley, confident that he had forced the retiring Jackson to flee, he was attacked by Stonewall at Kernstown. Although Jackson suffered a defeat, he had scored an over-all victory for the Confederacy. Not only did Banks remain in the Valley, but Lincoln detached McDowell's corps from McClellan's army to protect Washington.

Jackson then turned upon and defeated Fremont's army at McDowell. Heading north again, Stonewall drove his "foot cavalry" against Banks and pursued him to the outskirts of panic-stricken Washington. When Jackson swiftly retired back into the Valley, he drew an even larger force of Federals with him. The converging armies, Banks and Gen. Shields from the north, and Fremont from the west, did not catch Jackson until they reached the place where he had chosen to meet them. After defeating both Union forces, Jackson slipped away to join Lee in the defense of Richmond.

In the period of May 8, to June 9, 1862, Jackson's men, at no time numbering more than 17,000, marched 400 miles and fought and won five battles against 62,000 Union troops.⁸ Stonewall had not only prevented 100,000

troops from reaching McClellan, but had joined Lee to aid in driving the remaining 100,000 away from Richmond. Although Lee had placed Jackson in the Valley and sent him re-enforcements at a crucial point, the real credit for this amazing campaign belongs to Stonewall Jackson and his "foot cavalry."

What kind of man was this Stonewall Jackson? The brilliant Valley Campaign had made Jackson an over-night hero in the South. However, Jackson did not look the part of a hero. He wore no braid, no plume. Instead, he wore a simple, faded uniform along with oversize army boots. Walking or riding on his faithful horse, "Little Sorrel," old Jack seemed ungainly. Not until one viewed his face, would one be impressed.

He had a high, broad forehead, small, sharp nose, thin, pallid lips, generally tightly shut, and a dark, rusty beard. He was noted for his piercing blue eyes. "When I looked into his face," said a Federal prisoner, "my heart sank within me." ⁹

According to H. Kyd Douglas, "He was quiet, not morose. He often smiled, rarely laughed. He never told a joke but rather liked to hear one now and then. Relicent and reliant, he believed, 'He walks with speed who walks alone.'" ¹⁰

His deep religious feeling dominated Jackson's entire person. At home he had been a Presbyterian Deacon. Prayer meetings were an integral part of the camp routine. Jackson's religious fervor inspired not only those under his command, but the entire Confederate army as well. Daniel tells us, "Frequently when his army was being formed for battle, his attendants noticed that his lips moved, and his right arm was upraised—they knew that he was in prayer." ¹¹

When he was once compelled to attack on a Sunday, Jackson reconciled his religious conscience with his military duty with these famous words: "Arms is a profession that requires an officer to do what he fears may be wrong, and yet according to military experience, must be done. . . . Had I fought the battle on Monday instead of Sunday, I fear our cause would have suffered." ¹²

His favorite maxim was, "Duty is ours; consequences are God's." ¹³

"My religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed," said Stonewall. "God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that." ¹⁴

In April of 1863, soon before the upcoming campaign of Chancellorsville, Jackson wrote his wife, "I trust that God is going to bless us with a great success, and in such a manner as to show that it is all His gift; and I trust and pray that it will lead our country to acknowledge Him, and to live in accordance with His will as revealed in the Bible." ¹⁵

In the spring of 1863, "Fighting Joe" Hooker was appointed Commander of the Union's Army of the Potomac. He had an army of 134,000 well-trained men, eager to fight. Lee's army at that time numbered about 60,000. On April

27, Hooker's force moved out of winter camp near Fredericksburg and crossed the Rappahannock.

Hooker made the opening moves. His plan was to divide his army into two attack groups, one to threaten each flank of Lee's army. Two corps under Major General John Sedgwick crossed the river at Fredericksburg to attract Lee's attention eastward. The main force made a long march which brought them in from the west on Lee's left flank.

On April 29, Jackson received word that Hooker had crossed the Rappahannock. Battle sounds were already thundering as he hastily took leave of his wife and baby daughter, who had been visiting him, and headed for the front.

Hooker had moved his army well. He was in a position to make his flank attack. He issued this proud message: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the Commanding General announces to the army that the operations of the last three days [April 27-30] have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." ¹⁶

Lee was faced with the problem of deciding which part of the Union army to face. He sent General Anderson's division to a position east of Chancellorsville. Its duty was to protect the Confederate left flank. Meanwhile, Jackson and Lee, commanding the main elements of the army, surveyed Sedgwick's position across from Fredericksburg.

Jackson wished to fight; he wanted to drive the enemy into the river. Lee thought the Federal position was too strong, but in deference to his lieutenant's tactical skill he conceded, "If you think it can be done, I will give orders for it." ¹⁷

Jackson asked for time to examine the ground thoroughly before he made his decision. Reporting back to Lee, Jackson said it would be inexpedient to attack the Federals at that position.

Lee then decided to face Hooker's main body, which was positioned on the left. Jackson was ordered to join Anderson at the latter's position near Chancellorsville. Ten thousand men under General Early were left to confront Sedgwick on the heights of Fredericksburg.

As Hooker halted for the night on April 30, with his 70,000 men, he saw victory within his grasp. He prepared to annihilate Lee's army.

However, Jackson was wasting no time. Shortly after midnight on May 1, Jackson's lean veterans marched through the mists towards Chancellorsville—and Hooker. At 8:00 a.m., Jackson reached Anderson's entrenched position. The Federals were headed towards him, marching through the wilderness.

Jackson was impatient. He wanted to attack Hooker's men while they were still in the dense, scrubby forest. He ordered his men forward. Some of Anderson's men went along the old turnpike; the rest of the 2nd Corps followed the plank road which ran slightly south of the turnpike. Fire broke

out on the turnpike. Anderson had met the enemy. Jackson kept moving forward. He worried about his flank in these dense woods. He sent out skirmishers to "feel out" the Federal position; this was no place to be groping blindly. Jackson learned that Hooker guarded both roads and was aggressive. Stonewall ordered his artillery to shell the Federals.

A courier brought a message from Jeb Stuart, the brilliant cavalry leader and one of Jackson's close friends. He had come in on Jackson's left flank. "I will close in on the flank and help all I can when the ball opens," wrote gay Stuart. He added a special line for "the Deacon." "May God grant us victory."

Jackson replied, "I trust that God will grant us a great victory. Keep closed on Chancellorsville." ¹⁸

Lee soon joined Jackson and the latter reported the situation to his commander. Lee fully approved Jackson's decisions and made no changes. He rode off to examine the Confederate right.

As Jackson pressed forward, all the Union lines rapidly drew in. Jackson was puzzled by the situation. Was the enemy in retreat or planning an ambush? Stonewall cautiously continued his advance. "Press them" became his standard phrase that day. ¹⁹

At mid-afternoon, Jackson followed a road paralleling his lines until he came to a hill near an old iron works called Catherine Furnace. Here he met Jeb Stuart. The General scanned the Federal positions to the north. The dense underbrush which covered the Federals' positions might also cover an attack.

When he returned to the front, Jackson learned that Hooker was presenting a formidable defense. An excited Confederate officer, Alexander C. Haskell, led Jackson up a little knoll. Through his field glasses, Jackson could see three Yankee battle lines behind heavy earth works. Jackson told Captain Haskell, "Hold this ground until 9:00 o'clock tonight . . . countersign for the night is: challenge, liberty; reply, independence." ²⁰

Jackson rode back to the plank road where he met Lee shortly before dark. The two sat on a log and began the last of the Lee-Jackson meetings. Lee assumed that Hooker would hold his present positions the next morning, and accordingly began to plan an attack.

Jeb Stuart rode up. He was in high glee. Fitzhugh Lee, his daring young lieutenant, had discovered that Hooker had not anchored his right flank. It was "in the air." Attention now focused on the exposed Union right. A secret and comparatively short route had to be found. The dense wilderness began to look friendly. There was no danger of being detected by the Union cavalry, for Hooker had sent them on a raid towards Richmond. Stuart merrily mounted his horse and thundered away to look for a road.

A scouting party reported that an attack on the Federal front would be suicidal. Lee pored over the map. Finally, as if talking to himself, he said, "How can we get at those people?"

Loyal Jackson replied, "You know best. Show me what to do, and we will try to do it." ²¹

Finally Lee drew a broad arc with his finger. Jackson would lead a detached force on a flank march and would be screened by Stuart with the cavalry. The strategy had been completed and now Jackson must work out the tactics.

Stonewall had been offered a rich opportunity. Old Jack rose from the log, saluted Lee, and said, "My troops will move at 4 o'clock." ²²

In a little clearing in the woods, Jackson unbuckled his sword and stretched out on the chill ground. Sandy Pendleton offered the cape from his greatcoat to the General, who had forgotten his blanket roll. The ground became cold and clammy. Jackson awoke and felt that he had the beginnings of a head cold. He covered Pendleton with the cape and walked over to a small fire. Old Jack pulled up a cracker box and huddled over the flames.

Chaplain Lacy soon came up to the fire. Jackson invited him to sit down. Lacy had once preached in the area. Jackson informed the Chaplain of the plans and asked him to point out on the map any possible roads. Lacy said that the proprietor of Catherine Furnace would know of some road that would fit the General's purpose, and his son would make a good guide. Jackson sent Lacy along with Hotchkiss, the topographical engineer who supplied Jackson with his excellent maps, to the Furnace. Hotchkiss was to make sure that if a road existed it could be used by artillery.

The two men rode off into the black night. Jackson sipped coffee with Col. A. L. Long of Lee's staff. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, Jackson's sword, which had been leaning against a tree for so long, clattered to the ground. Long felt that it was an ill omen. He handed the sword to Jackson, who muttered his thanks and buckled it on.

With dawn beginning to show in the east, Lee joined Jackson at the campfire. Hotchkiss reported back with important information. There was a road! Jackson could march southwest on the Catherine Furnace road until he reached the Brock road. He could then proceed north to the Orange road. This road would lead to the rear of the exposed Union right flank.

Lee looked at Stonewall. "General Jackson," he asked calmly, "what do you propose to do?"

Jackson pointed to Hotchkiss' route and said, "Go around here."

"What do you propose to make [it] with?" Lee was asking, not telling. . . .

Jackson [replied], "With my whole corps." ²³

Lee was surprised. He had not figured on so large a move. "But," as Vandiver states, "Jackson did not think on small or defensive terms. Assume the offensive and press the enemy with everything at hand. Now was the time to hit Hooker where he least expected the blow [and hit him with an overwhelming force]. Audacity; mystery; surprise." ²⁴

Finally came Lee's next question: "What will you leave me?" Instantly

Jackson had the answer, for he had carefully worked out the whole scheme: "The divisions of Anderson and McLaws." ²⁵

Taking 28,000 men with him, Jackson would leave Lee with 14,000 men to face all of Hooker's masses. The flank march would take the greater part of a day and Lee would be forced to maintain a position which would appear aggressive.

Lee thought for a moment of the risks. Upon his decision rested the fate of the Confederacy. Jackson was not at all surprised to hear Lee say, "Well, go on." ²⁶

Jackson planned the march carefully. Every piece of Second Corps artillery went along. Cavalry screened the right and front. Ranks were kept closed and stragglers bayoneted on. Time was important; there could be no dawdling or delay. At the beginning of the march, Jackson encountered General Lee. "Jackson approached, pulled the sorrel up for a brief moment, and spoke quickly to the commanding general. Stonewall, eyes ablaze, pointed ahead. Lee nodded. Spurs to the sorrel, Old Jack trotted on down the road. Lee and Stonewall Jackson had met for the last time." ²⁷

The day was warm, and the trees in the wilderness were bathed in sunlight. The road, still damp from rain, was in ideal condition for walking. Old Jack had his battle look. His men wished to cheer him, but they had orders to remain silent. The glinting light in Stonewall's eye served as a reminder.²⁸ Jackson's superb soldiers were in good humor. They didn't know where Old Jack was taking them, but they sensed that their leader had some big surprise in store for fighting Joe Hooker and were eager to follow.

Jackson's face showed eagerness and intensity as he ordered his staff to "press on, press on." At about two p.m., Fitzhugh Lee dashed up to Jackson. "General," gasped the youngster, "if you will follow me I will show you the enemy's right, and you will perceive the great advantage of attacking down the old turnpike instead of the plank road." ²⁹

Jackson galloped after Lee through the underbrush to the crest of a hill. Spread out before them was the Union right flank. The men were resting, arms were stacked, and the cooks were preparing supper. Fitzhugh watched Jackson closely:

His eyes burned with a brilliant glow, lighting up and sad face; his expression was one of intense interest . . . his face was radiant . . . at the success of his flank movement.

To my remarks he did not reply once during the five minutes he was on the hill; and yet his lips were moving.

One more look at the Federal lines, and then he rode rapidly down the hill, his arms flapping to the motions of his horse, over whose head it seemed he would certainly go.³⁰

Jackson left the Stonewall Brigade to guard the plank road and, with the rest of his corps hurriedly pressed toward the old turnpike. He took time to write this, his last dispatch: ³¹

Near 3 p.m.
May 2d, 1863

General,

The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack.

I trust that an Ever Kind Providence will bless us with a great success.

Respectfully,
T. J. Jackson
Lt. Genl.

Genl. R. E. Lee

Jackson carefully brought his men into position along the turnpike. He looked at his watch. It was 5:15. He turned to General Rodes, who led the vanguard. "Are you ready, General Rodes?"

"Yes sir."

Jackson's voice was slow and quiet. "You can go forward then."³²

Bugles sounded. At that moment, firing was heard five or six miles distant. It was Lee providing support exactly according to plan. Muskets crashed, men began to run, and suddenly the eerie rebel yell pierced the woods. The terror-stricken Federals looked up to see, beyond the fleeing deer and rabbits, the plunging lines of gray. The Union soldiers fled in panic.

Captain E. R. Wilbourn wrote, describing Jackson as the great attack tore through the forest:

Frequently . . . he would stop, raise his hand, and turn his eyes toward heaven as if praying for a blessing on our arms. He shouted, 'press forward! press forward!'

. . . Our troops made repeated charges, driving the enemy before them every time, which caused loud and long-continued cheering along our entire line . . . and General Jackson would invariably raise his hand and give thanks to Him who gave the victory. . . . As he passed the bodies of some of our veterans, he halted, raised his hand as if to ask a blessing upon them, and to pray to God to save their souls.³³

In the fury of the charge through the woods organization had been forgotten. No one knew where the lines now lay. As darkness descended, the men began to fire at the slightest motion, and the night was full of shadows. The charging line had halted.

Jackson, with a cluster of couriers and officers, rode along the plank road towards the Union line. Stonewall wanted to press on against Hooker's demoralized men. He moved forward towards Chancellorsville. The knot of horsemen were already far out in front, beyond the Confederate picket lines.

One of his staff asked Old Jack, "General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?" Jackson was intensely excited over the unfolding victory. "The danger," he said, "is all over—the enemy is routed—go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on."³⁴

Jackson found the position of the enemy, turned Little Sorrel around, and planned his attack. Nervous pickets were straining for signs of the enemy. Shots tore into the night. Little Sorrel bolted in panic. There was another volley. Jackson was hit in several places. The sorrel ran wildly. One arm could not be used; Jackson tried to rein in with the other arm. Branches lashed at his face cutting him, ripping off his cap. A limb almost knocked him from the saddle.

Some officers stopped his horse and carried Jackson from the saddle. They laid him beneath a tree. Captain Wilbourn and A. P. Hill attended Jackson. "Is the wound painful?" asked Hill.

"It's very painful, I think my arm is broken." ³⁵

A tourniquet was placed on Jackson's broken arm; the ball had pierced the main artery. The General was asked if he was wounded elsewhere. "Yes," came the calm reply, "in the right hand, but never mind that; it is a mere trifle." ³⁶

The group was still outside the Confederate lines. Stonewall was placed on a litter. The litter bearers was under heavy cannon fire. Once the litter was dropped so hard that Stonewall was forced to groan as he fell on his shattered arm. A grizzled veteran looked at the stretcher as it passed through the lines. "Great God!" came the heartbroken cry, "that is General Jackson!" ³⁷

General Pender stepped up to Stonewall, expressed his regrets—and his fears—that he must retreat. For the first time since his wounding Jackson moved swiftly. He quickly sat up. "You must hold your ground, Pender! Hold your ground, sir!" ³⁸ An ambulance then carried Jackson to Reverend Melzi Chancellor's house where Stonewall's trusted surgeon, Dr. McGuire, awaited him.

McGuire knelt down and said, "I hope you are not badly hurt, General." Jackson replied feebly, "I am badly injured, doctor; I fear I am dying." ³⁹

Jackson was carried to the field hospital at Wilderness Tavern where the ball in his right hand was removed and his left arm was amputated. Sandy Pendleton entered the tent on behalf of Jeb Stuart, now the Second Corps Commander. He wanted to receive any instructions Jackson had to give. Jackson immediately became alert; his eyes flashed. Thousands of men in gray expectantly waited for a command. Old Jack almost succeeded in giving an order, but then his face relaxed and he sadly answered, "I don't know, I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." ⁴⁰

Chaplain Lacy entered the tent. Upon seeing the armless shoulder, he could not repress his emotion. "O General," he exclaimed, "what a calamity!" Quickly Jackson reassured him. The loss of his arm, he said, was by the will of God. Later in life, or in the world to come, he would understand why that member was taken from him. He confided that when a bearer tripped and a litter fell, he thought that he would die on the field, and he gave himself

into the hands of his Creator. "Perfect peace, said Jackson, then had been his—a precious experience." ⁴¹

On the morning of May 3, Jackson alertly listened to the noise of the continuing battle. When he was told of the gallant action of the Stonewall Brigade on that day's battle, he said, "Good—good. It was just like them to do so; just like them. They are a noble body of men." ⁴²

In the afternoon a courier brought this immortal message from Lee:

General: I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I can not express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead.

I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee

Jackson replied: "General Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God." ⁴³

Lee feared for Jackson's safety and ordered him moved to the Chandler home at Guiney Station. When informed of the order, Jackson said, "General Lee has always been very kind to me and I thank him." Of the enemy he said, "I am not afraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded, and I am sure they will be kind to me." ⁴⁴

Jackson's wounds were healing well until May 7, when Dr. McGuire diagnosed a pain in Jackson's chest as pneumonia. Drugged with morphine and with fever, Jackson slid into delirium. His wife appeared at his side after a trying trip from Richmond. She was struck with grief when she looked upon her suffering husband.

"My darling, you must cheer up, and not wear a long face," he spoke. ⁴⁵

In his delirium he gave battle orders. On Saturday, the ninth, he asked for sections of the psalms to be read. He then showed contentment as the bedside group sang the hymn beginning, "Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive."

Sunday, General Lee exclaimed with deep emotion, "Surely General Jackson must recover. God will not take him from us now that we need him so much. Surely he will be spared to us, in answer to the many prayers which are offered for him." ⁴⁶

Mrs. Jackson learned Sunday morning that the General was failing quickly and would soon die. When she told this to her husband, and asked if he was willing to go, he said, "Yes, I prefer it, I prefer it." ⁴⁷ He expressed his desire to be buried at Lexington, in the Valley. His daughter, Julia, was brought in. He smiled broadly, "Little darling, sweet one!" The General then sank into unconsciousness, but all at once the weary soldier spoke his immortal last words: "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." ⁴⁸

Chancellorsville was a great victory; but at what a price! At this battle the star of the Confederacy was at its peak; from now on the road led downward.

Lee said of mighty Stonewall, "Such an executive officer the sun never shone on . . . He has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm."⁴⁹

Two months after Chancellorsville Lee met the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg. Lee despaired over the loss of his "right arm." He said, "If I had had Jackson at Gettysburg, I should have won that battle, and a complete victory there would have resulted in the establishment of the independence of the South."⁵⁰

Lee fought on, and fought well, for two long years, but it was noticed that he ventured upon no strokes of audacity after Jackson had passed away.⁵¹

A clergyman expressed the feelings of the South as he closed a prayer with these words: "When in Thy inscrutable wisdom O Lord, Thou didst ordain that the Confederacy should fall, then didst Thou find it necessary to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson. Amen."⁵²

FOOTNOTES

¹ Quoted in Henry Kyd Douglas, *I Rode With Stonewall*, p. 233.

² F. B. M., "Thomas Jonathan Jackson," *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1957), 12:854. "Stonewall" is a curiously misleading name for one who proved to be such a fast, aggressive soldier.

³ George F. R. Henderson, *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, I; 416.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 417-18.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 427.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 441.

⁷ John Warwick Daniel, *The Character of Stonewall Jackson*, p. 50.

⁸ Anonymous, "They Fought For Freedom," *Scholastic*, 44:2 (March 6, 1944).

⁹ Quoted in Daniel, p. 15.

¹⁰ Douglas, p. 235.

¹¹ Daniel, p. 13.

¹² Evelyn Sager, "Sword and Bible Generals," *New York Times Magazine*, p. 36 (July 30, 1944).

¹³ R. L. Dabney, *Life and Campaigns of Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson*, p. 654.

¹⁴ Burke Davis, *They Called Him Stonewall*, p. 13.

¹⁵ Mary Anna Jackson, *Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson by His Widow*, p. 405.

¹⁶ Quoted in Frank E. Vandiver, *Mighty Stonewall*, p. 462.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 457.

¹⁸ Douglas Southall Freeman, *Lee's Lieutenants*, II; 533.

¹⁹ Vandiver, p. 460.

²⁰ Davis, p. 407.

²¹ Freeman, p. 540.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 541.

²³ Vandiver, p. 467.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 468.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ *Ibid.*

²⁷ *Ibid.*

²⁸ Dabney, p. 508.

²⁹ Freeman, p. 552.

- ³⁰ Davis, p. 416.
- ³¹ Freeman, p. 555.
- ³² Davis, p. 417.
- ³³ *Ibid.*, p. 419.
- ³⁴ Vandiver, p. 477.
- ³⁵ Davis, p. 426.
- ³⁶ Vandiver, p. 479.
- ³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 480.
- ³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 482.
- ³⁹ Dr. McGuire in Jackson, p. 433.
- ⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 436.
- ⁴¹ Freeman, p. 600.
- ⁴² Dabney, p. 709.
- ⁴³ Jackson, p. 436.
- ⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 438.
- ⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 451.
- ⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 453.
- ⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 455.
- ⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 457.
- ⁴⁹ Vandiver, p. 492.
- ⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 477.
- ⁵¹ Swinton, *Army of the Potomac*, p. 16, as quoted in Daniel, p. 20.
- ⁵² Douglas, p. 231.

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Shadows Do Move

SUZANNE THOMAS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

Walk

past Mambo City

last month it was Rock and Roll City

warm beer smell comes out the door

the blasting trumpet; the banging drums

"turn off that damn Krupa" it reminds me

building shade is cooler than ---

granite reflects me as a shadow

do men really wear the shiny black slippers in the window?

I have never seen them

a well is in the sea

what is so special about the Tribune Tower that the spotlights reveal?

people should walk down fire escapes more often

South Pacific somehow doesn't sound the same as North Pacific

I want to crawl on my stomach across the street, a bug

climb the air

that damn bum keeps pouring sugar in his coffee

why do people meet at Walgreen's?

South Pacific is Cantonese food and North Pacific is war

no one can ever read the writing on convention buttons

are they SPQR's or WCTU's?

4 books for a dollar . . . THE NOVELS, TALES AND SKETCHES OF J. M.

BARRIE, THE BOOK OF BOSTON, WHITEOAKS OF JALNA . . .

If everyone agreed not to use neon lights, think of the money that could be saved

whoever goes to see "Peter Pan" besides some dumb kids?

what is it about walking under the El

especially when the sun is shining

always start on the main floor at Marshall Fields; the floors are less inhabited at the top

Ellington is always at the Blue Note

open the doors; ascend the 32 steps; I always have to sit on the side facing the drummer

forever they will remember "Skin Deep"

what kind of a man allows his wife to come to the City with him for a convention?

People are everywhere doing nothing

not going to the show but looking at the billboards

not eating but looking at the food in the windows

not buying but sorting through the cheap watchbands

what is the reason for looking at watchbands when I don't have a watch?

why does granite reflect me as a shadow?

because in the City I am a shadow

I can never be anything more than a reflection of black in the granite

the City is the granite

I am the nothing.

Optimism Resurrected

BARBARA ANNE HUTCHENS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

Optimism, whether it be the Leibnitzian philosophy ridiculed by Voltaire or the popular Norman Vincent Peale variety, is intellectually rather unfashionable. Tell, not a neurotic beatnik, but a simple, comfortable, middle-class, all-American-boy college student, "Good morning"; and he asks, "What's good about it?"

Knowledge is constricted to a narrow science based on sensory perceptions of observable phenomena, and people are not allowed to believe anything until they have proven it by experiment. Experience is the best teacher: that is the catchword. But even animals can learn by experience. Ring a bell every time a dog is fed, and eventually his mouth will water at the sound of the bell. Man is more than an animal; man has a mind which is capable of deductive reasoning and a spirit which is able to receive revelation.

Yet I have heard a teacher say that everyone should get drunk once in his life just for the experience—experience is the best teacher. Should everyone murder, then, that he might know what love is through an understanding of hatred? The implication is that good is known only by contrast with evil—an implication reflected in Pollock's innocent statement that: "Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy." What a sad concept—that evil must necessarily exist for there to be any goodness. To me, the idea is even rather medieval. People used to believe that shadows had a creepy substance, that darkness was a mantle, that demons lurked everywhere ready to transform themselves into bad thoughts.

No, a person is not good who abstains from wrongdoing; goodness is something which exists, something which is positive—like a sunset or a smile. Scientists are not sure whether light is waves of energy, or bundles of photons, or just what, but they know that it is something. It is evil which is non-existent; evil is the absence of good. Darkness is the absence of light; ignorance is a lack of knowledge.

How much easier it is to keep one's sanity when, face-to-face with war, injustice, poverty, one knows that there is a lack of good but that good exists.

One Way of Looking at It

Man is a slave from parturition to death. He is a prisoner in chains locked by society. He is controlled by fears, desires, and emotions.

BARBARA RASHBAUM, *Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

A student nurse is truth with blood on her uniform, beauty with gloves on her hands, wisdom with penicillin in her hand, a success with scissors in her pocket.

PAT POLLARD, *Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

The funeral is over; the last mourner has gone; only silence remains to mark the spot where summer died.

ROBERT WILSON, *Rhetoric 101*

All around the stadium, beer was flowing. It made a continuous river down the throats of grandfathers and three-year old children alike. Across the infield, the Busch eagle flapped its neon wings to show approval of the national pastime.

SUE HAINES, *Rhetoric 102*

Rhet as Writ

Upon graduating high school, I was still green behind the ears.

If infinitive could be defined, I would be an atheist.

Only then will this earth be what God intended it to be—a Garden of Evil.

Decisions, decissions, deccisions!

Holden Caulfield appears to be a very unstabled person.

The term rushing is used to describe the process by which a girl elects a fraternity.

After twelve long days, six and a half men were rescued alive.

“Faking” is when the quarter-back places the ball in your stomach and then pulls it out while you are running into the line.

Little Rock stands in front of many people as a ginny pig.

The engineers [of jet airliners] have fewer moving parts than the piston engines, and they are therefore much easier to maintain.

[Helen of Troy’s] beauty was caught in a vice between two men.

This process requires a few tricks which are so secret that I cannot revile them.

... to block an opponent a soccer player must throw his most venerable sections at his opponent.

[Dunninger] says nearly anyone can become a mind reader, even a three-year-old child with thirty years experience.

[a paraphrase of “I trouble deaf heaven with my bootles cries.”] Heaven is deaf from hearing my troubles with which I am left without even boots.

When he came home he was always studing under the watchful eye of his mother.

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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Prejudice

MARY CAROLINE CONOUR

Rhetoric 101, Placement Theme

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, MANY AMERICANS HAVE BEEN shaking their heads and clucking their tongues over headlines which tell of integration disputes, race incidents, and mob violence in various parts of the country. "How terrible!" we say, and then we smugly congratulate ourselves on our own enlightenment and freedom from prejudice. But just how free from prejudice are we?

Prejudice means, literally, pre-judging—that is, forming an opinion of a person, a thing, a race, or a creed before we have sufficient experience or information on which to base that opinion. Most of us would have no part in racial violence, but every day unheralded prejudice can limit our lives and hurt both us and others.

There are many incidents of race prejudice which never make the headlines. "I hear Lois is engaged to some Jew from Chicago," says one of her former classmates in a wry tone, as if the fellow is immediately classified as second-rate. "Can't you find somebody besides that Dago kid to go out with?" Katy's Irish father wants to know. Statements like these, based solely on prejudice, can be heard anytime, anywhere.

Religious prejudice in many forms is common. "I hear Sally is a Jehovah's Witness—nobody intelligent could be one of them." "A Mormon? Moron, you mean. Don't they have lots of wives?" Mary's mother tells her, "I don't want you going out with that Joe anymore. You wouldn't want your children to be pope-worshipping Catholics, would you?" Ignorance, more than anything else, is responsible for this kind of attitude.

Our everyday judgments of people are often based on anything but facts. Little Johnny's mother tries to judge his friends by what their fathers do for a living. The high school crowd avoids Jackie because she wears such odd clothes. Jim dislikes Alice at first sight because she looks like a rude and unpleasant girl he used to know. Judging people by these false values can deprive us of many potential friends.

There is virtually no one who is entirely free from prejudice. Anyone who ever has any kind of opinion of anything must admit that his opinions are sometimes hasty and unreasonable. What is important is to realize that by learning to recognize and admit our prejudices we can help ourselves to overcome them. If we learn to think twice, to criticize the ideas we have picked up from various sources and to investigate and learn the truth about people and institutions, we will broaden our own lives and help both ourselves and everyone we meet.

The Secret of Life

MARY DWYER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

THE SECRET OF LIFE IS MYSTERIOUS AND INTANGIBLE. Often I am completely unaware of its existence. Life itself, not the source or strength of it, is the reality with which I live. I live in the present, glancing frequently forward into the future and occasionally back into the past, but the present seems to be the most important. Living consists of attending to the myriad duties and activities which demand immediate attention. The body and the mind function harmoniously, neither questioning the demands made by the other.

But there are times when I unaccountably become aware of the secret of life. It seems to hover breathlessly, uncertainly, at the edge of conscious recognition. Sitting easily astride a horse, swaying with his swinging gait, feeling secure in the sureness and ease of his movement, and hearing the steady beat of his hooves on the unyielding turf, I am suddenly aware of the wind blowing freely through my hair. I toss my head arrogantly, look up into the azure sky, glance curiously at the world about me, and am filled with an exciting awareness of the earth and the heavens. Small details, such as the song of a cheerful meadowlark perched on a neighboring fence-post, the intricate network of grasses below me, or the unusual shape of a distant clump of trees, strike my consciousness with disturbing clarity. A delighted cry bursts from my throat and I kick my startled steed into a gallop. As we fly across the meadow, the earth itself seems to slip away from beneath the horse's feet, and my entire being is engulfed by ensuing waves of unbelievable joy. I feel tremendously alive! Time and the earth itself seem to be standing still, and no obstacles are too imposing to be overcome. The act of living becomes a thrilling challenge that I am willing, even eager, to accept. Then a very real obstacle, a barbed wire fence, appears in our path and my mount, having acquired none of my renewed confidence, stiffens his forelegs and slides to a stop, his muzzle mere inches from the fence. I dismount, and, carefully avoiding the panting animal's reproachful glance, open the gate.

Time and time again as the day passes, I manage to win the endless race with reality. When I return home, where the grasses are clipped short, and the sky is partially hidden and the wind diverted by various structures symbolic of civilization, I seem to lose the elusive image once again. But I do not despair, for I know that somewhere, submerged within myself, the inexplicable elation is resting, and that someday it will emerge once more.

Hate

LEE FORREST

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THERE IS A VIOLENT AND UNHOLY EMOTION WHICH, in lower animals, manifests itself in fear and the instincts of self-preservation; in man it is called hate. It is a force of enmity, which renders its target loathsome to the creature in whom it arises. Although generally condemned by religious codes, hate is thrice-blessed when directed at the particular enemies of that code. In truth, however, it is a cretinous abortion of love, inevitably charged with degradation. Hate, uncontaminated by the gentler emotions, has as its end the utter downfall and disintegration of its target; however, it rarely exists in such pure form. Men are not usually capable of entire hate; rather they indulge in an emotional version of simple dislike. Most are quite able to smother an enemy with ill-wishes, to rejoice in his errors, and to curse him in temporary malignancy. In that temporal quality lies the difference; true hate always hates, looks forward to hate, and rejoices in past hate. It is entirely devoid of any transitory, fleeting elements and moves with time as though a part of it.

Authentic, first class hate must move its parent to much-relished dreams of violence; it must take up a weapon and enjoy the fierce bludgeoning of the hated. In its virgin state, uncorrupted by mercy, it is a member of the mind, even as the leg or ear is of the body, simple, unpretentious, ever volatile in itself. Perhaps the core of the universe is benevolent and has sealed into man a chunk of irrevocable goodness; however, no matter what the origin may be, this final kindness is to man's ultimate benefit. A society which ostensibly takes love as its basic moral precept finds total hatred a discomfiting bedfellow.

Proud of his position above the beasts of the earth, man takes pains to divest himself of any vestigial ties to his evolutionary ancestors and cannot, therefore, abide any emotion so similar to bestial instinct as hate. His judgment is no doubt near to truth, his course of action sound. If his virtues of love and sympathy develop and grow strong, his capacity for utter hatred must shrink, and he will flavor his emotions with animosity, distaste and their brothers, more amenable than hate and of a far less explosive ugliness.

To be sure, the premise that man will develop in such a commendable manner is without much effectual support. It is perhaps more likely that hate, instead of approaching sterility as man lifts himself nearer a goal of perfect goodness, will merely change its face as society contorts itself, revising hate's place therein.

Darkness at Noon

WILLIAM S. PLANK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

IN *DARKNESS AT NOON*, ARTHUR KOESTLER HAS SUCCESSFULLY utilized the elements of the novel in expressing his views and feelings on one of the major problems of the twentieth century. He has also created an extremely interesting study of the workings of the human mind.

In portraying Rubashov, Koestler has created a character so vivid that we feel we are inhabiting his mind as we follow every curve and fluctuation of the tortured path of his reasoning. To the reader, Rubashov becomes a credible, living person.

However, this characterization is not the most important facet of the book. Rubashov is used as a vehicle for Koestler to convey his ideas on Communism and, more important, on morality.

Basically, his purpose is to delineate the conflict between two systems of morality. First is the Christian or humanitarian point of view in which adherence to a set of prescribed rules is a fundamental point. Second is the Communist system, the elements of which Koestler so effectively sets forth. Throughout the book, Rubashov's inner conflict between the two systems is the dominating theme. In the end his apparent choice of one of them illustrates Koestler's feelings on the subject.

Koestler asserts that in the Communist system the conventional humanitarian morality has been completely discarded, and in its place reason and logic are acclaimed as all-powerful. When an act is performed or a decision is made, no thought is given to intentions or motives. If the decision or act is judged to be logically correct and free of error, it is totally justified. If in error, it is a sin of the highest order and must be punished.

This infinite trust in the logic of the human mind is the basis for most of the principles of Communism. One problem which Rubashov is concerned with is the problem of means and ends. Since the ultimate goal of Marxist Communism is a utopian world, the Communist asserts that the use of any means to reach this ideal state is justified. However, Rubashov sees that the new generation of Communists—the “Neanderthals”—has lost sight of this goal, and to them the ends and the means have become united.

During his forty years as an active party member, Rubashov “had burnt the remains of the old, illogical morality from his consciousness with the acid of reason.” However, in the days before his execution, he sees that this “reason” has led him to the absurdity of his public trial. This insight

raises doubts in his mind as to the intelligence of total trust in reason. Perhaps, he thinks, it is not suitable for man to carry every thought to its logical end. He seems to conclude that man cannot attain any goal with only the guidance of pure reason and the absence of "ethical ballast."

Koestler, in relating Rubashov's mental journeys, has been extremely successful in examining the pros and cons of the two moral systems and in coming to a satisfactory conclusion to the question. In addition, he has created vigorous and believable characters and a vivid picture of a prison and the miseries and hungers of its prisoners.

A Veritable Wonderland

STANLEY ANDERSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

IT WAS ONLY AN ORDINARY BACK YARD, ILL-KEPT, FAR from beautiful, and not overly spacious. It would certainly never be approved as scientifically suited to help the child develop properly, for there were assorted rusty nails, splintered boards, and broken bottles strewn around the yard. But this was of little importance to me or my friends, for this yard was the focal point of all our childhood activities.

To the casual observer, little would set this yard off from the many others in our block. A large shade tree, a smaller cherry tree, a few fragrant lilac bushes, a shabby sand box, and a squeaky rope swing were all that the yard could boast. The casual observer could not realize that these individual objects were the embryo from which sprang, with the fertilization of our imaginations, the vast world-within-a-world which was this yard. The large shade tree with its sprawling branches was our lookout post which enabled us to be forewarned of invaders. The smaller cherry tree, which in spring was red with its sour fruit, was our jail. The fragrant lilac bushes when not covered with their violet blossoms were exotic jungles. Our shabby sandbox with its split seams spewing sand over all neighboring regions was capable of having many an identity from its vast repertory with the mere wave of a creative hand. The squeaky wooden swing with its splintered seat often fell from the grasp of the rope that held it, carrying its surprised occupant crashing with it to the ground. As our airplane, the swing acted as our transportation to any place that the yard was to be. Each of these components combined to help create the exact setting to fit our changing whims. Thus it enabled this one yard to be our ranch, our Hollywood, our spaceship, our battlefield.

This was no ordinary yard, but a veritable wonderland if one was only young and imaginative enough to realize it. Unfortunately, I no longer am, except in my memories.

Fifty Minutes

DONALD FOX

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

THE ENTRANCE OF OUR GUEST LECTURER INTO THE Hygiene 104 classroom caused absolutely no stir at all among the students. He was a gray, sixty-ish individual who wore, instead of the dentist's white uniform we expected, an unobtrusive gray suit. He seated himself silently and insinuated his voice into the background noise.

The lecture began prosaically and received the customary reaction. Some students gazed at the wonders of nature visible from the windows of the third floor; some began to doodle and write letters; a few freshmen took notes.

Then suddenly heads raised a bit. ". . . Job potential," the good doctor said, "is definitely reduced. And the reason is just that a good appearance depends on the teeth. The whole face can be put out of line and a set of gold fillings aren't a good sight." He gave us a ghost of a smile, beautiful in its 24-karat radiance.

"Malnutrition's no good either and people are starving to death all over the world on account of malocclusion," he continued. "And you need good teeth for speech, to make it intelligible—that is, easy to understand."

The heads began to droop once more, the eyes to wander, and our guest, feeling the situation slipping away from him, summoned up what he had of the vibrant tone for his next statement.

"There's no telling how many brilliant scientists and engineers and really great men have been lost to the world because of malocclusion."

As if animated by the single great cord of a puppeteer, *all* the heads bobbed up to complete attention, all eyes converged on the thin gray man at the desk. Startled slightly, he took a small breath and plunged on. In our prevailing mental state, we could absorb only fragments of his speech: ". . . Funny teeth and a funny-shaped head . . . grade school . . . ridicule by the other kids, calling him 'bucktooth' or something . . . inferiority complex and he withdraws from society . . . no incentive for higher education . . . settles for a subsistence vocation and all that genius goes down the drain."

Now he leaned forward and clasped his hands as if making supplication to the maker of us all. "Right here today, I want to take this opportunity to say to all you young people if you're not satisfied in your field, come and talk to me and look into dentistry. I got a friend, young man senior in Engineering, married with a family, and he found out he wasn't happy and now he's in Dental School in Chicago—a freshman but he's happy.

Been a terrific population explosion and we're scared because we just don't have enough trained personnel to go around. We need—the world needs—orthodontists."

There was a moment of silence; we could have heard an incisor drop. As he opened his mouth in an attempt to top himself, the bell rang.

"Thursday," he said, "we'll take up fluorides and oral hygiene."

We filed out of the classroom in respectful silence, mulling over the knowledge gleaned in the preceding fifty minutes.

Should We Prepare for a Limited War?

JOHN READ

Rhetoric 102, Theme 1

A LIMITED WAR MAY BE DEFINED AS A CONFLICT, largely tactical in nature, not involving nuclear weapons and confined to a fairly small locality. The Russians have been using the limited war as a means of testing defenses against infiltration and subversion, as well as against open assault, and as such it has been effective. However, the concept of a limited war as a device to facilitate land and power grabs has not been so successful. The Korean War was an example of this; it was an attempt to assimilate the stepping stone to Japan, the allied stronghold in the Far East. Formosa, Berlin, and parts of the Middle East have also been successful thus far in repulsing aggression. Allied support has been instrumental in frustrating all of these attempts at aggression. There have, however, also been some Russian successes, i.e., at Suez and in Indo-China.

Time is, unfortunately, on the side of the Communists. By far the greatest mass of population is under their sphere of influence, and by one way or another most of the Eastern hemisphere will be assimilated. The question is, are the Russians patient enough to merely allow their ideology to osmote (by way of the stomach) into the minds of the starving masses of Eastern Europe and Asia? Or, for that matter, will the Promoters of World Revolution be satisfied with the starving masses? Recent advances in Berlin indicate otherwise. If the objective of Communism is actually world revolution as the Communist manifesto states, it cannot be fully realized by subversion and infiltration only; both the plotters in the Kremlin and the plotters in the Pentagon are fully aware of this fact.

However, Russia and Red China are not yet in a position to carry out more drastic measures to attain their objective. What will happen

when the Communists reach economic parity with us is purely a matter for conjecture. Still, because of inherent conflicts of ideals and economy, it is reasonable to assume that coexistence could not last long. Then, too, both sides have been conducting an ever-accelerating armaments race since shortly after the Second World War. More and more of both economies is being devoted to the tools and administration of war. Sooner or later a point is going to be reached in one of the economies at which a war has to occur to avoid economic collapse. This was the case in Germany of 1939. Hitler had rebuilt Germany's economy on an explosive foundation of socialized munitions factories and had solved its unemployment problem by recruiting a vast army. Without war, there would have been no reason for Germany's economic structure to exist. If today's armaments race continues to accelerate, war will be inevitable for us, too. And if a war based on economic needs does come, it will not be a small, inexpensive tactical sortie.

However, before such an economic crisis does come to pass, there may be more probing with the added danger that one of these minor clashes could blossom forth into a full-fledged, nuclear fight to the finish. There are several factors to consider pertaining to this possibility: First, whether or not the police action would remain such would depend on the proximity of the scene of conflict to Russia and the United States. If the Russians decided to take over, say, Canada some Sunday, it would be a different matter from an unprovoked attack on Tibet. Second, U.S. public opinion would play a great part in the status of a minor war. The Spanish-American war was fought largely on the basis of a perhaps unjustifiably outraged American public opinion. Then, too, the Russians themselves would decide the importance of a small conflict by the amount of effort they put into it. The sad fact is, the U.S. could not win a serious tactical war. According to *U.S. News and World Report*, the Russian Army is much larger and more highly developed than ours. Russian tanks have long been far superior, and the Red Air Force is much more closely coordinated with the Army than is ours. As we hastily learned in World War II, a strong tactical air force is vital to the well-being of an army.

So, then, the possibility of a limited war depends on whether the Russians think they can attain their objectives in that way. However, the trends seem to indicate that there is a strong possibility that a major war may flare up, since it could come from three sources: an economic crisis, enlargement of a minor conflict, or the nervous pressing of a wrong button by an incompetent in a SAC bomber or on an ICBM launching pad.

Coexistence of Russia and the U. S. in their present forms will not be possible when parity is reached. This situation is intensified by economies which are becoming more and more founded on militarism. The conflict is coming, and whether it starts with a minor clash or is preceded only by a radar warning of ballistic missiles coming over the ice cap, the present situation will be resolved.

Never Buy a Sports Car

BRIAN L. WALLEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

I'M THROUGH . . . FINISHED . . . COMPLETELY OVER the sports car fad. I've got a great big hunk of "Detroit iron," and oddly enough I am happy with it, even with its finny rear-end and its pushbutton-laden dash. Once I cringed at these pieces of artistically bent sheet metal, but now I welcome them back with open arms.

This short-lived love all started some fourteen months ago when I was hit by the "sports car epidemic." Several of my friends had acquired the little creatures, and having driven several of the cars, I decided I couldn't live without one. After having secured the proverbial "act of Congress" from Mom and Dad, I started for the local imported car showroom. I wasn't allowed to buy a car from a salesman who worked in the used car lot, but a representative assisted me in making a selection from a group of vehicles which were housed in a salon. This representative, who incidentally was clad in a plaid sportcoat, sunglasses, and a beret, described the many attributes of his product. He explained how it was cellulosed (painted) and how the hood was erected. He then lifted the bonnet and explained the function of the parts of the engine—the carburetters, the sparking plugs, the dynamo, and other bits of miscellaneous engine equipment, the names of which he either mispronounced or called by very strange terms. He showed me how to change the tyres, how to operate the windscreen wipers and the demisters, how to read the rev-counter and the speedometer, and how to top up with oil, gas, and water. I managed to live through this ordeal, and some four hours after I had entered this honorable establishment, I drove away as the proud owner of the diminutive vehicle.

I was delighted with my purchase, and I virtually lived, slept and ate in it for days. Finally, however, I became aware of the wise remarks that were being made by some of my friends who were not enthusiasts, whereupon I entered the "clever sign stage." Everyone is no doubt familiar with these self-adhesive placards which display such bits of literary genius as, "HELP STAMP OUT DETROIT IRON," "MADE IN THE BLACK FOREST BY ELVES," or the most delightful of all, "YOU HAVE JUST BEEN PASSED BY 36 HORSEPOWER." The American car owner is always very quick to attempt to embarrass the sports car owner in front of a crowd. Upon finding that I had run out of gas one day, one of my friends remarked, "What's the matter? Did you forget to wind it up this morning?" I simply replied, "No. It seems as though I am a little short on gas. It is really very disgusting, too, because I just filled it up last month."

Having to live with these remarks every day did not lower my opinion of the little car; then one day I got caught in the rain for the first time. I can only say that the British must never consider that anyone might possibly be driving his car in the rain, for even with the top up, one wonders if a skin diver's outfit shouldn't be offered with the car as optional equipment.

Wintertime brings the only problem more uncomfortable to the sports car owner than a rainstorm. I could have gotten more heat from the continuous lighting of matches than from the pint-sized heater. I now realize why some people drive sports cars in the winter without a top, for it is nearly as warm with the top down as it is when it is erected.

Of the several grievances that come from owning a sports car, the worst are the dating disadvantages which the small car imposes. It is my considered opinion that bucket seats are not promotional to the advancement of the emotional relationship which develops between two members of opposite sexes. In plain words, you just can't neck at the drive-in.

But this is all in the past. Now with my gas-guzzling Detroit monster I am at least a warm, dry conformist, and I can enjoy the delightful company of girls.

My Future Professional Career

AIMEE MERRIAM

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

I FINISHED THE LAST OF MY THREE CHEESEBURGERS and two cokes. My eyes lingered on the last few lines of the first canto in Dante's *Inferno*. I pushed the book aside and took a sideways glance at my assignment notebook. "Oh my gosh!" I said to my roommate. "I still have that theme to write for rhetoric. It's on my future professional plans. That's a laugh. I feel too sick to do another thing. I'm going to bed."

"Maybe you're hungry," my roommate said sarcastically.

"Oh, go to sleep," I mumbled. I slipped between the sheets. The bed seemed especially soft and comforting that night, and before long I was in a deep slumber.

As I slept, my mind spun back through time and space. I was surrounded by a deep woods from which low, threatening sounds emerged. The forest seemed very familiar, but I could not remember when I had been there before. I probed my memory for the answer. This was Dante's wood of error. "This is all very strange," I thought. "I wonder if my Virgil will come." No one appeared. In the shadows of the woods, misty figures standing in endless lines became visible. "Why, that's me waiting in line

during freshman week. There are my friends, too. What's the meaning of all this?" I asked.

"Ah! tongue cannot describe how it oppressed,
This wood so harsh, dismal, and wild that fear
At thought of it strikes now into my breast,
So bitter it is, death is scarce bitterer."

To answer my question appeared a headless marble statue resembling an ancient orator in a carefully draped toga. I cannot really say that he was completely headless. The inappropriate faces of my various instructors would occasionally appear on top of its neck. The woods seemed to draw in around him. There was no turning back.

"So, you are going into the College of Fine and Applied Arts," he said. "Do you know what you want to do with your education?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm really lost. I want to paint, but does one need an education to paint? Would you please help me out of the wood of error?"

"Certainly. I will give you a course to follow. Be sure to read the directions carefully and do not get lost. The course will lead you out of the wood of error, but because there is no turning back now, you must follow the course through the Inferno. That is the only way." He handed me my course, which was inscribed on a little sheet of blue paper, and I began my journey.

Before long, the path through the woods ended, and I was standing in a large anteroom at the opposite end of which stood an immense gate. A confused, lamenting rabble, bearing resemblance to the freshmen art students, stood before the gate. Slowly the gate opened.

My blue guide sheet stated that I was in the first circle of Hell, Limbo. Sickly shadows glanced off the books lining the walls. I recognized the smoky silhouettes of the many "virtuous heathens" who were consigned to remain eternally in Limbo. How was I to get out? "You must read your way out," explained the paper. I sat down on a rock and pulled out about twenty volumes. The reading was tiresome, but it did not seem long before I was done. The walls instantly disappeared.

The descent into the second circle was easy. The inhabitants were being blown about forever by stormy winds.

"The abysmal tempest that can never sleep

Beats and besets them with its whirling sweep."

The dismal souls kept therein were frantically scrawling on their note pads. The tempest increased and they scrawled faster. The winds screamed, the scrawling continued, until a howling climax was reached. A gong vibrated and the scene vanished.

The next circle was a scene of sadistic humor. Shady forms lumbered about, supporting dead weights composed of "abused worldly goods." The heavy burdens were encased in portfolios.

"Do you know where you are going?" asked a voice beside me. It was my marble Virgil.

"I am going to get out of here," was my answer.

"How?" he asked.

"Why, I'm going to follow your directions," I answered.

"Do you know where the directions will lead you?"

"Back where I started, I guess."

"You are wrong. You can never go back. I'm taking you to Purgatory. If you wish to continue from there, you may find yourself in Paradisio someday. But that is very doubtful. Most artists spend their time in the obscurity of Purgatory. Very few are accepted into Paradisio."

I had been shown "spirits who are in pain and have no hope" and "spirits who through pain are come to bliss." There was no way of turning back. I could only go forward as far as possible in my span of life. I knew then that I was not lost. Years of pain and bliss were ahead. Above all, there would always be the hope of reaching a Paradisio.

In the morning I woke up refreshed without any doubts about my theme. A half-eaten cheeseburger still remained on my desk.

One Cent to Wealth

JOYCE JUCIUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

WHEN WE WERE KIDS, THE CANDY STORE WAS A palace of the wonderful, the only place where a worn nickel could be exchanged for a handful of succulent sugars, which we savored until their sweet delicacy was gone. There we could lean on the finger-streaked, glass-topped counter, marveling at the array of paper parachutes, rainbow-tinted jaw breakers, licorice strips wound around a hard, red core, and cordial-filled wax shapes designed so that we could bite off the paraffin ear of a rabbit or the paraffin feet of a bear and drink the sugar nectar inside. The candy store was the only place to procure blue popsicles in winter and warm, fizzing soda in summer. There the older kids squatted on the outside step, sipping nickel sodas, and shoving us away as we tried to taunt them. To us the candy store encompassed all the glitter of barter and trade.

It was different to return there as an adult. I expected to be sentimental about the candy store. I wanted to place a penny coyly on the counter with

an embarrassed half-laugh, to receive a licorice stick, to become a child once again, to savor that licorice, to feel the flood of memories, to wander mentally through childhood, borne upon the opium of licorice. I wanted everything to be that way, expecting it with that maudlin desire so prevalent when one muses upon the past.

I approached the candy store hesitantly. I waited for that aura to surround me. I tried desperately to intoxicate myself with emotion. Certainly the candy store was there, but now the windows were dirty and the Coca-Cola signs were ugly with the faded bottles and the washed-out smiles. The steps where we had spent our evenings seemed only dirty slabs caked with chewing gum. A fat dog with heaving sides panted beside the step. It didn't stir as I stepped over it.

I entered the candy store and waited for the mingling odors to engulf me, the almost saccharine sweetness, the pungency of spice. Instead the rankness of old cigars and the acidity of over-boiled cabbage assailed me. The famous counter was battered, but Joe was still behind it, older, his bulbous nose now purple, wrinkles embedded in his flabby flesh. He scrutinized me. I stood in front of the counter and looked down as I had as a child. I even placed my fingertips on the counter, praying that by touch I could capture recollection. However, the once-magic treasures and the jewel colors were gone. The jaw breakers were damp; I wondered if anyone but a kid would care to spend an hour sucking one of those things only to reach the tart, cinnamon center. The penny balloons were powdered with dust. A ring on the counter outlined the place where a soda bottle had lain; a fly paused at the sticky syrup.

Joe had folded his arms over his paunch. He stared at me with a sour sneer. I in turn stared down at the licorice; a white crust had formed on it. I wished that that old, gripping hunger could overcome me, that candy alone could satisfy all my desires. I jingled the coins in my pockets—quarters, half-dollars. Joe mumbled angrily but incoherently.

I remembered how he had once been awe-inspiring, the epitome of the big merchant world, a man with a too-prominent nose, a tyrant as cruel as a fable king. I almost heard him yelling, telling us to clear out because he had to sweep, and I thought I heard the swoosh of his broom against our heels. I waited for him to snarl. I knew it would be comfortable to revel in melancholy musing. But, I couldn't. The candy was stale, and the parachutes were cheap 'Made in Japan' trinkets that needed an outlet. The store was filthy, and the very blueness of the blueberry popsicles was nauseating. Joe wasn't a mammoth; he was nothing but a guy who had moved into a small neighborhood and had opened a candy store. The neighborhood had outgrown him, but he was still there trying to eke out a living cent by cent. I tried to pity him, but I couldn't. There were lots of Joes, but there were also lots of kids.

I reached into my pocket for a dime and pointed to the gray licorice. "Ten." Joe pawed out ten lumps with his grimy hand, and he shoved them through the soda circle across the counter. "Ten cents." His upper lip curled distastefully. I dropped the dime on the counter; he snatched it and threw it into an open cigar box where it echoed against a few other coins. I walked out, the licorice gummy in my palm. I felt no aversion or distaste; I was cheated in emotion, but I was not concerned. I let the beaten screen door slam as we had feared to do as children. The black dog slitted its red eyes. I dropped a licorice stick before its leathery nose; it nuzzled the sweet and slept.

A kid with a grin skipped by. His fist was clenched, and he held a penny.

Definition of Prejudice

JAMES KRATZER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

PREJUDICE IS AN ATTITUDE. IT MAY BE RECOGNIZED by frustration on the part of the person holding this attitude when he tries to formulate a logical justification for his attitude. The following is an example of such faulty reasoning:

I know of a man who is a gangster. He is an Italian. Therefore all gangsters are Italians. Gangsters are evil. Therefore Italians are evil.

Since the basis for judging whether or not an attitude is a prejudice lies in the validity of its justification, whether an attitude is to be labelled a prejudice or not is a matter of subjective interpretation. One does not usually consider his own attitude one of prejudice because as a result of his ignorance he is satisfied by his rationalization. On the other hand, one whose viewpoint is opposed to another's is likely to call the other's attitude a prejudice, but if his view coincides with the other's, he will not disparage the other's reasoning. Consequently, to call an attitude a prejudice is to imply that the attitude is in error, though, strictly speaking, an attitude of prejudice may also lead to a correct and justifiable viewpoint.

All attitudes which are unjustifiable in the light of complete and accurate facts are not prejudices, however. The attitude which is formed by either correct or incorrect reasoning from inadequate facts or by incorrect reasoning from adequate facts is not prejudice; this is called simply an "error." The attitude which is formed contrary to the facts for the sake of being perverse and for no other consideration is not prejudice; this is called a

"whim." The distinguishing connotation of *prejudice* is implied in its prefix from the Latin *prae*, meaning *before*, and in its Latin root, *judicium*, meaning *judgment*—that is, *a judging before the facts*. The considerations which form the basis for the judgment may be any or all of the following: conformity to traditional or popular views; adversity to change; and selfishness, including covetousness, jealousy, and preservation of one's standing and possessions. No matter what facts are present, one's attitude may be *pre-determined* by these considerations; in such a case the attitude is termed a "prejudice."

Naples, the City of Sorrow

CHARLOTTE TATE
Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

FROM MY HOTEL WINDOW, I GAZED DOWN UPON Naples. At night, it was veiled by darkness, and the lights shone gaily. How calm and content the city appeared. Yet, as I recalled the events of the day, I saw them in contrast to the peaceful night.

Early this morning, my friends and I had strolled through the streets, cameras in hand. The small sidewalks were crowded, filthy, and narrow. On both sides were walls of old, cracked yellow-stone buildings. Here, one saw peddlers pushing wares upon the multitudes of tourists. A young, dark-haired boy ran up to me and pinned a small flower on my dress. I thanked him and started to walk on, but he held my arm and stretched his open palm for money. I gave him some coins and hurried past. Farther down the street was a woman whose clothes were soiled and ragged. She carried a small child in one arm and begged with the other. This pitiful sight made me want to turn away, but I saw the baby and his red, feverish face. So once more I left a gift. We passed small shops where small, dark men with wrinkled hands and faces arranged straw baskets and colored postal cards for the customers. I could hear the many cries of the street: "Coca-Cola, ice-a cold-a Coca-Cola!" and "Rich Americano, rich Americano!"

As the sun began to go down beyond the bay, the peaceful beauty seemed to ease my depression. The red waters slowly turned grey and then black. And then darkness covered over all the turmoil of the day; the streets were silent except for the clip-clop of horses' hooves and a few buzzing motor-bikes. I watched and listened.

My reverie was broken as my friends burst into the hotel room, shouting, "Let's go get a pizza!"

I said, "Yes, let's go get a pizza."

Cigarettes and Beer — the Real Marks of Maturity

ELLEN FILURIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

I AM SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD; I SMOKE CIGARETTES AND drink beer; I am a mature individual. These are the symbols of “growing up,” so how much further can I progress? I am ready to take my place in society.

When I was very young, I sat in a corner and watched my family as they gathered around the television set in the evening. I knew they were adults because I saw them smoking one cigarette after another. The smoke, rising in the air in little spirals fascinated me. Some day I, too, would be old enough to indulge; my time would come.

My father was sitting with his feet propped up on a table, staring at the television. It was the last of the ninth inning with two men out, a man on third, and a full count on the batter. The score was tied at one to one, and there was ninety degrees of heat. There was a cold bottle of beer in my dad’s hand that day, and little beads of water were dripping down the bottle, forming dark puddles on the living room rug. Every so often dad would jerkily lift the precious ambrosia to his lips and swallow a bit of it. This, I knew, was my ultimate goal in life, the real sign of maturity, drinking beer and smoking cigarettes.

Finally the time came. I felt I was old enough to sample these luxuries myself. The man at the drugstore was a little hesitant about selling cigarettes to me, but after I assured him that they were for my mother, he grudgingly shoved them over the counter. Half my battle was won.

Upon arriving at home, I crept stealthily into the house, tiptoed to the refrigerator, and snatched a cool, refreshing bottle of beer. What fun I had under the porch that afternoon!

Now I am in college and can get served anywhere. I sit in my room with a cigarette in one hand and a bottle in the other. My roommate tells me I cough too much, and it is hard for me to concentrate in my classes with my head throbbing so. But there is one compensation—I am seventeen years old; I smoke cigarettes and drink beer. I have reached the height of maturity at a very early age. This is something not many people achieve.

Union News

BERNADETTE LONDAK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

UNION COUNCIL — 7/46/4008 — THE UNION OF G-TYPE Stellar Systems last night considered a modified ancient proposal for the solution of overpopulation. Since the Union's formation, the excess populations from crowded member systems have been distributed among sparsely populated Union members. A "temporary" procedure, the plan has continued until, at present, all regions are crowded. The Council has continually had to pacify the original inhabitants of the areas who have become dissatisfied with the transplants. Over-crowding causes the friction.

A historian of the Independent Research Foundation, who wished to remain anonymous, transplanted a suggestion from Atomic Age English of System Sol and presented it to the Union Council. Briefly the article suggested that men adjusted to their advances in the sciences which prolonged life by developing "aggressive personalities" resulting in wars which caused thousands of deaths. These wars also "stimulated scientific accomplishments," stabilized economic trends, and "instigated new philosophies."

Modifying the suggestion, the Council considered abolishing intervention in the differences between transplants and natives, thereby allowing small wars to develop. One stipulation would be enforced. Participation in the resulting conflicts must be limited to those people who have infirmities, and of those, only people whose weaknesses are non-hereditary would be allowed to participate. Many maimed, though healthy people will be killed, thereby reducing populations and relieving tension caused by crowded conditions. Yet those who transmit infirmities to the next generation, causing weaklings who will live shortened lives, will not be endangered. Neither will the fit population, who assure the Union of a perfect core population, be reduced.

"The ancient prophet warns, 'Admittedly war is a ghastly and terrifying reality.' A revival of this forgotten reality seems to be a return to a savage solution for our population excess, but the suggested adaptation of the principle is a saving factor," announced the Union sub-president.

"To Thy Happy Children of the Future Those of the Past Send Greetings"¹

DONNA MAY SHAPIRO

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF LINCOLN HALL AT THE University of Illinois is a Classics Museum. Within its four walls are remnants of past civilizations—statues from ancient Egypt, dioramas of old Norseland, jewelry from the iron age, and paintings from several ages; but of all these objects of beauty and age, one is outstanding—the little drinking fountain way off in the corner. Its importance stems not from the liquid refreshment which issues from it, nor from its artistic beauty, but from what it represents—the twentieth century.

No civilization can or should get entirely away from the past, for in it lies the foundation for the future; however, no civilization should depend upon its past, or it will never find the future. The future is what we shall establish, and the future is what we should look to as a guide. No one ever went forward while looking backward. As it was impossible for the museum to eliminate an invention of the twentieth century, so it should be impossible for the children of the ages to eliminate the present.

That little drinking fountain may very well be the "Fountain of Youth" which Ponce de Leon spent his lifetime searching for. One need only turn a handle and the life-giving fluid streams forth. What can be more remarkable?

With so much beauty in the museum, few visitors notice the fountain, and fewer can see the message it carries. If more would stop and think about it, less time might be spent reminiscing about the glories of the past, and more time might be spent on the days to come.

¹ These words are inscribed on the Alma Mater Statue at the University of Illinois.

XANADU LITERARY MAGAZINE
WANTS YOUR POEMS, ESSAYS, STORIES, AND EXCERPTS
Manuscripts should be left at 109 English Building

All persons interested in joining the Xanadu Editorial Staff should leave their home phone numbers either in Mr. Rueckert's or Mr. Fumento's mailbox in 109 English Building.

Rhet as Writ

The Okies were all working desperately for money to eat.

A student should be very careful of spelling when writting a theme.

We have just compelted the removal of an automobile tire. The wheel may then be taken to a person qualified in the repair of whatever substance the tire was made of and the trouble can be rectified.

Years ago nearly everyone lived on a farm due to the fact that there were not as many big cities.

His fingers clutched the steering wheel in a vice-like grip.

If students in Russia can't learn, they are put to work in rice patties.

How does one know he doesn't like champagne if he's only had beer and piazza.

Minneapolis is literally the "cereal bowel" and "flour can" of our country.

Body health helps in keeping the body in a healthy condition.

Are you proud of the gay, youthful, socially excepted leader of the future?

The life of Porgy and Bess started when they were young, in the early days.

The Contributors

Mary Caroline Conour—East Richland High, Olney

Mary Dwyer—Pecatonica

William S. Plank—Taft, Chicago

Stanley Anderson—Blue Island Community

Donald Fox—Bicknell, Indiana

John Read—Lyons Township

Brian L. Wallen—Rantoul

Aimee Merriam—Bethesda, Md.

Joyce Jucius—J. Sterling Morton, Cicero

James Kratzer—Springfield

Charlotte Tate—University High, Urbana

Ellen Filurin—Sullivan, Chicago

Donna May Shapiro—Senn, Chicago

Bernadette Londak—Mercy, Chicago

THE WINNERS

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes in the first issue of the *Caldron*:

First: Audrey Mead, "Oh Come, Let Us Adore Him"

Second: Ilmar Waldner, "The Eccentric"

Third: Sandra Bartholmey, "The Rock"

Fourth: (tie) John H. Williams, "The Athlete"

Robert Hoehn, "The Canals of Mars"

PRIZES

The editors are pleased to announce that this year prizes will be given for the five best themes in each issue of the *Caldron*. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of prizes is as follows:

- FIRST: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- SECOND: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- THIRD: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- FOURTH: Five dollars worth of books.
- FIFTH: Five dollars worth of books.



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- CAMPUS BOOK STORE
- FOLLETT'S COLLEGE BOOK STORE
- ILLINI UNION BOOK STORE
- U. OF I. SUPPLY STORE (THE "CO-OP")

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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The Most Significant Event in My Educational Development

DIANA STAFFIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

I WAS IN MY PRIME IN KINDERGARTEN. I WAS A GENIUS at Paper-Cutting 101, a "little Rembrandt" at Fingerpainting 102 and the pride of my teacher in Group Games for Youngsters (ages four to six) 200. My great downfall was "peg time."

At ten-thirty on Wednesday mornings my teacher would announce musically, "It's peg time!" and all my little classmates would run eagerly to the gigantic pegboard and start jamming vari-colored and multi-shaped pegs into corresponding holes in the board. At this time each week, I was dumbfounded. Why wouldn't the square peg fit into the round hole?

Patiently, my teacher would explain the difference in the shapes of the pegs. Gently, she would guide my hand to the square hole. I would smile.

"Now, do it alone, dear," she would coo. A moment of thought, and then—plunk! Square peg, round hole. Sometimes the peg would get stuck, and I would die of embarrassment while the teacher pried it out of the board.

A council of teachers decided I was unable to learn the simple procedure of peg-placing because something was disturbing me. They could not promote an emotionally upset child to the difficult tasks and responsibilities of first grade.

During my second time around in kindergarten, I searched my mind for the answer to my problem. Was I rebelling against something? Was I insecure? Was I stupid?

One day, during paper-cutting, the solution came to me. (After two years, paper-cutting took very little concentration.) I had been unrealistic! "I must learn to call a spade a spade!" I said aloud.

I rushed to the peg-board (even though it was only Tuesday) and filled all the square holes with square pegs and the round holes with round pegs. I stepped back to admire my work.

"You have learned an important lesson, my dear." The teacher's over-sweet voice came from behind me. "You have learned to understand the purpose for things in this world. You now know that all things—including you—are created for certain purposes and cannot be forced beyond those purposes or beyond their capabilities."

"Yes," I said simply, and walked solemnly to the first grade room and a new life.

Heat

HARVEY PASTKO

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

IT BEGAN QUIETLY WITHOUT AROUSING THE SLIGHTEST suspicion. It developed with amazing speed and silence. It was unannounced; it did not warn of its coming. Instead, moving in insidious silence, it fed itself. It gathered all that was near and, as if intelligent, groped for what was beyond.

Those who slept above had no idea of its existence. They, in their dirty, crowded rooms, wished only to sleep. In each stuffy, humid apartment they set themselves to the chore of wresting slumber from the oppressive night. They lay in silence. The heat and humidity, the sweat and filth made the silence an agony. In restless misery some lay awake, while others balanced delicately between consciousness and sleep.

All day their tenement stood gaunt in the ravaging sun. No portion of the building escaped the bleaching light. Heat poured down upon every sill and window, on every chimney and porch. It broiled the gravel of the roof and baked each red-bricked surface. Now, in the darkness, each stone, each brick returned the stifling heat.

Far below, beneath the agonizing night, there grew another heat. In the cool and shaded basement, within a hidden corner, it nurtured itself. Behind a dirty staircase amidst the residue of many years it quietly moved. Between the wooden shed, under the piles of rubble it lurked. It licked at the bundles of discarded paper, the dusty cans and jars of paint. It moved faster now as if emboldened by its own strength. It pushed to all corners of the wretched basement. It gorged itself on rotted wood, bundled clothes and forgotten books. It moved wildly, frantically, as if bewildered by its own might. It lurched and quivered, pushing blindly to the walls and ceiling. It writhed in the ecstasy of being alive.

Across the slumbering city moved an awareness. Through the fitful night moved the message of its existence. Between the darkened tenements, beyond the silent park and through the empty streets, that which was alive was known.

Blossoming into maturity, it moved upward. It moved quickly, as a cat, through the many openings of the basement. It curled its dancing fingers around each stair and railing. It moved in a crackling vortex through the decaying stairwells. It washed against the crumbling plaster, pushed against each fastened door. It tore savagely at each wooden fixture, ripped angrily at each protruding ledge. It crawled along the dirty carpet and slithered under fastened doors. It was now a monster.

The city awoke. The restless, smothering night had exploded. In an instant the palpable pressure of the darkness was gone. Screams ripped away the silence; echoing footsteps washed away the frustrations of insomnia. In but a few moments there was movement, excitement, then chaos.

But it was too late.

The Letdown

WILLIAM H. BUSSEY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

THE AIRPORT LAY IN THE VALLEY. THE WESTERING sun had dropped below the hills leaving the valley dark while a few high scattered clouds glowed pink in the late evening sunset. To the people in the valley, it was dusk. A small airplane climbed slowly upward in the sky. To the people in the aircraft, it was still daylight with the setting sun still visible beyond the hills. Lights began blinking on in the valley below. The pilot put on his sun glasses.

The plane reached altitude and started a large circle which brought it over the airport. Suddenly it seemed to falter, the wings and fuselage reflecting the orange sun, hidden to the people in the valley. A tiny black speck appeared just below the aircraft, seemed to hang suspended for a moment, and then dropped towards the earth gaining speed as it fell. A second speck appeared. The sound of the aircraft's engine, a remote buzz, came to the darkening valley below. The two small specks became tiny X's twisting and turning slowly as they plummeted toward the dark earth below. The sun, hidden to the valley, caused the falling X's to take on an orange tint. Downward they tumbled, gradually taking the shape of men, arms outstretched, legs spread.

Downward they spiraled: downward and downward they fell. As they got closer to the ground, the amazing speed at which they were falling became apparent. Suddenly, when it seemed that they must surely hit the ground, a small orange blossom appeared above each man. The small flowers pulled away from the men dragging long streamers of silk after them. The streamers extended, then opened suddenly, revealing themselves as giant red and white umbrellas. The small figures were jerked upright, seemed to hang suspended for a moment, and then sank slowly into the dark bowl of the valley. Several moments after the chutes opened, the cool summer breeze carried the sound of two sheets being snapped in the wind to the valley below. The two figures, now hanging helplessly from their suspension lines, were hard to see in the dusk as they settled to the ground. The two jumpers, now limited and confined in their actions by the ties of the earth, were silent as they rolled the lifeless folds of silk into bags and began the long, dark walk home.

The Burden of Truth

MARK WESTERLAND

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

WHAT IS TRUTH? WHAT EFFECT HAS TRUTH ON society? What bearing has the truth of the past on the pattern of the future? These are the questions posed and answered by *All the King's Men*.

The book purports to be the story of the late Willie Stark, political boss and governor of a southern state, a character greatly resembling Huey Long of Louisiana. In a much greater sense, however, the book is a study of truth and its effects and uses in a modern society.

The truth may be separated into two meanings: truth and Truth. In its first meaning, truth refers to the facts—what happened when, where and how. The second meaning, Truth, concerns the terms *what*, *where*, *when* and *how*, but it also concerns a fifth term, perhaps the most important of the five—*why*.

The truth is vile, false and misleading. It is also easily believable and as such is a valuable weapon of a political machine. The Truth, however, is pure, exact and definite. It is also extremely difficult to credit and even more difficult to discover. The Truth can apply to all life. And like the laws of physics it is always applicable and valid. The Truth, however, tends to hurt those that discover it unless they are prepared to accept it completely.

All the King's Men reveals both truth and Truth. The truths given are events and conflicts in the lives of the characters. Governor Willie Stark's son is a playboy football hero. Stark himself is unable to live with his wife, but won't divorce her for political reasons. The honest Judge Irwin took a bribe twenty-five years ago when he was Attorney General. The woman which the narrator, Jack Burden, loves is Stark's mistress.

The Truths, however, can only be discovered by a thorough analysis of the plot and key paragraphs. One Great Truth eagerly accepted by Burden at the time is the "Truth of the Great Twitch." Upon hearing of the affair between Willie Stark and the woman he loves, Burden flees to California. After the hate and sickness in his heart have diminished, Burden decides to return, and at a small filling station in New Mexico he picks up an elderly hitchhiker. The face of the old man was seized by spasms which, Burden explains, were 'simply an independent phenomenon, unrelated to the face or to what was behind the face or to anything in the whole tissue of phenomena which is the world we are lost in.' The spasm becomes, to Burden, the "Great Twitch." The Great Twitch represents a man, and the face, unmoved by the twitch, is the man's environment, the world. The twitch was all. "But," asks Burden, "if the twitch was all,

what was it that could know that the twitch was all? . . . That is the mystery. That is what you have . . . to find out. That the twitch can know that the twitch is all. Then, . . . you feel clean and free. You are at one with the Great Twitch."

Jack Burden was a historian, a lover of truth. But through the first thirty-five years of his life he could not understand the bearing of the past on the future. During this time he formulated laws like the "Great Twitch" from the injuries inflicted upon him by the truth. However, with the disasters that struck him after this time, he came to realize perhaps the only Truth that applies to all men.

". . . If you could not accept the past and its burden there was no future, for without one there cannot be the other, and . . . if you could accept the past you might hope for the future, for only out of the past can you make the future."

On Limits to Liberty

REBECCA HUSS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

JOHN STUART MILL'S ESSAY "ON LIBERTY" MIGHT WELL be called a treatise on human rights, for it attempts to set forth the principles which govern man's relations with man. These principles, being statements of the bounds between majority dominion and individual sovereignty, might be used today to solve some of the problems in human relations such as segregation or the issue of the conscientious objector. They might, that is, except for the fact that they can be applied with equal efficiency to either side of the question. Such application is the purpose of the following essays.

ON LIMITS TO LIBERTY (I)

Through the years which span the gap between the earliest beginnings of civilization and the present day, man's concept of the nature of liberty has undergone great changes. Civilized man first concerned himself with the securing of political liberty, the recognition of many so-called rights, and the protection of these rights from usurpation by a tyrannical political ruler or group of rulers. But as ideas of government gradually changed and progressed to the point that a group of people became its own political authority, ideas of liberty must, of necessity, have changed accordingly. They might have become more simple, with the elimination of the old problem of the government's tyranny over the individual. Instead, the struggle for liberty became, in reality, a question of both political *and* social rights. Of these two, the

struggle for freedom from the oppression of society is, in America today, by far the more serious problem.

Since it is evident that, without some restraint upon the individuals of which a civilization is composed, civilization could not long exist, there can be no valid objection to the exercising of this power of restraint by the body in which it has been vested. Whether this restraining force is the law as legislated by the government or whether it is merely the opinion of the mass of society makes a difference only in the area of conduct acted upon. Now a new question arises: Over what areas of conduct shall the mass as represented both by law and by public opinion have jurisdiction? Just what limits can be set to this majority power? Since it is obvious that the law cannot and society will not rule to limit its own authority, this problem must be resolved arbitrarily. This is the purpose toward which John Stuart Mill is working in his essay "On Liberty." The object of his discourse is to establish one basic principle, ". . . that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection." By this principle, no individual or minority may be forced to do for themselves things which they would rather not, merely on the premise that they would be benefited by so doing.

This basic principle for the insurance of individual human liberty can be applied to almost every phase of human relations. Mill himself applies it in a broad sense to the problems of enforcing testimony in court, saving the life of one's fellow man, and participation in the common defense. However, Mill either neglects or ignores the fact that by his very principle he sets up a basis upon which can be built a strong case against each of these supposedly unquestioned rights of enforcement, as well as for it. One may take, as an example, the problem of compulsory conscription. To argue against this intrusion by the governmental majority upon the rights of the individual minority is to argue for the man who stands opposed to it. Today this individual who, for reasons of his own conscience, resists the powers that tell him he must fight stands out among his fellow men. He is known as the "conscientious objector," and he must accept with this label the general public attitude of mild scorn and mockery which it carries. The dictionary defines a conscientious objector as "One who, for reasons of faith or beliefs of righteousness, objects to warfare." It is indeed a hypocritical society which condemns those of its number who practice what it itself has preached. For our society has long held the faith of a man to be inviolable, and the dictates of his conscience to be the concern of him and no one else. Mill himself, in the idea which he propounds, declares the individual to be "sovereign" over himself and matters which concern him alone. The question now becomes this: Is participation in wartime defense of one's country a matter which is of concern to the individual alone? Taking the principles of individual and minority liberty, and the right of society to compel or suppress action only

to prevent its harm by the person being suppressed, the question can be answered thus: It is.

American society today cries, "Conform, conform!" and expects the individual to listen and obey. "Work for a living!" says public opinion, "Eat meat! Go to church! Join the army! Fight! Kill or be killed!" And the masses of humanity bow to the almighty will of Public Opinion, then take up the cry themselves. But here and there can be found a singular person who stands for the rights of man as an individual, who realizes that society has no right to force him to harm others. To *prevent* him from harming other members of society is perfectly logical and desirable, but it is sheer hypocrisy to claim that the social or governmental majority can force him to do to others what they must force him not to do to themselves. No, this problem cannot be solved by society *en masse*; it must be referred to the individual for resolution. If he chooses not to wantonly kill his fellow man, this decision lies entirely within the region of his own conscience and the expression of his own ideas, a privilege which even John S. Mill states is his. And with equal surety, Mill declares that one human being may involve other men in his acts and opinions only with their free and voluntary consent. It is a Constitutional right that all citizens shall be allowed, with the free and voluntary consent of the government, to practice their own religious beliefs as they see fit. How, then, can the citizen whose religious belief leads him to refrain from warfare be condemned? How then can the bulk of this "free" society compel one member to think as it thinks, believe as it believes? If to each man ". . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are guaranteed, there is no justice in forcing him to do that which would endanger these rights. To this argument Mill lends full support by his statement that the only worthwhile freedom is the pursuit of one's own good in one's own way.

If, then, freedom is to be preserved anywhere on earth, it must not be divorced from the individual's right to think as he pleases and to exemplify his beliefs by his actions, so long as in so doing he brings harm to no other man. The rights of a man whose heart and soul rebel at the thought of being forced to kill his fellow human beings for the sake of some political issue are no less to be respected than those of a man who wishes to print the truth in his newspaper or to go to church on Saturday or to discuss with his neighbors the failings of a public official. Such rights are to be held inviolable, for without them there can be no liberty. If it is to maintain a reputation for liberty, a government with professed democratic ideals can no more deny each particular man his rights of speech and creed than it can set up a dictator at its head. Man's choice of whether to fight or not to fight, being assuredly a question of creed, is then not to be denied him, for in the words of John Stuart Mill, "No society in which these liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified."

ON LIMITS TO LIBERTY (II)

It is generally believed, and has been since man's earliest beginnings, that the customs and beliefs of any one race or nationality of people are, to the members of the race, matters which need no explanation or justification. Each social group, having formulated within itself certain modes of behavior, accepts them without question as being proper; and from these basic customs and ideas of right and wrong are derived the opinions of the social mass, and, eventually, the laws which govern its members. Since these laws which regulate a group of people have their basis in the customs and ideals upon which the group was founded, one would think that they would be recognized as having been devised from the common need, for the common good. But it is not always so. Although the majority of human beings will consent to comply with the rules laid down for the benefit of all, there arises occasionally an individual, an individualist, who refuses to obey. He must prove that he can wield his individual rights for his own benefit, no matter what the results may be upon the other members of his society. Such a man is the so-called "conscientious" objector.

It has been argued, since the appearance of the problem of the conscientious objector, just whether or not his motives are inspired by conscience or by fear, whether he is noble in his wish to refrain from killing his fellow man or whether he is simply afraid that his fellow man may kill him first. This controversy may never be resolved, as a man with sincere intentions would not change his beliefs, and a man with any other sort of motives would never admit them to be so. Therefore the problem is not whether or not a man has the right to believe as he pleases; neither is it whether or not man's ideals are worthwhile. It is rather a question of which has the greater worth, the stubborn will of the lone individual, or the benefit of all the individuals of which a civilization or a society is composed. Is there justification for forcing one member to act against his whim and will so that all members of the group may profit? According to the principles of John Stuart Mill, there is.

In his essay, "On Liberty," Mill states that the only justifiable reason for interference with the conduct and personal liberties of an individual is for self-protection. There is no other way to define the drafting of armies to fight directly the indirect battles of society than as self-protection. No democratic, free government would seek to provoke war purely for the sake of killing members of earth's other nations, and no civilized group of people would wantonly send the best of its manpower, in the prime of life, to be slaughtered in battle if it were not necessary for the continued survival of the group as a unified nation. It can hardly be said that the responsible members of a modern society would provide, within the constitutional law of the country, a means for the conscription of armies if it were not deemed imperative that men be ready to defend their nation and the masses of indi-

viduals that the name "nation" represents. Mill has declared that in order for injustice to be done in forcing an individual to comply with the customs and laws of society his actions must involve either himself alone, or others with their voluntary and undeceived consent. Who in society would consent to allow one individual rights which obviously cannot be granted to all? And who can say that the individual who refuses to accept his rightful share of responsibility to his compatriots does not do so for reasons which are deceitful? On this premise, then, no one can seek exemption. Also, the physical or moral good of the rebellious man is no warrant for asylum, for there is no one but who is seeking his own physical and moral benefit. It is the widely, almost universally, held belief that each man is responsible to his fellow man in those matters which concern the other's safety or well-being. Such matters as the saving of another's life where possible, the protection of the helpless from ill use, and the common defense of all are instances cited by John S. Mill in which a man is, of necessity, required to consider not only his own selfish motives, but the welfare of all concerned. His refusal to join forces with his country in time of war is, in effect, a refusal to save or protect or defend those within it. This refusal would be justified in the case of children, imbeciles, or savages, whose control or enlistment might result in worse problems than those present. The average American draftee cannot be so classified.

But one may ask, and rightly so, if the enforcement of compulsory conscription may not lead to the enforcement upon man of other restraints contrary to his desires, and eventually to a loss of valuable liberties. There is only one answer to this question. Without restraint of some sort upon society, no law, no order, no freedom could ever be realized. It has been said that if one is free to do anything, he is free to do nothing. That is to say that if every man has the right to do as he wishes without thought to others, every other man has the same right, and need give no thought to him. A society ruled by this sort of crude anarchy would not be a society at all, nor even a civilization, but a group of barbaric savages. It is therefore the right of the individuals who compose a society to require that each man give up for the common good some of his individual liberties in order that a greater liberty, that of doing and being done unto with equal deference, may be preserved.

Every Day

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

GRAMPS AND GERTRUDE ARE STANDING AT THE DOOR again today, just like every other day, five days a week, fifty weeks a year. They make a rather amusing couple. Gramps must be about seventy, way overdue for a pension, but still working. It is strange how his Burlington uniform seems to be as much a part of him as the shaggy white hair peeking out from under his stiff blue cap. He always walks as if he were still on the train, swinging his feet out to each side, letting his round body drop firmly over each step. Gertrude seems to be a great deal younger, but she too is showing her age. Her slightly graying hair is still piled high on her head in a mass of tiny, beauty-shop curls. Her tastes haven't seemed to change at all. She still wears those same matronly print dresses and carries the same type of long flat purse.

Every day, they're there together just before the 6:05 pulls in for the loading of hundreds of tired commuters and exhausted shoppers. Most of the passengers on the 6:05 are store clerks, finished with another day's work, but Gert completes her day at 4:00. She hasn't taken the 4:10 or 4:23 in years. Instead, she waits for Gramps every night. You don't feel comfortable speaking to them. They try hard to be unnoticed, so you pretend that you never saw them together, just as they pretend not to see you.

They separate as the train backs in. Gert walks down to the very first car and takes her seat to the right at the back of the car, while Gramps joins the other trainmen to swap a few words before the train leaves.

At precisely 6:05 he yells "All aboard," then holds the train for one or two latecomers. Every night there are the same late ones, and every night the same brief wait. He goes about his duty of punching out the little numbered squares on the commuters' monthly tickets in his same slow fashion as he calls out the stops, "Siss-ro, Dounas-goove, Liii-L," in his well-practiced conductor's slur.

Most of the commuters get off by about the third last stop, leaving a few last sleepy passengers scattered throughout the train. About this time Gramps strolls up to the first car swinging the heavy doors out of his way. Gertrude moves the large purse and worn newspaper out of the way. There they sit, every night, five nights a week, fifty weeks a year. Now and then they mumble a word or two.

When the old roundhouse appears on the right of the tracks a short distance from the end of the line, Gertrude begins to walk to the other end of the train. Gramps is close behind, struggling with the heavy car doors. They smile, remarking to the scattered regular passengers. As the train squeals to

a slow stop, Gramps releases the automatic doors. He steps down, plants his feet on the ground, and helps the last passengers off: the lady with too many packages, the tired clerk from Fields, and those two college students who are working in Chicago for the summer.

Gertrude makes her lonely way home, only glancing good-bye to Gramps. She knows he'll be there to meet her tomorrow, and the next day, and the next.

Gramps, too, knows Gertrude will be there. He walks home, each deliberate step bringing him closer to the big, old white frame house on Simms Street where he knows his wife will be waiting for him, every night, five nights a week, fifty weeks a year.

How to Get Rid of a Despised Professor

BOB SCHALL

Rhetoric 100, Theme 4

THE AVERAGE STUDENT HAS AT LEAST ONE PROFESSOR on campus whom he would very much like to get rid of. Perhaps the student was flunked on a chemistry test or given a "D" on his last theme. After many such provocations, I have devised the perfect method for the extermination of these professors.

Many students have suggested slipping sulfuric acid into a professor's drinking water or putting a rattlesnake in his briefcase. I have come to the conclusion that these methods are too slow and painful to use on the average professor. I think they should be reserved for deans or presidents.

I propose that the student, in order to waste as little time as possible, use a car to get his first professor. The student will find that this method, in addition to being the quickest for both himself and the professor, also affords a quick means of transportation back to Kam's, so that he has plenty of time to finish his homework for the next day.

The first step in my method is to choose the proper car. A car of the corvette class is recommended because of its quick pickup and its proven ability to jump curbs and hit things along the roadway. Some things to consider while choosing the car are the gas mileage and the size of the professor. In evaluating the former, just think how frustrating it would be to chase a professor the length of the quadrangle only to run out of gas at the most important instant. You also have to consider the professor's size because some of the foreign cars now on sale simply will not knock down a good-sized professor.

The second step is to become familiar with the routes the professor usually takes between classes and at the end of the day. A good knowledge of these routes can greatly reduce the amount of time spent waiting for your victim. If you don't want to go to the trouble of learning all these routes and if there happens to be a tiddly-winks tournament or a convention of advocates of chamber music in town, you can usually find quite a few professors going to or from such functions. If you spot your professor going into such a meeting, it is a simple matter to find a parking place right outside the door and just wait for him.

The final step is the most important of all. It is the proper technique for actually hitting the professor. It determines whether you hear only the common, everyday smack of pedestrian meeting metal or the soul-satisfying crunch of a professor going under for the last time. Most people say the best way to finish the job is to lean casually back in the car seat while holding the clutch to the floor. Then, just as the professor starts to cross in front of you, race the engine and pop the clutch. The screech of the tires always causes the professor to turn his head in your direction. The fear-filled face of a hated professor just before he disappears below the hood ornament is said to be a magnificent sight to behold.

The Stair

DONALD LEE FOX

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

THE STAIR WAS A STRANGE ONE, REALLY, BUT SO COMMONPLACE was its strangeness in a world of strangeness that no one ever paused to examine it. I noted it only because we stopped one dying afternoon to wait a few minutes for another companion. We parked where a black-topped alley expanded into a mockery of a court entrapped by weary, silent buildings. Because they were in the very heart of town, their cheap brick was smeared and grimed, scratched with years of obscene clichés and tired trivialities, dimmed with an ingrained soot.

Most of the buildings had fire escapes of the standard variety, totally functional Chinese puzzles of iron on which encrustations of thick black paint and of flaking rust were locked in a struggle for possession. But one, the building in which our friend lived, was different. Because its exit combined emergency escape with normal backdoor utility, it had to be different.

A great square shaft had been scored at a midpoint of the building's back wall, tunneling from the slab of cracking concrete at ground level on up through the very body of the building to where it was rudely capped by the roof, four stories high. Doors were set in all three of the walls that defined

this space, set in rotation, and each one higher than the one before, around and around, suggesting a complex arrangement inside of floor levels at halves or thirds. The doors were all the same: crazed and blackened varnish on battered wood, with one single large pane of smutted glass in each through which curtains could be seen, identical smudges of paleness in the thin blue shadows.

The stair itself could spare only enough of its substance to form a minute landing at each of the doors—it was too cramped and convulsed in its upward progress by the stricture of the shaft, the rigid demand of its environment. It made a good beginning at the bottom, opening outward with an attempt at warmth, and then its ascending portion ran into the back wall of the stairwell and it was forced to thrust out struts and supports and crossmembers for a one-step landing and turn back the way it had come, mounting just a few feet higher for all the effort. Suddenly—open space, and it must halt again and bridge the gap somehow, brace it and use that brace in some fashion to clamber upward yet further. And now a wall—and still another space-time consuming pause due to a door that must be provided for. So in this tortured manner it climbed back and forth, up through the deepening gloom, stumblingly, haltingly, and a bit desperately as it tried to reach the top-most level before the space ran out, folded back and back upon itself in its progression like time itself that comes again and again to the same place but yet not the same place. And sitting silently in the car, I thought illogically of the soda straws I used to flatten, cross, and plait when I was a child only a very few long years ago.

I watched as a last, vague quantum of reddish sunlight came wandering into the alley for a moment and passed slowly over the bottom step, touching the protruding edge of the wooden plank that formed a crude handrail. The ancient gray paint had long since worn through, and the weathered wood caught the light in delicate whorls and lines of grain-pattern, forming images of a galaxy, suggesting eddies in an infinite continuum, or perhaps mirroring the other end of the scale—the countless dancing atoms whose eternal swirling would form now this substance of the stair and later, when the stair was gone into decay, some other thing for a time, and then another, until at last, perhaps, again a stair.

Startlingly, a quick blur of white shirt, the loud slam of a door, and our friend was bolting down the stair toward us, leaping into the car. We drove away into the awakening evening, to bright lights, brassy music, and hilarity.

A Veritable Wonderland

ROBERTA TAYLOR

Rhetoric 100, Theme 8

THERE IS AN ISLAND IN THE GULF OF MEXICO, NOT FAR from the Southern tip of Florida, where seagulls rest on their fishing trips and seashells are caught on the long beach to bleach in the sun, but where human footfalls never trod the sand, and the shells rest until another tide washes them back into the sea.

At Christmas time the island is warmed in the day by the blazing sun, and at night the tropical winds blow over the warm sand. No snow falls; no blue spruce or winter pine raises its branches above the curving beach. But the stars that shone two thousand years ago on Bethlehem shine with equal radiance on that little island, and the reality of Christmas lives there.

We first came to the island on the day before Christmas, two years ago. We motored out from the mainland—my parents and brother and I—and the boat was packed with fishing gear, swim suits, boxes of food, and sleeping bags, for we planned to camp there all night.

While the sun was still bright, we anchored off shore on the lee side, away from the gulf, and the curving banks made a half-atoll around a calm bay. Here we dived in the crystal water and speared the fish that swam and hid among the shale ledges—fat red fish with black dots on their tails and zebra-striped sheepheads, gauzy angel fish and black groupers. We lifted them into the boat, the barbed tips of the spear buried in their flesh. Mother gritted her teeth and ripped the spear free.

We enjoyed the sport of the thing but we stopped as soon as we had enough fish for supper. Then, cold and damp, we climbed back into the boat and stretched across the bow deck, basking in the sun while mother fileted our catch.

Back on the island we gathered a huge pile of driftwood high on the beach; the gray sticks and planks glowed faintly silver in the deepening light. Driftwood has a spiritual quality, for it has been washed in the ocean and bleached and dried by the sun for months—months and years. The tar and scum, which were life and therefore mortality, are dissolved away, and the wood is as pure as the eternal sand and sea.

The driftwood pile was lighted, and we sat around the blaze and stared into its depths, each of us remembering that it was Christmas Eve.

Maybe my father wondered if he had done right to take us away from home and the things that had always meant Christmas—snow and lighted trees and gay parties. And maybe my mother wondered if we minded that there were no elaborately wrapped presents.

But the fire burned down the glowing ashes, and we drew in closer. The stars were very far above and the sea beat softly around us. All that we had in eternity we had within ourselves—and that was enough. The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of giving, and the only gift that is worthy of the eve before Christmas is love—and we had that.

England and the American Civil War

RAMONA OLDENETTEL

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE AMERICAN CIVIL War—the battles, the generals, the statesmen, to mention a few topics—but not much has been written about European opinions. “Yet European opinion was one of the vital factors in the outcome of the war. Intervention by Great Britain or by France would have established the Confederacy.”¹ In this paper I will attempt to show the diplomatic relationships between Great Britain and both the Federal and Confederate governments of the United States.

“To secure favor in England was of course the especial desire of each section; for as England went it was quite certain the powers in general would go.”² But how did Great Britain feel toward the Federal and Confederate governments? In 1861 the Civil War was not a war over slavery; until Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, English sympathy was with the South. The Tory aristocracy, which compared socially with the Southern plantation owners, was eager for the downfall of any democracy. The North was competing with England as an industrial center, and its merchant marine had already passed England’s as the greatest power. The Federal government had also passed the Morrill Tariff Act which antagonized Britain.³ Although the South was favored to win, England and Europe were sure the Union could never be restored.

It is understandable why Jefferson Davis and the Confederates were so confident of recognition as a separate country. Not only did they have British sympathy, but they also felt that the demand for cotton would be so strong that it would compel England to interfere within a few months.⁴

It was during this period that Robert Toombs, the Confederate Secretary of State, and Davis selected a Commission to Europe to plead for recognition. Heading this group was William L. Yancey, the foremost proslavery speaker in the South. The Confederates, it seems, used poor judgment in the selection of Yancey as an ambassador of good will, because at this time England had freed her slaves and to most Englishmen slavery was despised. Davis chose

Yancey, so the rumors ran, to get him out of the country; his name had been linked with the Presidency.⁵ Yancey's appointment emphasizes the Confederate's "confidence in recognition by foreign powers. They apparently believed that Europe was so dependent on the Confederacy that Southern envoys, however obnoxious their opinions might be to European sentiment, would receive a cordial reception."⁶

But Yancey's reception was not cordial. Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, granted an appointment but said very little. Yancey "requested in so many words that the Queen acknowledge the Confederacy as a free and independent state and enter into a treaty of amity and trade."⁷ Russell was polite and thanked the Commissioners, but "to not the slightest extent did he commit his Government. . . . Three days afterward, Yancey and his confreres had another, briefer meeting with the Foreign Secretary. That ended their personal intercourse."⁸

On May 12, 1861, the Queen issued a proclamation of neutrality which recognized the South as a belligerent state, but this was not due to the persuasion of the Southern Commission.⁹ Yancey remained in England for ten months but did not receive the courtesy that was usually extended to an accredited diplomat. Knowing that their mission was a complete failure, the Commission sadly returned home.

It must have been a painful disappointment to the South to see the failure of their Commission. They who had felt that England could not exist without their cotton were finding that England not only could exist but was now snubbing their diplomats.

One explanation for this deliberate disregard for the Southern envoys is the astonishing diplomacy of William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State.

Even before Lincoln's inauguration, while Seward was still Senator from New York, he had evidently fixed upon the one possible way of forestalling unfriendly action by Great Britain and France. At that time neither of these nations desired war with the United States, even a United States weakened by domestic convulsion. The general political situation in Europe made such an adventure unwelcome to either power. The one way of preventing recognition, in Seward's opinion, was to play upon this apprehension. British aversion to war—here was Seward's one diplomatic card. That it required courage, even audacity, to play it, was evident, but in this threat of war lay America's best chance to defeat Southern plans for European help. . . . At dinner tables in Washington he was talking without the slightest restraint. On such occasions Seward openly proclaimed his favorite plan for solving the problems of Secession and reuniting North and South. This was nothing less than embarking on a war with Great Britain or France, or even with both. Once engaged in such a contest, Yankee and Rebel would lay aside their family row, and join forces in fighting the foreign foe. It comes as something of a surprise to

discover, from the diplomatic correspondence of the time, that this kind of talk produced uneasiness in high British circles.

When he entered the Cabinet, the ideas so unguardedly set forth in conversation became his official attitude. . . . Both Lord Lyons and Mercier [British and French Ministers in Washington] were notified, face to face, that recognition of the Confederacy would mean war with the United States.¹⁰

Charles Francis Adams, the Northern Minister, enjoyed greater success than the Southern envoys. Adams expressed dissatisfaction with the presence of the Southern Commission and with the British recognition of Southern belligerency. Russell assured him that it was not at all uncommon to receive unofficial envoys, and he added that he did not plan to see them again. This was not a promise, but Russell did not see them again.

Throughout the American war Britain exercised a policy of watchful patience. "England's practice, ever since the days of the Holy Alliance, had been one of non-intervention in the affairs of other states except when her own honor or interest was concerned."¹¹ Britain was not eager to involve herself in war, as we mentioned before, because this would mean a dispatch of a large part of her fleet across the ocean, leaving her own shores exposed to her enemies.

But late in 1861 an event occurred which almost caused war between the United States and England. Captain Charles Wilkes of the United States war vessel *San Jacinto*, hearing that the two Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, were on board the *Trent*, a British mail steamer, intercepted the neutral ship, arrested Mason and Slidell, and took them to Fort Warren in Boston. The North was overjoyed, in spite of the fact that this was the same sort of procedure the United States had protested against when practiced by England before the War of 1812.

England was angry to say the least. Public meetings were held to urge the government to consider strong measures; people on the street talked of nothing else; and the papers took up the war-like trend. The Navy was readied for action, and troops were sent to Canada. The British Foreign Office submitted an insulting dispatch to the Queen for approval. Her husband, Albert, intervened and toned down the message; consequently, instead of a war-like ultimatum, Lincoln received a friendly message asking for the release of the prisoners and an apology.¹²

During the time the dispatch was sent and the reply received, the public attitude simmered down. "The more men thought about war with America, the more distasteful the prospect became."¹³ It was with great relief that "the American reply, consenting to give up the prisoners, though without formal apology, reached England."¹⁴

There is a touch of irony in the Trent Affair. Mason and Slidell "had been sent abroad to embroil the United States in war with Great Britain and

France; and, without any effort on their part, they came within an inch of succeeding."¹⁵ This was the nearest they came to diplomatic triumphs. Mason had no more success with the British government than Yancey. Mason was received by Lord John Russell only once, and this could not be considered official as Russell received him in his home.

A few months after the Trent Affair, British thoughts turned to the blockade and cotton. At the outbreak of the war the South had shipped all of her cotton abroad so that in 1861 England had a surplus of cotton. The Northern blockade rapidly brought on a cotton famine. There was an expectation that the Lancashire area, where most of the textile mills were located, would demand the lifting of the blockade. Since the working men in the textile mills were sympathetic with the Northern feelings on slavery, they remained silent and made no demands. England soon began importing cotton from Egypt and India in order to relieve the situation. "To the dismay of the Confederacy, all was borne with patience, and one may search long in history to find anything more creditable."¹⁶

Lord John Russell, England's Foreign Minister, was a shrewd politician. It has been suggested that he favored the North because he ignored the Southern Commissioners and because his policy throughout most of the war was one of non-intervention. When the South declared the blockade was illegal, Russell recognized it as legal because he saw in this a way that England could blockade an enemy country. Russell established a new set of principles in the existing American War that he thought England might need in her future conflicts.¹⁷

Any notion that Russell's approval of the Federal blockade was an expression of friendship for the North receives a severe shock when we view his American attitude in the late summer and fall of 1862. Those months—from August to November—represented the only period when the Confederate Government made a near approach to European recognition. And the leader in this new British attitude was Lord John Russell. . . . Letters of Russell to Palmerston left no doubt about the matter.¹⁸

In December, 1862, Russell abandoned his efforts for Confederate recognition. Russell realized that his persistence in this matter could break up his Cabinet, for only three out of fifteen members favored recognition. "So far as Great Britain was concerned, the movement for recognition was dead."¹⁹

Things started looking better for the Union in 1863: Lincoln had issued the Emancipation Proclamation; the Union Army had begun winning battles; and England had passed the crisis of the cotton famine and had begun trading munitions for wheat with the North. The Union's prestige continued to climb, and from then on there was little danger of English intervention.

Thus we see the reasons for English neutrality were numerous. Not the least among these reasons was the fact that England found it very profitable

to stay out of the war. At the end of the war, England's munitions and excess linen profits were \$100,000,000 each and her woolen industry profits were \$150,000,000.²⁰

FOOTNOTES

¹ Donaldson Jordan and Edwin J. Pratt, *Europe and the American Civil War* (New York, 1931), p. xi.

² James Kendall Hosmer, *The American Civil War*. (New York, 1913), I, 75.

³ William E. Woodward, *Years of Madness* (New York, 1951), p. 107.

⁴ Hosmer, p. 308.

⁵ Burton J. Hendrick, *Statesmen of the Lost Cause* (Boston, 1939), p. 141.

⁶ Hendrick, p. 142.

⁷ Hendrick, p. 143.

⁸ Hendrick, pp. 143-144.

⁹ Hendrick, p. 144.

¹⁰ Hendrick, pp. 145-146.

¹¹ Jordan, p. 9.

¹² Hendrick, p. 249.

¹³ Jordan, pp. 40-41.

¹⁴ Jordan, pp. 45-46.

¹⁵ Hendrick, p. 250.

¹⁶ Hosmer, p. 309.

¹⁷ Hendrick, p. 274.

¹⁸ Hendrick, pp. 277-278.

¹⁹ Hendrick, p. 282.

²⁰ Woodward, p. 107.

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Rhet as Writ

Theme title: The Need for a Nuclear Test Band.

Marriage among teenagers, especially girls, is fashionable.

Competative athletical teams are usually odious toward each other.

By ordering censured films, the theater would be doing the best thing possible to secure the trust and confidence of all the American public.

It was the fathermost point south that could be reached by a ship.

Birth control should not be used to control birth.

Of juvenile delinquents: It behooves us to share our sheltered lives and beds of roses with these unfortunate creatures who have crept into our population.

If they would stop for just a minuet and think of what they have said, they would think how ridiculous it is.

Many people think of politicians and corruptionists in the same breath.

The influencing of parents is an experience which every person must go through from babyhood to adultery.

The word nonconformity to some people immediately brings to mind a picture of a bearded, unwashed individual sitting in a cafe expresso reciting obscene poetry.

The Contributors

Diana Staffin—Roycemore

Harvey Pastko—Von Steuben, Chicago

William H. Bussey—Naperville

Mark Westerland—Proviso East

Rebecca Huss—Pearl City

Bob Schall—Lincoln

Donald Lee Fox—Bicknell, Indiana

Roberta Taylor—Arlington

Ramona Oldenettel—Springfield

AWARDS

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes in the last issue of the *Caldron*.

- First: *Joyce Jucius*, "One Cent to Wealth"
- Second: *Aimée Merriam*, "My Future Professional Career"
- Third: *John Read*, "Should We Prepare for a Limited War"
- Fourth: *Mary Dwyer*, "The Secrets of Life"
- Fifth: *Bernadette Londak*, "Union News"

PRIZES

The editors are pleased to announce that this year prizes will be given for the five best themes in each issue of the *Caldron*. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of prizes is as follows:

- FIRST: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- SECOND: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- THIRD: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- FOURTH: Five dollars worth of books.
- FIFTH: Five dollars worth of books.



We wish to thank the following bookstores for
their generosity in providing prizes:

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Herman Diers, John Dorenkamp, George Goodin, R. W. Lewis, and William McQueen, Editor.

Scandal

MICHAEL TEPPER
Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

The following items are from the wires of the National Press Service:

BULLETIN

WASHINGTON (NPS) The Senate announced on Thursday that it intends to start investigation of a reported clock-setting conspiracy sometime next week. This announcement comes on the heels of rumors that the public clocks in many major cities of the United States have been set back five minutes by merchants who hope the extra minutes of daylight will increase their business.

WASHINGTON (NPS) A top New York clock repairman testified before the Senate's "Time Fix" Committee, Wednesday, that he had been paid more than \$1,000 by a group of New York merchants to turn back a number of downtown clocks five minutes. Homer Wospel, head of New York's Wospel and Company, a clock repair firm, told the Senate committee that he had been contacted over a year ago by the president of a large department store who said he was acting as a spokesman for the New York retailers. Wospel went on to say that he was given a cashier's check, drawn on an out-of-state bank, and instructed to turn back as many public clocks in the downtown area as he possibly could.

Wospel testified further that when he asked the contact man what the purpose of the "fix" was, he was told, "It's like daylight saving time. The longer daylight is, the longer the housewife feels she has to shop. As a consequence, she buys more merchandise, and we make more money."

NEW YORK (NPS) A spokesman for the New York Chamber of Commerce said today, in a prepared statement, that charges made by Homer Wospel before a Senate investigating committee yesterday were "Ridiculous." Wospel claimed the city's merchants paid him to set back public clocks in a "time fix" in downtown New York.

"The retailers are here to serve the public," the spokesman said. "They are honest men, and any insinuation that they are trying to defraud the public is ridiculous and preposterous."

CHICAGO (NPS) Mr. A. R. Palmer, president of Marshall Field and Company, has refused to comment on reports that the famed "Field Clocks," on the corners of State and Randolph and State and Washington in Chicago, are mixed up in the "time fix" scandal.

The reports come as the Senate digs deeper in its investigation of the conspiracy to slow down public clocks by five minutes in order to increase retail business.

CHICAGO

By NPS writer, NORMAN BARRY

The streets of Chicago have been darkened. Avenues that were once brightly illuminated by the light from giant clocks on advertisements are now only moderately lit roads, and the clocks themselves are but dark shadows.

The Coca Cola sign on Michigan Avenue near the Loop no longer informs the weary shopper of the time of day. The light of the IBM clock on top of the International Business Machine Building no longer shines its message across Lake Michigan. Even the lights on the hands of the giant Motorola clock on Lake Shore Drive have been turned off, and the hands have been removed.

Advertisers hasten to remove their clocks in order to avoid censure by a public incensed by the Senate "time fix" investigations. So, one by one, the great clocks of the city are stopped, darkened, and torn down. An era in telling time has passed.

BULLETIN

WASHINGTON (NPS) The Senate announced, Friday, that it intends to start investigation of alleged contamination of popcorn in movie theaters some-time within the next few days.

Apathy on the Campus

CHESTER LASKOWSKI

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

FACING THE PROSPECT OF GRADUATION FROM HIGH SCHOOL, I often thought of the years of college still ahead of me. At that time university life was as clear to me as a half-finished jigsaw puzzle. I knew it from the TV football games, from the Sunday magazine sections of Chicago newspapers, and from movies and hearsay. I fully expected to enter a world removed from that I had known. My idealized university was the spirit of the ancient and classic, not preserved but still living. It was the apostle of the ultimate in truth and knowledge, the nucleus of history's culture. It had long shaded walks and extensive lawns, old but distinctly preserved buildings like barbs on which time has been caught and held, and, most important of all, students oblivious of the honking, grinding, cheering society of today who, like me, were curious about things and ached to know all that they could. No one was of the small-minded class whose greatest interest and most profound thought went into the World Series; my idealized students cheered the team not for the sport but for the "Alma Mater," the "Orange and Blue," the "Halls of Ivy." I thought I knew college, but then I went there.

I found long walks, all right, walks from class to class through dirty, frame-housed streets, across puddle-specked parking lots, and along the stump-shaded

quadrangle, the only and soon-to-be-less extensive lawn on campus. Well, this was the least important piece in the puzzle. I became convinced that outward appearances were not meaningful to a real university. I would find my instructors and classmates to be the essence of the school.

My instructors have not disappointed me too much. Some, more than others, possess the peculiar traits, individualistic personality, and learned appearance that one expects. Some treat their classes with a belligerent tolerance as if vital research were being delayed; but this is good, the first bit of real collegiate initiation we come across. Others seem willing to communicate on higher levels, but are waiting for their pupils to express interest. It is the student, though, who is inadequate.

Aside from the small groups of foreign students, thwarted individuals, or shut-outs from society—the esoteric few who carry on the ideals of true university education—the student body is the same one that infests the high schools. It destroys the ideals and foundations of a college in its attitude. It carries with it the intrinsic vulgarities of the other society, blighting the campus which should stand above this. Each student is too involved in the trivialities inherited from his old life to take the interest he should in his studies. Gilbert Highet, in an essay called “The American Student as I See Him,” says metamorphosis will not take place until the student does graduate study. But why so late? Are not undergraduates mature enough, inquisitive enough to elevate the university to its proper status in learning? It seems a shame that the source of the world’s only hope for the future, its universities, should be affected so by the very society they’re hoping to educate.

Some students enter into difficult fields of study—engineering or architecture—but they study hard only because they must. They lack enthusiasm for knowledge itself. Their concern is “finding a vocation.” This is not a good reason to come to college. It is not so in Europe, where brighter pupils are encouraged to pursue more liberal studies. In America we find society-warped people filling college quotas for the selfish purpose of learning a vocation and returning to the warped society. The university, then, is not serving its purpose as the seat of learning. It is not leading the world, but being led.

The cause for the defects in our university system may be in our democratic ideology. Since we believe that those who want to go to college and who have at least average intelligence should go, we lack the power to weed out any but the very worst—even in the face of our increasing masses of students. Standards go down. We get quantity and not quality in education. The attack of the Dutch elm blight on campus trees seems to me almost an allegorical portent, the first step in the destruction of universities as we have known them. Outward beauty is gone at the University of Illinois. What will happen to its inner beauty?

The University of Illinois has an apathetic student body, one which on the whole lacks spirit, drive, and genuine interest in knowledge other than that which seems to have practical use; and, as a result, the university is not doing the job it should in producing leaders for our society.

The Bullfight

GEORGE M. HIGHSMITH

Rhetoric 101, Placement Exam

IN SPAIN, THE BULLFIGHT IS MORE THAN A SPORT: IT IS A part of the country's culture. The crises, the exciting moments in American sports, seem trivial compared to the Spanish contest between man and beast. In every bullfight, the matador faces death, pits his skill, strength, and knowledge against that of a bull whose only desire is to kill him.

Every Spanish bullfight fan is an aficionado; he can tell a dangerous pass from one which simply looks dangerous, and a good kill from a cowardly one. Most of the fans know about bullfighting from having tried it in an amateur fight. In fact, almost all Spanish boys have the desire to be a matador; and a great many try, some succeeding, others becoming banderillos or picadors, but most settling for a seat at as many bullfights as they can possibly attend. Because of their knowledge of the sport, the spectators are extremely critical, and a poor performance is always marked by the boos of the crowd and a barrage of seat cushions, wine bottles, and shoes. However, it is this same knowledge which makes the sport an impromptu art, a communication of emotion between matador and crowd.

The bullfight fan is like the American jazz fan who goes to hear the same group night after night, waiting for that one electrifying moment of the creative artist at his best; most of the time the music is mediocre, but when it's at its best, nothing else matters. And when the great matador, reaching his peak with a brave, strong bull, stands poised over those horns, hoping (but not knowing) that they won't come up and dig his very guts out, hoping that the sword doesn't hit a bone and break off in his hand, plunges his sword down into the back of the bull's neck and punctures the bull's lungs (he hopes), and when every man who ever saw an amateur bullfight or faced a bull or ran from one, knowing what it means to lean over a bull's horns and expose one's groin, holds his breath and, not saying a word, watches the matador in the hot, bright sun, on the white sand prove for the whole world to see his courage and strength and skill, sees him become one with the proud, noble, strong bull—this is the moment of truth.

So the bullfight is not a sport at all, but an art—not comparable to American baseball or American anything—the art of the matador who fights one day in Madrid, then sleeps in the back seat of a car filled with costumes, capes, sword, and manager's cigar smoke as it bounces over dirt roads, and despite T.B. or syphilis, or probably both, gets out of the car in time to eat, dress, and enter the arena to face two specially bred bulls in one afternoon, hoping to kill those bulls honorably, knowing that if he does, he will be a hero, and if he doesn't, he will be insulted verbally and physically.

Respect

KATHLEEN E. OSBORNE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

"I AM VERY SORRY, MISS CHAMBERLAIN, BUT I CAN'T TREAT you like (sic) a goddess. In America we respect our teachers, but they respect us too, and we're friends. I respect you and want to be friendly, but you don't respect me. You don't respect anybody but other teachers and adults. But you're not a queen, and I won't bow down to you."

Last year in England my sixteen-year-old sister, who is very forthright, lost her temper and said these words to her formroom mistress. Carol and I were baffled by the English attitude toward education and educators, and her outburst was in protest. My own feelings were in tacit sympathy with hers.

English children are taught almost from infancy that adults are superior beings and that teachers are superior adults. As a result, they regard all teachers with mingled respect and fear. American children are also taught to respect their teachers. It came as a surprise, then, to learn that the mistresses and my classmates thought me disrespectful, for I had been treating the mistresses with typical American respect. I came to the conclusion that the meaning of respect in Britain differs from its meaning in America.

I quickly learned the hundred and one rituals and abasements by which the English school child shows his respect. I rose when a mistress or an adult entered (and left) the classroom, said "Good Morning, Miss -----!" in unison with twenty or thirty other girls at the beginning of each class, allowed mistresses to precede me on the stairs and through doors which I held open for them, erased the blackboards, ran their senseless personal errands, prefaced all questions and remarks with "Please . . .," and disputed their opinions as little as possible. But I never will understand the subtle ramifications of the word *respect* as the English understand them.

It seems to me that the English respect an ideal. I went through the motions of respect without understanding the whys and wherefores. But I have my own interpretations of the word *respect*. Certainly I respected the mistresses there, but I respected them for themselves, not because they were teachers. In English schools I met two of the finest women I have ever known. I have great respect for Miss Stack, the headmistress of Oxford High School for Girls, for her vitality, for her great knowledge and understanding, for her sensibilities, and for her character. I respect Miss Jackson, the senior mathematics mistress, for her great teaching ability, for her friendliness, and for her individuality and independence. My friends respect them because they are dedicated women—all teachers are dedicated in England—and because "they know so much more than we, you know." But I sincerely like these women, whereas my friends dis-

like them. Miss Stack is "that narrow-minded old bigot" and Miss Jackson is "the Ogre." ("Watch out! She bites!")

The English idea of respect is often little more than a superficiality, a pseudo-respect. I resent kowtowing to an ideal, and I will not be intimidated by the idea of one person's superiority. I do not believe that any one person is basically superior to another, unless one is an idiot and the other a genius. Everyone has the same worth, as an individual, in my estimation. My attitude is at variance with the English attitude, but mine makes for a more sincere form of respect, a form engendered not by fear but by realization of the individual's special assets.

Laughter and Twain

DONALD LEE FOX

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

WHAT IS LAUGHTER? IN ITS EXPRESSION IT CAN BE, ON THE one hand, simulated, contrived, and affected, and, on the other hand, it can be sincere, warm, cutting, or completely uncontrollable. Philosophers, dramatists, comedians, and many, many others have searched thousands of years for a common denominator and have yet to find it. Freud called it a reaction to incongruity, but this definition still falls short of an understanding of the essence of laughter. Neither do we understand the basic reality of the crackling force we call electricity, but we use it every day for an endless variety of purposes, from the stuttering animation of a creative riveting gun to a searing blast that disrupts atoms. And so it is (with one exception which will be gone into later) that we use laughter—with variety and skill, but with ignorance. One of laughter's most deft masters was Mark Twain.

Twain played upon the human funnybone with all the skill of an Albert Schweitzer at the organ, calling forth a splendid variety of responses, from a first agreeing nod through smiles, titters, chuckles, to a final full, delighted laugh. But underneath, we discern dark, brooding bass notes, for Twain's laughter—at least in his later work—was a device of destruction, designed to rip away the sequined tawdry with which we pretentiously clothe ourselves and to leave us naked. Let us look at a few examples from *Huckleberry Finn*.

The Duke and the King, both of whom bring much trouble into Huck's life for a good half of the novel, are characters who, wandering up and down the river, make their respective ways by hoodwinking everyone they meet. Indeed, upon first meeting, they attempt to convince each other, as well as Huck and Jim, of their nobility. Their moment of glory arrives when they manage to pull some pretty flimsy wool over the eyes of an entire community and almost get their hands on a considerable fortune.

In all these escapades, Twain needs only a little exaggeration, a little irony, to make us see his point: that people will not only fall for almost anything, but will really work hard to hold beliefs that will continually make fools of them. We read and laugh at these poor, misled fools and—if we are wise—we laugh at ourselves, feeling in their foolishness an echo of our own fallibility. Thus, Twain destroys a concept we have probably held most of our thinking lives, the concept of human rationality, our crowning glory.

He spares no one. The one person in town who sees through the two charlatans comments kindly that Huck has probably had little experience with lying, hardly a valid assessment of Huck's character. And Huck Finn himself is deceived in some situations. He is deceived by the sheer mass of his environment and unable to shed, or even question, some of its grossly false standards. He is unable to use his rationality to penetrate the unreal fantasies of Tom Sawyer, which Tom justifies by the authorities of double-talk and stubbornness.

Huck early sees through the Duke and the King, and he delivers a hilarious monologue to Jim, using a veritable hash of history to prove that all kings and dukes and all nobility are essentially rascals. Here Twain brings home the point that the subject is nearly always exploited by his ruler. Laughing at Huck's description of Henry VIII's marriage to Anne one evening and his decapitation of her before breakfast the next morning, we are amused at Huck's disregard for historical accuracy (revered by generations of scholars) and at the same time, we find ourselves wondering how people could ever have been fools enough to pay homage to the theory of "the divine right of kings."

A little later in the sequence, the Duke digs into his extensive theatrical knowledge and reconstructs Hamlet's soliloquy from memory. We watch him snorting and strutting through the scene, pacing the raft like a rabid mongrel, and hear what turns out to be an insanely funny hash of all the most-used lines from almost every play Shakespeare wrote. We laugh, but at the same time will we ever again be able to see Maurice Evans declaim this soliloquy in the "grand manner" without a momentary recall of Huck Finn's raft? Ashamed, however, we will probably throttle the Duke in our minds and assume the proper reverence.

In Twain's somewhat embittered hands, laughter is unfailingly equated with destruction. He tears down our temples, tips over our sacred images, and wanders blithely off to new territories, leaving us picking confusedly through the rubble for some fragment to hold onto.

Why doesn't Twain, the master of American humor, employ laughter in a constructive fashion? Was he so bitter, warped into sadism? Not at all; it was simply that Twain could not do the impossible. Laughter can destroy utterly, and it can even preserve to a certain extent, but it can never build.

The picture is not entirely without hope. It has been said that man laughs to preserve his sanity; this concept can take us far. With a laugh, we can only clear the rubble left in Twain's tortured wake and try, by other means, to build again something of simpler, greater, and more honest value.

First Impressions

HOWARD SIEGEL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

AFTER READING THE *ODYSSEY* OF HOMER, I WAS STRUCK by my failure to react with any genuine enthusiasm to such a highly acclaimed piece of literature, especially in view of the fact that I have always read quite a bit and have been able to get considerable pleasure and understanding from what I have read. Why, then, do I have this completely dispassionate reaction?

After giving it considerable thought, I came to the conclusion that, strangely enough, the very extent of my reading was detrimental to my ability to appreciate Homer. The validity of this conclusion was enhanced when I recalled my initial reaction to the music of Mozart and other classicists.

I first heard Mozart's work after being well indoctrinated in the music of the romantics and moderns. I have heard the passion of Tchaikowski and Rachmaninoff, the majesty of Beethoven, the color of Franck and Saint-Saëns, and the sensitivity of Debussy and Chopin. These elements had shaped my musical thinking in such a way that Mozart did not fit the mold. His themes sounded simple, his development uninteresting, and his music in general merely "pleasant."

In much the same way, the *Odyssey* seems to be a "nice story," containing nothing objectionable and nothing to arouse more than a passive reaction. I place the blame for this response on authors of more recent times. In every element, when compared to the works of later authors, the *Odyssey* seems as bland as institutional food. Homer's plots, though far-fetched and far reaching, do not excite the imagination as do those of Maugham or Hemingway. Odysseus's character, as defined by Homer, when compared to that of Salinger's Holden Caulfield, stimulates the reader about as much as melba toast or yogurt stimulates the gourmet. The exploration of ideology appears ridiculously shallow after one has read the political science fiction of George Orwell or Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*. Homer's humor in comparison to George S. Kaufman's or James Thurber's is as pitiable a mismatch as Abbott and Costello opposing Charlie Chaplin. Homer displays none of the warmth of Saroyan, none of the insight of Chayevsky, and none of the allegory of Miller or Williams.

Yet, in spite of all the shortcomings I am forced to recognize Homer as perhaps the greatest writer of all times, greater, probably, than all those I personally prefer. In seeking a solution to this conflict, I must turn to music once again. I have come to love Mozart. Some of his seemingly childish expressions are so uncontaminated by sophistication (in the romantic or modern sense) that I find them refreshingly delightful and as enjoyable as any other

music I have heard. Through repeated listening, I have learned to respect his gentility and discipline. I can only hope that the analogy is consistent with respect to my appreciation of Homer, for if it is, I need only to increase my exposure to Homer, to discover new elements and standards, in order to have mastered another master.

"I Know Why. . ."

SALLY RONK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

AS I WAS LYING ON THE BED, READING THE LATEST MICKY Spillane thriller, I heard my roommate trying to establish communications with me.

"Sally," she said menacingly, "have you or have you not written that rhetoric theme?"

I ignored her. This one-sided conversation went on and on for quite some time. I still ignored her. Mike Hammer usually gets results by ignoring women. My roommate came at me with a broken beer bottle, screaming. I still ignored her. She came at me with two broken beer bottles and a sawed-off shot-gun in her garter.

"All right, Halligan," I said coolly, "what does all this mean?" "Now," she answered with passion, "I know why people flunk out of school."

I gathered up the dog-eared pages of my murder mystery, a pen to mark the wicked passages, and my coat. I was going out for the afternoon. It was Friday and very foggy.

"Do you know why people flunk out of school?" she called vehemently after me as I walked out of the room.

"The reasons why people flunk out of school are as different as the types of people themselves," I replied, and slammed the door.

I continued walking and slamming doors behind me until I found myself in the Natural History Museum, confronted with an exhibit labeled "Early American Indian Artifacts." It was very interesting. There was, among other things, a small pot filled with a dark gray powder. It had a sign leaning against it. The sign read "THE MEDICINE MEN OF THE ILLINI TRIBE (467 AD—1806 AD) BELIEVED THAT THIS POWDER ENDOWED MEN WITH AN UNDERSTANDING OF HUMAN NATURE." I glanced hastily around to look for a guard. There was no guard. I ate a small bit of the powder and left.

As I walked into the corridor I discovered two girls in deep conversation. "Gee," said one, "I'm really scared of that next zo exam. I mean, it has me . . ." Suddenly, I heard the following verse:

Emotional Emmy always clutches;
 At exams her mind's on crutches.
 Problems, troubles weigh her down;
 Easy courses make her frown.

I looked behind me. There was no one. Oh well, I thought, my mind must be playing tricks on me. Then I walked over to the Union. In the Tavern there was a group of girls drinking coffee. It was about 3:20 P.M.

Coffee Carol's of caffeine addicted;
 With her absence her class is afflicted.
 Over a steaming hot black cuppa,
 She speculates what the prof is upta.

Well, well, I thought, it must be the powder.

Leaving the Tavern and walking upstairs, I observed a young man whose arms were laden with folders, posters, and forms. Immediately the following assailed me:

Activities Al is busy, busy,
 Never over test or quizzie;
 Organizing campus particulars,
 Most of his hours are extra-curriculars.

This verse thing was beginning to become annoying.

I ran out of the Union past the row of sofas. A girl was snoozing over her books:

Sleepy Suzy never fails
 To fall asleep over Candide's travails.
 If you ask her why, she'll say,
 'I can study another day.'

I fled down the broadwalk. A boy who hardly ever comes to drama class waved at me as I sped by him.

Social Sam has lots of friends
 Knows the latest hot-rod trends.
 Crew-cut, crew-neck, as you see
 He doesn't want more than a gentleman's C."

This was getting ridiculous. I ran and ran. I ran into a car. It was Pete. He was going to pick me up for a TGIF date.

"Well, well," he said.

Party Pete is on the run
 Cutting classes, having fun.
 While to class he should be going,
 It's his wild oats he's sowing.

"You aren't going to sow any in *my* pasture," I cried before I could stop myself.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. Where're we going?"

"Kam's."

As we walked into Kam's, I saw four girls playing cards.

Bridge Betty has the trumps
Then she wonders why she flunks.
Nine to five she sits at Kam's,
Thinking only of grand slams.

"Pete," I said. "Couldn't we go somewhere else?"

We went to Bidwell's. On the way we met Bob and Myrtle.

"How did that math exam go?" Pete asked Bob.

"Ah, better luck next . . ."

Rational Robert never frets.
A flunked exam? To him, no sweat.
A poor night's sleep or a lovers' quarrel:
'I can make it up tomorrow.'

Not only were the verses persisting, they were getting worse and worse.

"And how about you, Myrt?"

Misfit Myrtle'd think it peacher
If she could be a first-grade teacher
But parents want her to be a lawyer
So all she does is hem and hawyer.

"Please, Pete," I pleaded.

We saw Pete's fraternity brother Bill in Bidwell's.

Beer Bill lives at Biddy's
Gulping it down and cracking witties.
Doesn't know why his instructor said,
'You've got Schlitz-foam in the head.'

I rushed out the door and raced for the Museum. I ran headlong into Lena, who was flirting with ten boys at one time.

Leap-year Lena's goal in life
Is to be somebody's wife.
Sees no reason why she should think:
'What good's Plato over a sink?'

The Museum was just closing. I got there too late, so I went down to the women's room and cried.

"Great Spirit," I wailed, "revoke thy gift! For goodness-sake, take it back. I'm sorry."

Lifting up my tear-stained face, I saw myself in the mirror:

Sally finds in procrastination
Something of great fascination . . .

I yelped and fainted.

When I regained consciousness, I hurried home and wrote my rhetoric theme. This diminished my "gift" somewhat, and by the time I had completed two weeks' over-due homework, it was completely gone.

Socialized Medicine

DAVID JOSEF NORTON

Rhetoric 101, Placement Exam

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE HAS TWO PRINCIPAL ADVANTAGES. The first and probably the more important of these is that, as its name implies, it is supported by the state. What this means, essentially, is that any subject of the state who is in need of medical care will receive it. The second advantage, which is closely related to the first, is that socialized medicine places all legal medical practitioners under the direct supervision and control of the state. This has a natural tendency to reduce and stabilize doctors' fees.

Since socialized medicine is supported by the state, the funds necessary for its support come initially and primarily from the taxpayer. This means that the average medical expenditure of each citizen will not be significantly reduced, but that those who are very poor (and those who need very costly care) will be able to have the care that they need, while those that are very rich or are in no need of medical care will tend to spend more on it, in the form of taxes, than they would if their medical organization were not socialized.

Essentially, then, socialized medicine involves taking from the rich to benefit the poor. This is not inconsistent with aspects of socialism already present in our society, but, despite a long record of sympathy for this process, perhaps initiated by Robin Hood and his Merrie Men who robbed the rich to give to the poor, it tends to be frowned upon by many people as a consequence of the association of socialism and communism.

This attitude toward socialism may not be as important in preventing the establishment of socialized medicine in this country as is the pressure upon the government of many comparatively small groups which would find it disadvantageous, for one reason or another, to convert from private medicine to socialized medicine. Among these the most prominent are the doctors, most of whom would probably find their income somewhat reduced; the drug manufacturers and salesmen, whose business would probably be taken over by the government (with, judging from current newspapers, an immediate and substantial reduction in their profits); and the insurance companies, whose programs of health insurance would, of course, be obviated. There has also been some complaint from private individuals concerning the deleterious effect upon a few prominent non-profit insurance companies, such as Blue Shield.

It is, of course, always best to act with very great care when a small proportion of the population may be inconvenienced for the benefit of the majority. Not only does such action raise the question of violation of minority rights, but it also may lead to undesirable reforms whose main appeal to the government is that they are (at the time) pleasing to the people. Nevertheless, although social-

ized medicine would obviously be detrimental to the groups enumerated above, its advantages seem to me to very substantially outweigh its disadvantages. Although the work of Blue Shield, for instance, would be defunct, its effects would be replaced by the federal program.

Our government has been moving in the direction of socialism for many years, with social security and federal subsidies to small segments of the population (notably the farmers). Socialism is undesirable in that it tends to negate the capitalistic doctrine that an individual's profit should stem from his own effort, but it is rapidly becoming more prominent in our way of life. It seems likely to me that another decade of successfully socialized medicine in Great Britain will, almost inevitably, lead to its ultimate adoption in this country.

The Cult of the "Pleasing Personality"

MARY DWYER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

THERE HAVE DEVELOPED IN THIS COUNTRY, COINCIDENT with advances in psychology, a number of new ideologies which purport to contain formulas for the solution of each man's personal and social problems. Foremost among these is the cult of the "pleasing personality." The founders of the sect seem to be convinced that conformity is essential to individual happiness. The doctrine which they have thrust upon the public by means of social pressure and propaganda has at its core one dominant purpose: the development of "pleasing personality" *en masse*. Observation of the typical American teenager supplies a graphic image of the progress this cult has made within our society.

The average adolescent develops more rapidly physically than mentally. He arises one morning, gazes at himself in the mirror, and finds it hard to believe that the image with which he is confronted is his own. Physical age hurls him abruptly into an adult world which bewilders him. He inevitably seeks authority to aid him in adjusting to the abrupt metamorphosis. Authority, which may be found in innumerable books and pamphlets, advises him to develop a "pleasing personality" as soon as possible. This counsel is based on the premise that he must circulate in the adult world, impersonating a mature being until he becomes one.

These "prayerbooks" containing the key to social salvation usually devote an entire chapter to listing, in no apparent order, the steps by which the young person can achieve a "pleasing personality" and thus secure admiration and social acceptability. He must always be pleasant and courteous to others, be genuinely interested in others, and be able to distribute sincere compliments

generously. Unfortunately these maxims are not so easily applied as superficial examination would indicate.

The major disadvantages inherent in these three precepts do not become apparent until the adolescent attempts to reconcile them with real circumstance. At the point of actual application the inflexibility of these guides to social acceptability makes them at the very least impractical, and often so inappropriate as to precipitate unbearable strain upon the individual. For example, in endeavoring to be pleasant and courteous at all times the adolescent may be compelled to suppress completely his personal emotions and instincts. Deliberate exclusion of normal emotions and instinctive reactions deprives him of spontaneity, and his personality becomes simply a well-adjusted machine which efficiently issues pleasant comments, proper responses, and conformist behavior as the occasion demands.

In the same manner the impetuous teenager often expands his genuine interest in others to an unwholesome extent. Genuine interest in others is time-consuming and leaves little opportunity for him to know himself. Generously scattering his interests about, he extends his horizons to include diverse groups composed of innumerable members. He becomes so immersed in the quantity of individuals contacted that he exhibits small regard for the quality of the personalities he is embracing, devoting himself to singularly detrimental relationships. His personal interests, essential to the natural development of his personality, are subordinated to the demands of the masses. Public opinion, as represented by the concepts of the vast numbers of persons in whom he is "interested," is the basic force which molds his character.

The third commandment is no less destructive to the individual than stoic courtesy or perennial gregariousness. Although distributing compliments may be merely a social skill to be developed by persistent practice, every adolescent will encounter persons in whom there is nothing he can sincerely compliment. There are two obvious solutions to this relatively frequent dilemma. He may either refrain from audible praise entirely or give voice to insincerity. The average teenager, anxious to subscribe to the socially approved doctrine, employs the latter hypocrisy in order to present a "pleasing personality." Unfortunately, the personality evolved, although pleasant because it compliments human vanity, is often somewhat shallow.

Thus the individual emerges from the protective custody of childhood. Modern society, which demands conformity from its members, appoints the cult of the "pleasing personality" as disciplinarian. This sect, in turn, dictates an established pattern of social development. The insecure adolescent, accustomed to accepting authority without question, builds his personality on these foundations. The edifice erected may soon be condemned for its inflexible, artificial appearance, but its foundations remain firmly entrenched in the social terrain.

Why Should Americans Speak Foreign Languages?

MICHAEL SHEAHAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

WHEN I WAS LIVING IN EUROPE, I BECAME DISGRUNTLED by the number of times I was asked if I was able to speak a language other than English. Perhaps my answer should have been an apologetic one; however, I had the tendency to become disgusted and sometimes angry. Why should Americans speak any other language? I don't think we need to.

For the past hundred years English speaking countries have been the leaders of the world in education, manufacturing, transportation, medical research, and standard of living. In two world wars America has been victorious. We, as Americans, were the leaders of our allies and the conquerors of our enemies. We were, and believe we still are, the strongest war machine the world has ever known. Respect and fear is shown America by all nations. Yet, foreigners expect us to speak their languages.

The United States is sufficiently isolated geographically that no other language than English is necessary. Canada, to our north, is a bilingual country. In Mexico, to our south, Spanish is spoken; however, Mexico is an inferior country in relation to the United States. Many of its people are illiterate. Too, we are a stronger nation and more advanced economically. Just as a general doesn't report to a private, so the stronger nation does not submit to a weaker one's wishes. If its people wish to communicate with ours, let them converse with us in our own language.

There has been talk in recent years of a universal language. This to me seems an excellent idea. This universal language would, of course, be English. I don't believe that anyone can, without being biased, disagree with my choice of English as this universal language. It has been nature's law since the beginning of time that the fit shall survive and the weak shall perish. In this case the weak will not perish but will simply recognize nature's law and apply it. These weaker countries will learn English because it is the language of the most advanced and fit people in the world.

The European countries have already seen the possibility of English becoming a universal language and have prepared for the change. English is a required subject in most of the elementary and secondary schools there. I commend these countries for their intelligence and foresight.

It has been stated that Americans are too lazy to learn foreign languages. This is a very serious misconception. America enjoys the highest standard of living in the world; this state did not come about through laziness. America

has successfully defended herself in two world wars; this does not indicate laziness. The American people refuse to learn foreign languages; this is not laziness. We merely recognize nature's law: the weak must give in to the strong.

The weaker countries must learn our language to communicate with us. We are economically more advanced, our standard of living is superior, we have a high degree of literacy, we were victorious in two world wars, we are not lazy. These facts prove we are a strong country. Therefore, weaker countries must give in to our wishes and learn our language.

The Typical Engineer

HOWARD SCHACHTER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

HAVE YOU EVER WALKED ALONG CAMPUS AND BEEN RUN down by a fellow riding a bicycle and carrying a little green tool box?

If you have ever realized this experience, and most of us have, you now know that you have encountered a student of the College of Engineering.

Generally speaking, you can spot an engineer a mile away. He has four major trademarks which are readily apparent. The first of the major points was mentioned before: the bicycle. A bicycle is a necessity for engineers. In fact, a bike is a prerequisite for entrance into the college. Of course, other students also *ride* bicycles, but the engineer is a little more suave about it—he aims!

The second major feature of the engineer is his little green tackle box. Many of you must wonder what is inside this kit. The most common supposition is that it contains pencils, erasers, compasses, triangles, etc. Well, this premise is all wrong. Instead, these boxes are used to carry address books to jot down girls' phone numbers, the latest sex magazines, binoculars to look into the windows at L.A.R., and alarm clocks to wake the student in class before the bell rings.

Of course, we've all seen those long things that are called "T-squares." The engineers claim that they use them to draw straight lines. I know for a fact that the only lines that engineers are interested in are curves. "T-squares" are also very handy for use in sword fights in the dorms at night.

Last but not least, our typical engineering student always carries a long case which hangs from his belt. This case was originally intended to carry a slide rule. Now it is equipped with a water gun. After last spring's episode with water fights, the engineer's motto is "Be prepared."

So now when you are walking along the Broadwalk and narrowly miss being hit by a bike, take heed; the rider is probably one of the mystic breed, an engineer—and the next time he might not miss.

Ha . . Ha . . Ha . . ??

MARY JANE BURNHAM

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

"YOU'RE JUST LIKE ME . . . A SELF-MADE MESS." "CON-gratulations . . . for meritorious service while going around in circles!" "Frankly . . . I just don't give a damn!" These words have come directly from contemporary greeting cards which, with their unusual humor, have been growing in popularity for the past three years. There must be a psychological reason why people enjoy sending and receiving these often crude, cutting, and satirical cards. What it is, I can only guess. I am sure, however, that there must be some psychologists on the card manufacturers' payrolls who know what it is, because a handsome profit is being made from these twenty-five cent cards.

I, myself, like contemporary cards and so does almost everyone I know. The question is, why? The answer most people give when asked why they like them is, "I don't know, but I think they are funny." Then one asks, "What type of humor is it that they express?" Now they become a little more hesitant. "It is hard to describe," they say. It is dry, cutting, and oftentimes critical, biting, sarcastic, and even sadistic. These seem to be unusual words to associate with a type of humor, and yet people say that the cards are funny.

Contemporary cards use many undesirable topics as hidden themes. Stealing, drinking, indolence, and vulgar language are some of the more popular topics, as indicated by the following examples: "Got you a sports car for your birthday . . . but the sport made me give it back." "I concentrated for *days* about buying you a really nice gift!!! . . . but when I sobered up . . . I was broke!" "Get off your can . . . and write." These cards are often satirizing modern (as the word contemporary indicates) society, and the neurotic-looking people depicted on the cards represent the discontented and dissatisfied human beings of our time. A superficial reason then for their popularity is that they enable people to laugh at themselves.

Underneath, however, they exemplify a disturbing trend in modern thought. It seems that people are afraid to show any emotion; they seem to feel that any show of sentimentality is a sign of weakness. They like to think of themselves as being independent of others, and they strive to establish an impersonal and cold relationship with those around them. Sentimentality is old-fashioned and so are "hearts and flowers" valentines and wedding and baby congratulatory messages. Another reason for buying contemporary cards is that they go along with this modern trend in hiding one's inner emotions and sentimental feelings. "I don't want you for my valentine just because you're a woman . . . but it sure helps" and "Cheer up . . . some married people do manage to lead happy lives" are two examples of the way people ridicule love.

Modern living causes many unconscious frustrations. Social pressures, world problems, the emphasis on conformity, and the unreliability of the future are constantly pressing on one's mind. People have inner feelings of jealousy because they have no faith in themselves; they are sarcastic because they are afraid to express their true feelings; they feel sadistic because they want to fight back at something; they use profanity to defy social decorum. When a person buys a card such as, "I was nothing till I met you . . . now we're a team," "Speaking as an outsider . . . what do you think of the human race?" or "So you were born? . . . that was your first mistake," he is relieving himself of these socially unacceptable emotions in a supposedly harmless and socially acceptable way. This is the third and most important reason for the popularity of contemporary cards. One therefore does not usually intend the literal meaning of a contemporary card when he sends it to a friend, for the actual sending of the card is only of secondary importance. The primary purpose of the contemporary card is to satisfy the hidden needs of the buyer. This is the way it was planned, because the profits come only from the buyer.

It has been well established that these cards are popular, especially with youth. New ideas and trends usually start with the younger generation. And these cards are something relatively new in the greeting card business. They have a revolutionary new size; they are printed either in black and white or very bright, gaudy colors. The contemporary mode of expression is definitely new. No one seems to question the reason for their popularity, or even his own reason for liking them. People just buy them, send them, and tack them on their bulletin boards because they "like them."

NANCY C. FRY

Rhetoric 102

As we ask ourselves where our economy is taking us under the pressures of consumerism, we have to confess that we don't really know. It is not a question that we frequently consider; usually we wonder about the size of our next raise or what new appliance to buy for our homes. Of course, as we buy a new car before the old one is worn out or an expensive home because of social pressures, we may vaguely realize that we are becoming entangled in a web that is partially spun by the producer and advertiser. Our production has reached a point at which it must continue spiralling upward or else collapse. Our economy, at the present, cannot be a stable one. Each year we must continue to strive for new, bigger production goals, until this increase becomes an end in itself. We cannot, however, exactly pinpoint why we feel forced to do this. We may reason that with increased production will come increased prosperity, and with increased prosperity will come increased happiness. As we look back, however, we can see that instead of becoming happier as we have become more prosperous, we have become more tense and unhappy. Our accumulation of wealth never satisfies us. Our economy is leading us to continue consuming more and wanting more.

Rhet as Writ

You may think that your instructor is such a nice guy, but after you have flunked your fifth theme you begin to realize that the smile he has plastered on his face is one of sarcasium and content for the lowly freshman.

* * * * *

Huckleberry gains maturity and knowledge as the novel transgresses.

* * * * *

Foreign food, the customary food of many foreign countries, is sold in many restaurants throughout America.

* * * * *

Today we overate *Huckleberry Finn*.

* * * * *

Poe, the man, was a victim of dopes.

* * * * *

The part describing the scalping of the victims by the Indians during battle is one of the most hair-raising of the many chapters in the book.

* * * * *

She (Bessie, in *The Light that Failed*) is a dirty slum from the streets, whom Dick makes his last master piece of.

* * * * *

The good base it colors are black, blue, glad, and sometimes blown.

* * * * *

One girl attempted to marry a young, French, navel officer but as soon as the tribe learned of this they cut her throat.

* * * * *

A successful football team is built around many things. One of the most important essentials is a strong mutual feeling between the coach and his men. That is to say, the players must have respect for their coach and he in turn must be respected by them.

* * * * *

Robeson should have stuck to singing and left his mouth shut.

* * * * *

An infinitive is *to* plus a *verb*. Example: He *to* was a great fighter.

* * * * *

It is a story of a man set apart from his race by sensitivity and intellect. At the age of six he tried to burn his grandmother's house.

The Contributors

Michael Tepper—Urbana

Chester Laskowski—J. Sterling Morton, Cicero

George M. Highsmith—Olney

Kathleen E. Osborne—Naperville

Donald Lee Fox—Bicknell, Indiana

Howard Siegel—Senn, Chicago

Sally Ronk—Moline

David Josef Norton—University High, Urbana

Mary Dwyer—Pecatonica

Michael Sheahan—Arnold High, New York City

Howard Schachter—Lakeview, Chicago

Mary Jane Burnham—Edwardsville

AWARDS

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes in the March issue of the *Caldron*.

- First: *Rebecca Huss*, "On Limits to Liberty"
- Second: *Harvey Pastko*, "Heat"
- Third: *Donald Lee Fox*, "The Stair"
- Fourth: *Dianna Staffin*, "The Most Significant Development in My Educational Career"
- Fifth: *Anonymous*, "Every Day"

PRIZES

The editors are pleased to announce that this year prizes will be given for the five best themes in each issue of the *Caldron*. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of prizes is as follows:

- FIRST: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- SECOND: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- THIRD: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- FOURTH: Five dollars worth of books.
- FIFTH: Five dollars worth of books.



We wish to thank the following bookstores for
their generosity in providing prizes:

- CAMPUS BOOK STORE
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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING

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Why We Need More Westerns on Television

MARY LOUISE BORGMON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

THE OTHER NIGHT I SAW A WONDERFUL WESTERN ON television. It had just about everything you'd want—fast horses, handsome men, beautiful women, mean outlaws, sneaky Indians, waving grass, rolling plains, covered wagons, smoking pistols, hard liquor, torrid love, bitter tears, bloody death—just everything you could ask for, all packed together into one little hour, and early enough for the kids to see it, too. This program was really something and I think we need lots more just like it, because programs like that teach lots of things that everybody ought to know—things that help us in our everyday life, and at other times, too. I'll tell you what I mean.

Take making friends, for instance. Most people are pretty slow at this, but they don't have to be. This program showed that a person can make friends quickly if he really tries. There was a trail scout in this story and a Russian countess, and at the beginning, they didn't even know each other, but before the first commercial, which came about four minutes after they met, they were already lying in the grass and kissing, just as if they'd known each other for years. I think we should all take a lesson from this—it's sort of a symbol. A Russian and an American making love on the prairie under the sky. It has a lot of meaning to it.

Another thing about westerns is that they show the difference between good and bad people. After you watch a few westerns, it's pretty easy to tell which is which. The good men, for instance, seldom have beards or whiskers, and most of the bad men do. Also, the good man never shoots a person in the back—he waits until the person turns around to face him, which is the decent thing to do. On the other hand, bad men will shoot a man anywhere and will even shoot a woman or a dog sometimes. Speaking of women, there are good ones and bad ones, just like men. The good ones are usually married, while the bad ones usually aren't. The bad women usually wear real low-cut dresses or short ones, and the good women usually have on aprons; they might wear pretty tight dresses (the young good ones, that is; the old good women wear loose dresses), but they're hardly ever cut low. All these things are very helpful to people watching the program, because

they know right away whose side to be on. And just like knowing how to make friends quickly, it's very helpful in life to know whose side to be on.

One of the best things westerns teach is our country's history. I'll bet people with television sets know lots more about history than people without television sets, because westerns on television are just crammed with history. They tell how we had to fight the pagan Indians every step of the way to get them to give us this land so that we could really make something out of it. (We let them go on living here, after we won the land fair and square, and we even gave them special areas called "reservations" to live on. They're real nice places—sort of like wild game preserves to keep animals from becoming what they call "extinct.")

When you start thinking about all the advantages of watching westerns, it's pretty plain to see that we ought to have more of them. There has been a lot of progress made toward getting more westerns on television, and you can see a good western almost any time except Sunday. Unfortunately, on Sunday afternoons there are things like symphony orchestras, documentary films and panel discussions—real dull, long-hair stuff that most Americans wouldn't be interested in. The only good thing about Sunday is that before you know it, it's Monday again, and the beginning of a whole new week of interesting, educational, realistic, historical westerns. But friends, we've got to do something about Sunday afternoons.

One World?

ANNE SHIPLEY

Rhetoric 102, Final Exam

WITH JET AIRLINERS HOPPING FROM ONE CONTINENT to another in a matter of a few hours, with collective agreements binding nations together, with the United Nations Building overlooking New York harbor as a symbol of international cooperation, many Americans are hopefully forecasting that day in the near future when national walls will be broken down, and the world will be unified politically, economically, and socially. Although this ultimate goal may seem to be far in the future, these internationalistic optimists feel, nevertheless, that the number of sovereign nations will rapidly and permanently diminish as nations unite to form larger states.

However, in my opinion, world unification is no closer now than it was a century or more ago. In the few years since World War II, innumerable colonies have broken the imperialistic chains and established themselves as

sovereign nations—India, Pakistan, Burma, Ghana . . . These new countries are anxious to maintain their newly won independence; they avoid the various alliances. Peoples that are still living under foreign domination are awaiting the day when they, too, can become independent. When they do, one can be sure that they will avoid “entangling alliances” that might inextricably bind them once again to foreign nations. Thus, rather than fewer nations in the future, I can easily see countless small nations dotting the world maps.

The internationalists then point to the numerous alliances between the older nations—and some of the new ones too. With admirable speed, they rapidly list these organizations—NATO, SEATO, SHAPE, Rio Pact, Baghdad Pact, United Arab League . . . They compare the European economic alliances like the Common Market to the nineteenth-century German *Zollverein*, or customs union, which helped pave the way to German unification. Finally, they point to the United Nations—eighty countries co-operating to maintain world peace and well-being.

This lengthy list sounds very impressive until one examines the nature of these organizations more carefully. First, it must be remembered that NATO, SEATO, etc. are merely defense agreements to maintain the balance of power against the Communist block. Alliances of this type are not new; they can be found as far back as the seventeenth century. Until nations began to try to keep the peace through collective security, the common method was to maintain a balance of power. Recent examples include the Triple Alliance and Triple Entente before World War I, and the Little Entente before World War II. Nations have now returned to the old balance-of-power system by establishing these alliances with their present allies, no longer trusting the attempts at collective security.

Second, it must be admitted that the *Zollverein* did further German unity, and that it would seem, therefore, that the present economic alliances are leading the way to eventual European unity. However, the various German states were also culturally united—language, religion, heritage. European states, on the other hand, are proud of their own national heritage. To tell the Frenchman that he is the same as the German except for language would be asking for a fight. In other words, to have political union, it is first necessary to have cultural union, which the European states do not have. Moreover, I firmly believe that these economic alliances with free trade, etc. will last as long as economic prosperity does. As soon, however, as nations feel the economic squeeze, tariff walls will be rebuilt. England, for example, after advocating free trade all during the prosperous nineteenth century, lost no time in returning to a policy of protection in 1930 when the Great Depression came.

Finally, I feel that the United Nations merely reflects the efforts of the nations to achieve the balance of power. The Security Council has become

a debating club with West versus East. Nothing can be accomplished without the concession of both patries. Russia wants Communist China on the Security Council to achieve that wanted balance of power. The West wants her out of the Council because, as it stands, the West has the advantage.

Therefore, in spite of all the promising alliances and organizations, the world is no closer to achieving unification than it was a century or more ago. As countless nations join the ranks of the independent, older ones are anxiously trying to preserve the old balance of power.

Footprints on the Ceiling

RICHARD STORINGER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THE FOOTPRINTS ON THE CEILING: SOME CHARACTER who had the room last semester or the semester before or some time since they last painted the ceiling probably stretched himself out on the top bunk with his shoes on. And then maybe he got a crazy idea and put his feet up to the ceiling and made a pattern of footprints stretching over the area above the bed. I'd say the guy was probably just goofing off a little like you do sometimes. But then this type of jerk that calls Elvis Presley a sex-symbol would probably say that the fellow with the feet was rebelling against society or some trash like that.

There are always characters like that. I mean the guy that tells you why you do things, giving you deep, dark psychologically confused motivations when really you only do things because they're the natural thing to do and maybe you sort of enjoy doing them.

Of course, even I'd have to admit that there are some people who everything they do is like a rebellion against society. They're called "Beatniks" now. They're pretty obviously messed up in their minds and they're mad at everybody, probably just because they haven't got the guts to absorb a little intellectual opposition. Because there are certain things that they don't like, they draw themselves into a little corner and yell that everybody is crazy but them.

But the normal people, like the guy who put his footprints on the ceiling, maybe they're experimenting a little, you know, like trying to see just what rules can be broken and what rules can't.

Well, what the heck, they come into the world and they don't have a thing to say about how things are or how they're going to be. Let's face it. All the rules have been made, and they've been made for a long time. Sure,

there'll be modifications, but they all follow a set pattern that can't be changed. Besides, even if it were possible for a fellow to have something to say about the way things go, his own patterns have already been set by the society he's been brought up in, and even if he doesn't like what's happening, he doesn't know how to change it, because that's one thing he's never been taught.

So, like I say, he just experiments a little, to see what he can get away with. In a little while, he'll settle down and learn to be like everybody else, just like the people who came before him did. He'll stop breaking the rules by then.

Maybe like the symbol-crazy fellow would say, this guy with the feet is rebelling against society. Or maybe he's just being a normal, gung-ho college student and he's goofing off a little bit and he doesn't have any emotional problems that are making him put his feet up on the ceiling without taking his shoes off and not even knowing why he's doing it.

But the footprints are there. And the rules can't be changed.

In a way, I sort of feel sorry for the guy with the feet. There's always somebody to tell him what to do and how to do it, and if he doesn't he's symbolizing Youth's Antagonism Toward Maturity or some such junk.

I feel like writing "go to hell" on the wall. But I know I won't.

Conformity

JOHN SAUNDERS

Rhetoric 101, Theme C

WHAT IS CONFORMITY? MANY THINK OF IT AS A FOUL word. Others use it as a creed in life. In reality it means simply being inconspicuous. A man who moves with the traffic is a conformist. Conformity is Order.

Is conformity bad? The nonconformists says the person who shapes himself to the mold of society has no individuality; however, the ego of the conformist has more opportunity to assert itself than that of the nonconformist. The conformist does not have to worry about whether he is like another or not. His mind is free to work on other problems of more importance. Conformity is freedom.

Is conformity necessary? Yes. Conformity eliminates friction in society. It allows the minds of men to grow without the restricting fetters of worry and fear. Conformity is a mold for a way of life. Conformity is civilization.

When It's Ajar

THOMAS A. MCGREEVEY

Rhetoric 101, Theme

WORDS EXPAND AND COVER BROADER AREAS BECAUSE of man's need to verbalize what his mind conceives. When an expanded meaning has become widely accepted, that meaning is added to the existing ones. Words become distorted when the same word will serve to identify two or more completely disparate ideas. When this happens, there is no real solution for the lexicographers. Such words usually represent a universal concept which has not changed basically, but which has been discarded for the sake of expediency. And the greatest of these is Charity.

The root of the word "charity" is *caritas*, a Latin word meaning "dear-ness" or "love." The first meaning that *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* gives for "charity" is "Christian Love; Act of loving all men as brothers because they are sons of God." The third meaning is "almsgiving"; and the fifth, and last, meaning is "an institution or foundation."

In our immense and complex society, this final definition has come to supersede all others. Like Scrooge, modern man when questioned about the needy can reply coolly that there are any number of institutions ready and able to take care of them. He will say that he has too little time free from his job and home to devote personally to charitable work, but, at one time or another, he has responded generously to appeals from the DAV, the ARC, the UJA, the March of Dimes, the Heart Fund, the Gold Star Crusade and a host of others. He will assure his questioner that this is as it should be because more people are helped when the distribution of alms is organized. And he will say that when he donates to an organized charity he knows where his money is going and what it will be used for; in addition, donations are tax-deductable when given to a "recognized" charity.

Thus, the institution or foundation, that ponderous giant of organized aid, with a hierarchy more complex than civil service and a bank balance that would shame an insurance company, provides a buffer between the donor and the charity case. It spares the embarrassment of a personal contact which might prove distasteful. It translates the cries of the sick, the infirm, the helpless, the destitute, the insane—the cloacal flotsam of man's inhumanity to his brother—into animated cartoons and unctuously humorous voices, or into warm appeals from popular movie stars, and insinuates them between television programs. By its appearance and atmosphere, it creates for the needy person the impression that he is receiving a bank loan without the need for collateral or repayment. It succeeds completely in destroying any vestige of humaneness in its charity.

Is this Charity? Is it "Christian Love" to appoint someone else our brother's keeper? No, it is not. It is the sounding brass and the tinkling bell, but it is not charity. It is what Pascal called: "... not God, but His image and idol, which we must neither love nor worship."

A Conformist

JOE MILES

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

ONE DICTIONARY DEFINES A CONFORMIST AS A PERSON who acts in accordance or harmony with some pattern, example, or principle. I feel, however, that this definition is too broad. Isn't it possible for one to be doing what the majority is doing and still not be a conformist?

Consider Mr. Johnson, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brown. They are attending a speech given by the governor of their state during his campaign for re-election. After a few introductory remarks, the governor attacks his opponent with a fervor reserved for those seeking political office. He is warmly received, with Mr. Johnson, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brown all joining in the applause. All three of these men are acting in accordance with the prevailing pattern, but are they all conformists?

Mr. Johnson has read nothing about the issues of the campaign, and he has no idea of what arguments the governor's opponent might use in rebuttal. The enthusiasm of the audience and the persuasiveness of the governor's delivery are all that are necessary to start him clapping. Once started, he is one of the governor's loudest supporters.

Mr. Smith has made some study of the issues of the campaign, and, before he came to the speech, he had planned to vote for the governor's opponent. Nothing in the governor's attack on his opponent really makes sense to Mr. Smith. Yet when everyone else applauds, Mr. Smith applauds also, perhaps fearing the ridicule of admitting he does not understand the governor's position, perhaps thinking, "This many people can't be wrong."

Mr. Brown also has studied the campaign, but he has decided that the governor should be re-elected. For this reason only, he joins in the applause. The clapping of the Johnsons and Smiths does not affect his thinking.

Although all three men fall within the dictionary's definition of a conformist, I feel that only Mr. Johnson and Mr. Smith are, in fact, conformists. Mr. Brown is not a conformist because the driving force behind the actions of a conformist is not his own mind but the actions of others. Unless this modification of the dictionary's definition is made, Mr. Brown is, I feel, unjustly classed as a conformist.

Habit – Variety = Monotony

JERRY BRAND

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

THE SHOW IS OUT AND WHILE ONE IS MENTALLY RE-creating the final scene in which the young bride, Gina Lolobrigida, was being carried into the honeymoon apartment, the right hand is deftly searching for the pack of cigarettes. One may not be fully aware of the right hand's actions if the cigarettes are found soon. However, if the cigarettes are not found soon, one quickly becomes aware of the situation and if he is not in the vicinity of a cigarette vendor, panic soon strikes. The degree of panic varies directly with the degree of addiction. Even if a cigarette vendor is nearby, the initial reaction to the thought of being out of cigarettes is one of alarm. The time required for this feeling of alarm to pass away is dependent upon the line of action adopted by the cigarette addict to satisfy his desperate yearning for a smoke.

A similar reaction of alarm is experienced whenever one is deprived of any anticipated reaction or activity, such as eating, entering a dark room and flicking on the light switch, pressing on the brake of an automobile as one is approaching a red stop light, or perhaps sleeping with one's wife. The expected reaction when one goes home to eat a meal is, perhaps, to find it waiting for him. If it is not, he will more than likely be surprised. Likewise, one is momentarily amazed when the little light bulb does not come on when the switch is flicked. A feeling of fear seizes one when the brakes of the car do not react to the pressure applied to the brake pedal. One's reaction to being unable to sleep with his wife is dependent on what he is expecting when he goes to bed with his wife.

What is the significance of these observations? Their significance lies in the fact that one may condition his body, through regular and prolonged repetition, to the extent that certain functions can be performed practically unconsciously. Once the body is conditioned to react to a given circumstance in a certain manner, its reaction is one of frustration when confronted with a new and different circumstance.

One might call the series of actions and reactions a habit. However, one must not confuse habit with monotony. For there may be variety within a habit while there is no variety in monotony. For example, one eats a meal approximately three times daily. If one were eating green beans, fried calf's liver, and onion rings each and every meal, this would be monotonous—to the extent of dread. On the other hand, if one has variety in the kinds of food he is eating, then eating may be termed merely habit. Cigarette smoking

would become monotonous if one were forced by some external condition to smoke a cigarette regularly after the passage of a certain time interval. The variety in smoking, therefore, lies not in the different brands of cigarettes, but in the fact that one may smoke a cigarette at any time. Thus one comes to the conclusion, if a conclusion can be reached from the material presented, that variety is the differentiating factor between monotony and habit.

Steinbeck and Brotherhood

DONALD LEE FOX

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

" . . . This tractor . . . turns the land and turns us off the land. There is little difference between this tractor and a tank. The people are driven, intimidated, hurt by both . . . For here 'I lost my land' is changed; a cell is split and from its splitting grows the thing you hate—'We lost *our* land' . . . Only a little multiplication now, and this land, this tractor are ours . . . The night draws down. The baby has a cold. Here, take this blanket. It's wool. It was my mother's blanket . . . This is the beginning . . .

"If you who own the things people must have could understand this, you might preserve yourself. If you could separate causes from results, if you could know that Paine, Marx, Jefferson, Lenin, were results, not causes, you might survive. But that you cannot know. For the quality of owning freezes you forever into 'I', and cuts you off forever from the 'we'."

JOHN STEINBECK'S *GRAPES OF WRATH* WAS WRITTEN BY a bitterly angry man. The anger provided the vitality for the creation of a moving literary work; the bitterness kept that work from being an ageless classic and very nearly destroyed it.

Through the Depression-caused misery of the late Thirties, Steinbeck watched the rise of the "big picture" concept in our society, manifested on the one hand in paternalistic government that applied mass panaceas with no thought of the havoc so often brought to the individual, and on the other hand by an economic system that was learning too painfully and too well the relationships between profit, efficiency, and large-scale operation. He watched the so-called little man pushed and shoved through bread lines and drafted into WPA projects and CCC camps; watched the exploitation of this same little man by big businesses; watched the lives of commonfolk wrenched violently into alien patterns, the individual stripped of whatever dignity he might have had. And finally, when he saw man torn from the ancient stronghold of security, the land itself, he began to write and tell us not only of his anger but of his long-developing philosophy of man's ultimate responsibility to man.

His medium is the Joad family, which is clawing a harshly primitive subsistence from a small rented farm in Oklahoma's Dust Bowl. Tom Joad

returns from four years in prison to find his people dispossessed by the landowner who is being forced to large scale, mechanized farming in order to survive economically. The family's plans are already made—they are going to California, where the land is rich, the pay golden, and the fruit falls from the tree all year round. In Tom's inability even to think of taking any course of action other than to go with his family, Steinbeck makes the first of his statements on the only means of salvation open to man—unity, beginning with the tightly knit family.

The Joad family's progress across country can be described as a poor man's Odyssey, filled with a multitude of rich details, graphically moving incidents, and vivid personalities. The only unifying element is the single underlying drive of the family to reach its goal. Grampa dies early in the trip; Granma, just before they reach California. Rose of Sharon, Tom's sister, expecting her first child, is deserted by her husband. And always waiting around the next bend in the road is some sort of peril: violent rejections from the towns that fear an invasion of "foreigners" who could consume what few jobs and what scant food there are, exploitation by men looking for cheap labor, starvation, illness, strikebreakers, lawmen, and groups without law.

At last they reach California, but their first sight of the verdant valleys is succeeded by less favorable impressions as they find here the same miserable conditions that hounded them all through their trip. Even in the democratic government camp, with all the blessings of indoor plumbing, they learn that physical comfort is a sterile, killing thing without some occupation. They move on; finally Tom kills a strikebreaker and at the end throws in his lot irrevocably with the strikers and so with all the downtrodden, rebellious men who are trying to break free of the chains of poverty and oppression ("They's a whole army a us without a harness."). The story ends with the stillbirth of Rose of Sharon's child in a boxcar the Joads have converted into a shelter, while torrential rains bring flood and turn the land into a sea of mud.

What holds it all together, this narrative of a family's odyssey that ends seemingly without an end? The cement is Steinbeck's message that we are all our brother's keeper, that mankind's survival depends upon a soul-felt unity. He makes the point in incidents both large and small: the truck-stop waitress who insists that nickel candy bars are two for a penny so that two small, gaunt Okie boys can have a touch of something good in their lives; the family just met on the road that contributes a good quilt to Grampa Joad's dying and burial with a simple, "We're proud to help"; and the terrible beauty of Rose of Sharon's act in the last pages of the novel, the offering of her now useless milk to help save the life of a stranger so far gone in starvation he can no longer eat. These are the great things of the novel.

It is when Steinbeck attempts to offer a solution for mankind's lack of

vision that he begins to falter. He rejects Christianity in the character of Casy, the reformed preacher—"I ain't preachin' no more. The sperit ain't in the people much no more . . . The hell with it! There ain't no sin and there ain't no virtue. There's just stuff people do . . . that's as far as any man got a right to say . . . maybe it's all men and all women we love; maybe that's the Holy Sperit . . . Maybe all men got one big soul ever'boday's a part of." Couple this with Steinbeck's aversion to "the quality of owning" and the inevitable conclusion is nothing more than strongly advocated socialism, absolute. A comparison of socialism and capitalism is irrelevant here, but I would like to comment that his choice was a perfectly normal and even predictable one under the then prevailing socio-economic circumstances. The majority of the civilized world's intellectuals were holding regular wakes for capitalism at that time.

Thus, having made his point about brotherhood, Steinbeck proceeds to deny it. In his bitterness he excludes from the great community of mankind a large and important segment of mankind—the "haves." Again and again, until it is first infuriating and then somewhat ludicrous, he blasts all those who presume to have more than the Joads and their peers: predatory car salesmen dispose of useless jalopies to migrating Okies; a dog is killed by a "big, swift car" that doesn't stop; the entire opening of chapter fifteen is devoted to a grossly distorted description of the bloated, sexually frustrated, cruel, bored, and effete rich, and the remainder is a comparison of the salt-of-the-earth Okies; a millionaire holder of thousands of acres of fertile land is reputed to be afraid of death but "Grampa wasn't scairt"; and Ma Joad intones, "Why, Tom—us people will go on livin' when all them people is gone . . . Rich fellas come up an' they die, an' their kids ain't no good, an' they die out."

The other side of the coin is the deification of the destitute and an absolution from responsibility for at least some of their own acts. We learn from Ma Joad that "Purty Boy Floyd" was merely high-spirited until society in the form of the law hurt him until "he was jus' a walkin' chunk a mean-mad," and it goes on and on, culminating in Tom's account of Casy's last words before his murder by the strikebreakers: "An' Casy says, 'You don't know what you're a-doin',' an' then this guy smashed 'im." The crucifixion overtones are undeniable.

And so it is that in his fury and his deep hurt at the violence and pain men inflict upon one another, with anger at their indifference to their duty to one another, Steinbeck in turn forgets that the "haves" are people, too, who suffer and rejoice, live and die; he ceases to hear the words of his own most thought-provoking character, Casy, who says to Tom and to us all—

"Maybe all men got one big soul ever'boday's a part of."

City Within a City

SANDRA WILLARD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

THE DAY IS HOT, THE SUN BRIGHT, BUT SOMEHOW THE sun's rays barely filter through to the deteriorated streets—streets shadowed by the crumbling, leaning buildings and the heavy structures of the elevated tracks. This is a strange, humid, dark city within a city.

It has its own character familiar to its own inhabitants, hostile to outsiders and it has its own noises: the sound of pushcart vendors hawking their wares, the whine of the knife sharpener's stone, the sound of horsedrawn carts on the pavement, the mournful note of voices singing from some distant, dingy hallway. The streets smell of rank decay, the decay of litter strewn on the curbs and the sidewalks, the smell of condemned but still inhabited buildings, and of the people who abide there.

The city is not without its people. They have their own way of life, as strange and depressing as the streets which they have made their own. A woman strolls aimlessly along, upthrust chin, defiant eyes in a mask-like over-powdered face. Two small boys in tattered tee shirts and bare feet race past, knocking into an old stooped man who mutters incoherently as he staggers down the street. A young girl stands by a music grinder's machine watching her withered arm with morbid fascination as it turns the crank.

They have conditioned themselves to be indifferent to the problems of people in their own society. They are suspicious and resentful of intruders. A baby sits in an empty display window of a store playing with a long, cruel-looking knife. A large, dark woman stands, hands on hips, in a doorway across the street, scrutinizing three white girls. She turns abruptly, enters the dim hallway, and slams the door of the dilapidated apartment.

This city with its smells, its sounds, and its people is surrounded, crowded, and literally crushed by the buildings that are or should be condemned. Some are partially destroyed, either by man or by age. They lean against one another for support; they sag in every direction. Bits of ragged cloth flutter out of windows that have lost their panes of glass. People are still living in these tenements, crowded between makeshift cardboard and plywood partitions and unsteady, creaking floors.

Everywhere there is idleness and depression. Men in dirty underwear and wrinkled slacks sit on fire escapes, staring ahead but seeing nothing. They sit in their rooms, in restaurants and taverns, and on sidewalks. The day grows hotter. Steam rises from the open sewers. The air is thick with smoke from the factories and the stench from the streets. The people sit and wait—wait for darkness to cool and blot out the streets they have made their own and can't leave.

A Materialist Afterlife

JOHN MARXEN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

BEING A MATERIALIST AND A SKEPTIC, AND YET, LIKE every human being, unable to believe in the eventual destruction of my consciousness, I have tried to formulate out of my reading and experience a factual basis for this opinion. I prefer not to trust to faith, but to extrapolate from scientific facts. In this paper I am dealing with the question of the survival of the soul after death—arbitrarily defining the soul as the conscious mind, the sum total of a life's memories and the personality which is their resultant. If the soul should be other than this, it would be senseless to speculate upon its survival, for this survival would not concern us.

Since prehistoric times men have debated the questions of the nature of the soul, of the relationship of the soul to the body, and of the possibilities of the soul's surviving after death. We have not yet arrived at any sort of agreement on the subject, and no evidence is available on either side of the argument. It is conceivable that no answer will ever be found, but it is more likely that we have been asking the wrong questions. Certain discoveries of the past suggest that these ancient questions may be rephrased in modern terms, and may even be answered.

These discoveries have not been in the field of theology or philosophy; philosophers and theologians have not produced a definite answer after thousands of years of speculation; perhaps we had better look elsewhere for the answer. The fields of biochemistry, neurology, and relativity physics have already provided the basis for a new line of questioning.

That science could solve such an essentially theological question as that given in the first paragraph may seem unlikely (or even blasphemous) to many people. But science has, in the past, settled many theological questions and disproved many dogmatic assumptions about the universe without in any way lessening the basic truth—if such exists—of a religion's teachings. The truth is never less awe-inspiring, less beautiful than the superstition.

The general workings of the brain—the operation of memory, perception, and reason—are fairly well understood by contemporary neurologists; there is nothing really mysterious about the brain, it is merely more complex than any device produced artificially. Our present knowledge indicates that it is theoretically quite possible to construct a calculating machine that could duplicate in every detail the workings of the brain. Machines already built

are capable of memorization, reasoning, learning, perception, and even of making random choices when such are necessary. A hypothetical "artificial human being" would be enormously more complex than these, but it would not be different in kind.

All this is meant to demonstrate that there is nothing transcendental about the human mind. The mind *is* a calculating machine, but it is not "merely" a calculating machine. The material (whether protoplasm or metal) is unimportant—it is the pattern which is of importance.

It follows logically from this that it might be possible to transfer the pattern of a man's mind from one medium to another without affecting the pattern at all, just as it is possible to make reproductions of a painting without sacrificing any of its aesthetic value. A technique for such a transference of minds would make possible one kind of immortality, but it would still not solve the question as stated at the beginning of this paper. For the mind-pattern must have a suitable vehicle; it cannot exist by itself any more than whiteness can exist apart from a white object. When the body dies, and the brain with it, does the mind necessarily do the same? It will probably be thousands of years before any kind of artificial immortality is possible; are the souls of all who died or will die before that time doomed to mere nonexistence? Or does there exist somewhere a record of their thoughts and memories? The laws of relativity physics provide a possible answer. Space time itself has a structure and can bear patterns—the particles and waves which constitute the material universe are themselves such patterns. Gravity and magnetism are also, in reality, no more than configurations of the substance of space time. The infinitely subtle kinetic energy of a living brain is as indestructible as any form of energy, and, just as sound when it fades from our hearing, it continues to exist after the body's death as an indestructible pattern in space. The pattern, which is the essence of the mind, cannot but survive.

Whether a disembodied mind would have the power of perception is questionable. The great number of cases of clairvoyance and telepathy on record would seem to indicate that this is possible, but we know nothing of the mechanism of these "wild talents." It may also be assumed from the evidence available that the minds of the physically dead could be in communion with each other—similar vibrations in the same medium would be continually affecting each other—but again, nothing can be proved. There is the possibility that the experience of dying would be traumatic enough to destroy the pattern of a person's mind completely or render it irrevocably and eternally insane. Or perhaps the free mind, after centuries of subjective time spent in introspection and repentance, would become purified and perfected. And perhaps this is what heaven is.

Devoted to a Dream

FRANK HATFIELD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

JOHN A. KENT

Former Music Teacher From London

Will give lessons on guitar
(all styles), 4 and 5 string banjo,
mandolin, and piano accordion.
Lawnmowers sharpened.

AFTER STRUGGLING FOR AN AWKWARD MOMENT TO suppress a chuckle, I endeavored to convince Mr. Kent to rewrite his advertising copy, omitting the anomaly concerning lawnmowers and rewording the second line to make it appear that he was a presently active music teacher who had once lived in London. He consented to the revisions, so I corrected the copy and pocketed it with the intention of turning it in to the school newspaper the next day.

I had been studying the Spanish guitar under Mr. Kent's instruction for almost a year, but that short ad was a better character evaluation than I could have written in a thousand words. A mention of England, a mention of mechanics, his name in capital letters, and a rather amazing statement of his preoccupation with music—these seemed to me to be an excellent comment on Mr. Kent's life.

An impractical dreamer and a self-supposed man of destiny, Mr. Kent has devoted more than twenty of his thirty years to studying the five-string, finger-style banjo. He has reached heights of virtuosity on this now rare instrument equaled by not more than a dozen living Americans, all of whom are unknown outside the ranks of fretted-instrument players. Mr. Kent's devotion to the banjo often reaches frightful extremes of fanaticism. It is not unusual for him to entertain guests by seating them just ten feet in front of his huge amplifier, turning the volume to maximum, taping a contact microphone to the vellum of his banjo, and proceeding to play an hour long program of solos ranging from "Whistling Rufus" to "Hungarian Rhapsody." The effect is similar to John Henry driving a carefully tuned granite drill through the visitors' aching heads.

A disciple of Ves Ossman, Mr. Kent would like to follow the banjo master's prescription for ten hours of practice each day, but financial problems force him to devote his energies to overtime work in an attempt to drive the wolf from the door. He is still paying for three cars, the previously mentioned amplifier, an ancient factory-sized metal lathe, and a gigantic planer. The last two items represent Mr. Kent's conception of a

SENTIMENTAL WRITING MAY BE DEFINED AS THAT WRITING which uses trite phrases and overly emotional words, usually to express excessive anguish, self-pity, or useless longing for the past. It is incapable of conveying any deep or profound meaning, and its value is probably seen and appreciated only by the author. The opposite of sentimentality is restraint. Its effect depends upon careful understatement and originality to convey meaning, and it is always preferable to sentimentality when one wishes to arouse emotion in his readers. A gushing overflow of sentimental words drowns the readers's sensitivity to any emotional tone which may be present in the writing, and his immediate reaction will probably be disgust rather than sympathetic understanding and appreciation.

The advantage of understatement over flowery, trite writing can easily be seen by comparing the opening words of two poems about death, a particularly pertinent subject since it is so often expressed in sentimental words and worn-out expressions. The terse, almost blasé statement "Buffalo Bill's defunct" strikes the reader with its original presentation of this often trite theme, whereas the introductory words "My little Rose is withered now; On earth's soft breast she lays her head" are likely to alienate the reader with their triteness and singsong rhythm. Compare the originality of the following lines, "who used to/ride a watersmooth-silver stallion/and break onetwothreefourfive pigeonsjustlikethat" with "A goodly child and full of glee/With sweetness in each laughing smile. . . ." Both are attempts to tell us something about the subjects' daily lives, but only the first is meaningful. It conveys a sense of excitement and activity typical of the subject, while the words of the second quotation are vague, trite, and express nothing distinctive about their subject.

Further comparison can be made between the comments about the absence of a beloved person. "She lives yet in my memory/As now I walk life's lonely mile" seems very dull and uninspiring compared with the fascinating ". . . what I want to know is/how do you like your blueeyed boy/Mister Death"; the dullness of walking "life's lonely mile" is accentuated by the novel use of language in the second example.

These comparisons point out the contrast between sentimentality and restraint and the parallel differences between triteness and originality. The use of restrained writing is always preferable to the use of sentimental writing, since the former does not smother the sensitivities of the reader, is more likely to be original and inspiring, and is more capable of arousing interest and emotion in the reader.

Stradivarian Tone

GEORGE W. HENRY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

"*ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CREMONENISIS FACIEBAT ANNO 17 . . . A + S.*"¹ This label, now rightfully borne by approximately 1600 musical instruments,² has come to represent the standard of comparison in the judgment of quality of stringed instruments, especially violins. Although the Stradivari violins were made over two centuries ago, no violin made since has surpassed the tone for which the Stradivari instruments are noted. Considering the enormous advances science has made during the last two hundred years, one might expect that someone would have equalled the tonal quality of the Strad by now. However, although the violins have been examined from most conceivable angles of approach, no one has been able to equal the tone, much less surpass it. What are we missing in the analyses? What secret process did the master craftsman use that we are not able to discover?

Since the test of any musical instrument is in the performance, or, in the case of the violin, the tone, an analysis of the reasons for the superiority of the Stradivari violins is necessarily centered on a discussion of tone and those factors that influence it. It is generally accepted that the tone of the violin is most dependent upon four intrinsic characteristics of the tone chamber: (1) the type of woods used, (2) the shape and size of the tone chamber, (3) the varnish, and (4) the quality of workmanship. The purpose of this paper is to explore these characteristics, their effect upon tone, and their treatment by Stradivari.

I. The Tone of Stradivari Violins as Affected by Construction Materials.

The tone chamber of a violin is usually made up of a number of separate pieces of wood glued in place. Since the principal function of the tone chamber is to enforce and lend character to the tone emitted by the strings, the woods used in construction of the chamber must be good conductors of sound. The conductivity of a piece of wood is directly dependent upon its thickness and density.³ As Robert Alton suggests,

In choosing wood for the plates of a violin . . . it is useful to consider the relative density of the material. For instance, a hard, close-grained back will give a sound more metallic in character . . . than will a soft, open-grained one . . . The thinner the plates, the more thin and shrill the tone.⁴

In general, the front and back plates (the belly and back) exert greater

influence over the tone than the sides and heads, partially because of greater area and partially because of shape.

Prior to 1684, Stradivari characteristically used maple for the backs and bellies of his violins. Although this wood lacked the response of high quality violin-wood, Stradivari was unable to purchase any better wood because of his limited funds. However, when Nicolo Amati, Stradivari's apprenticeship master died, he bequeathed all his tools and woods to Stradivari. Undoubtedly, during his lifetime Amati must have accumulated a rather extensive selection of wood, and this legacy was a very important item to Stradivari.⁵ From Amati, Stradivari also inherited a quality without which he could not have succeeded in his field—the ability to judge and select wood best suited for violins.⁶

Stradivari's unique skill was first illustrated by his violins of 1685, the "Long Strads." Although the violins were not physically longer than their predecessors, the narrowed bodies gave the appearance of additional length, thus the name, "Long Strad."⁷ This series of violins, Stradivari's first major deviation from the Amatese designs, began a long series of experiments with wood, shape, and varnish. In the course of these experiments, Stradivari often used different kinds of wood in the same tone chamber, giving the effect of combining the tone qualities of all the woods.⁸ The balance of these pieces of various woods is quite important in the production of a fine, smooth tone.⁹

The study of Stradivarian tone often produces the conclusion that, since Stradivari violins are old, perhaps age improves the violin tone. However, Messrs. Moya and Piper disagree, "The effect of age on tone . . . is practically nil. It does not and never has created it."¹⁰ Mr. Balfourt further qualifies this statement, ". . . it is not age but mainly playing upon it (the violin) for a long period of time that can bring out all the possibilities of the instrument."¹¹

II. The Tone as Affected by Size and Shape of the Tone Chamber.

As would be expected, the dimensions of the tone chamber determine the pitch of the violin more than they determine the tone. However, various shadings or accentuations of tone can be achieved through minute adjustment of the size of the tone chamber. Because these minute adjustments actually alter the shape more than the size, the discussion of the physical proportions of the violin and their effect upon tone will be confined, for the most part, to the shape.

The chief source of tone control through shape is in the form and the tapering of the belly and back-plate. A high arch in the plates produces a tone which is sweet and mellow, but rather weak in power. On the other hand, a low arch will produce a hard, thin tone that is strong in power.

One of Stradivari's techniques was to build violins in which he balanced the amount of arch between the two extremes, thus achieving the best effects of both shapes without a sacrifice in tone or power.¹² As Robert Braine says,

"The violins of his best period departed from the high model of Amati which he at first used, for Stradivarius found that the higher model lacked volume and power and gave a tone which was somewhat high and piercing instead of mellow, luscious and golden."¹³

Stradivari continually experimented with shape throughout his life, always searching for the best tone. In fact, he experimented so much with the shape of his violins that it is often said that no two of his instruments are exactly identical.¹⁴ Probably the best of his instruments are those which followed the "Long Strads," violins which, although they retained the rather low arch of the "Long Strad," were approximately the same width as the Amatese designs, with alterations in the curvature of the sides.

III. The Effect of Varnish on the Tone of the Violin.

Many volumes have been written concerning violin varnish, its importance in relation to tone, and various methods for its preparation. However, the general consensus of opinion among violin experts today is that the effect of varnish upon tone has been over-emphasized. In a recent experiment by the Messrs. Hill identical violins, some varnished, others unvarnished, were played alternately behind a screen, and experts were asked to choose by the sound of the violin which were varnished. Ninety per cent of the answers were wrong. Although the addition of varnish does give a slight metallic shading to the tone, many experts believe that it is so small that it cannot be detected by the human ear. As Mr. Farga points out,

The actual value of the varnish seems to lie in the fact that a properly varnished instrument keeps its pleasant tone indefinitely, while an unvarnished violin loses it after about ten years.¹⁵

George Fry places more importance upon the varnish,

Dissemination of the fibers of the wood is caused by the vibrations of sound in the violin—changing atmospheric conditions cause reduction of agglutination of the fibers. The varnish, while not prohibiting the deterioration, retards it and reduces its effect on tone by stiffening qualities on the sounding-faces.¹⁶

An interesting counter-argument to this point lies in the fact that the inner surfaces of all violins are unvarnished. Although the application of varnish to the inner surface might reduce dissemination even further, the chance is great that the varnish would alter the conduction properties of the wood.

The varnish of Stradivari seems to be a product which the master-builder developed through time. His violins indicate that each attempt

improved the clarity of the varnish, until he achieved that soft-finished, rich golden and remarkably transparent varnish so characteristic of a Strad. However, since the sealing qualities of his varnish can be accomplished with today's crude variety, it would seem that the search for the precise duplicate of Stradivari's varnish would be irrelevant in a study of tone.

IV. The Quality of Workmanship and Its Effect Upon the Tone of a Violin.

Although the material, varnish, and shape of the violin can conceivably be duplicated, the one character of the Stradivari violin that is unique is the maker's skill in the manipulation of the many components of the violin during construction. As Mr. Balfourt says,

" . . . The extraordinary results which he obtained he owed entirely to his great genius, which was able to combine together in complete harmony both wood and varnish, dimensions and general shape and all the other incalculable factors."¹⁷

Or, in the words of Franz Farga,

It has to be borne in mind . . . that exquisite instruments were built in . . . Cremona . . . at a time when the use of the higher notes and many other miraculous feats which can be performed on a violin were still unknown . . . Yet, even stranger is the fact that later on violin-makers were unable to create instruments comparable to those old masterpieces, although the mathematical rules of their design had been discovered."¹⁸

One might logically conclude that Stradivari had some general principle that he followed in the construction of his instruments. However, as Mr. Hart says, this is not necessarily true,

If Stradivari constructed his instruments upon philosophical principles, the chief element of variation in the treatment of any particular instrument must have been the difference of quality in the material; it is evident that a method eminently successful when applied to wood of a certain texture and character, would ensure as eminent a failure if applied indiscriminately in all cases."¹⁹

It should be stressed that the tone referred to as Stradivarian applies only to similar-toned instruments made by one man. These tones, although they are similar, are also individually different and distinct, for "consecutive reproduction of any kind of tone is the most infrequent as well as the most difficult thing in . . . fiddle making."²⁰ The fact that Stradivari was able to produce tones so similar is but another tribute to his genius. This genius is even more apparent when one considers the great number of violin-makers who have dedicated their lives to duplication of Stradivari violins and failed. This is explained by William Orcutt as follows :

There is but one reason why other violin-makers may not have produced instruments equal in every way to those which bear the master's signature. Others have employed wood of equal quality; they have successfully imitated the dimensions and the joinery of the various parts. Stradivari's contemporaries at least had access to varnishes made of the same ingredients. What other makers lack is simply that something which cannot be explained—that gift of consummate genius which delivers its message to the world through the fingertips of those few children of God anointed among their fellows as chosen for that purpose.²¹

Since the time of Stradivari, most violin-makers have devoted their time and money to violins that are approximate duplicates of the Stradivari design. The art of violin-making has become a business for imitators, simply because everyone is willing to accept the fact that not only have Stradivari violins been best thus far, but that they will continue to reign indefinitely, never being equalled or surpassed. At this point, however, one cannot resist drawing a parallel between the violin situation of today and that of Italy when Amati was the great master and Stradivari was simply an apprentice to the master. At that time there were those people who believed that the violins of Amati would never be surpassed. However, one person did not believe this. He even ventured to stray from the accepted standards and experiment with the violin. This radical of Italian violin-makers was Stradivari. Where is our Stradivari of today who will be willing to stray from the bonds of convention and use original experimentation with tone? The question may be asked, "Where is the need for the new violin?" To this, one might reply that man did not need the airplane before 1904.

Any work of art that endures is a real message to the world for an artist who feels impelled to release it from his soul through the medium in which he works. These messages are expressed in different media—in stone, on canvas, in type.²²

Stradivari's message to the world was in the form of wood, glue, varnish, and seventy years of his great genius, the fruits of which are still enjoyed some two centuries later by music lovers throughout the world.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Quoted by Robert Alton, *Violin and 'Cello Building and Repairing* (London: Cassell and Co., 1946), p. 18.

² Dirk J. Balfourt, *Antonius Stradivarius* (Stockholm: The Continental Co., 1952), p. 50.

³ Balfourt, p. 15.

⁴ Alton, p. 3.

⁵ Lyon & Healy, *An Historical Sketch of the Violin and its Master Makers* (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley and Sons Co., 1900), p. 30.

⁶ Robert Braine, "The Stradivarius Violin," *The Etude*, October, 1928, p. 782.

⁷ George Hart, *The Violin: Its Famous Makers and Their Imitators* (London: Dulau

and Co., Schott and Co., 1887), pp. 192-3.

⁸ Hart, p. 199.

⁹ Alton, p. 4.

¹⁰ Hildalgo Moya and Towry Piper, *Violin Tone and Violin Makers* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1916), p. 84.

¹¹ Balfoort, p. 16.

¹² Hart, p. 191.

¹³ Braine, p. 782.

¹⁴ Hart, p. 198.

¹⁵ Franz Farga, *Violins and Violinists* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1950), pp. 14-15.

¹⁶ George Fry, *The Varnishes of the Italian Violin Makers . . .* (London; Stevens and Sons, Ltd., 1940), pp. 26-33.

¹⁷ Balfoort, p. 40.

¹⁸ Farga, p. 13.

¹⁹ Hart, p. 199.

²⁰ Moya and Piper, p. 33.

²¹ William Dana Orcutt, *The Stradivari Memorial . . .* (Washington D.C.: Library of Congress, 1938), p. 17.

²² Orcutt, p. 7.

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* A firm: music dealers.

Rhet as Writ

The cloud that beckoned him for many years was finally lifted.

In early marriages, usually either the boy or the girl or sometimes both are not mature enough to make rash decisions.

William Beebe and his assistant went down into the African waters to look at their bottoms. (Review of William Beebe's *Half-Mile Down*)

Now the driver is ready to take over and drive in his own reckless manor.

He became famous and was toasted wherever he went.

People who go out to drink take the money right out of their family's mouth.

My most important decision was to climb a tree.

During the years before college, many students have been under the guidance of their parents. Now they are on their own and trying to act accordingly. They now are entering the last corridor to adultery.

Definitions: speak-easy—used car salesman

cudgel—a stick, longer on one end than on the other

He told me that we were to go camping and skin diving on Turtle Island, an uninhibited island that no one had set foot on for years.

Directly in front of us was a large, ominous looking, spiral stare case. We lit two candles and walked up the stares.

The people of the countries Mr. Nixon visited admired him. In one country, he maintained his composure and dignity even though he was stoned, shouted at, and called names.

The Contributors

Mary Louise Borgmon—Jefferson High, San Antonio, Texas

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John Marxen—Arlington

Frank Hatfield—Bloom

Elizabeth Crabtree—Springfield

George W. Henry—East Peoria

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the **five** best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First:** Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second:** Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third:** Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth:** Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth:** Five dollars worth of books



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Part of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are Sam Armato, Tom Boyle, Bob Lewis, Mary Trippet, and Bill McQueen, editor.

My Country, Right and Wrong

DENNIS ALAN WEEKS

Rhetoric 101 Exemption

IN MODERN TIMES, PATRIOTISM HAS OFTEN COME TO imply a virtual blindness to the faults of one's country. The rise of authoritarian ideologies has created an attitude known as "we-they" thinking; the inference is usually that "we" are good and "they" are bad.

However, countries are comprised of people, and people, be they American, Russian, or Ibo, can and do make mistakes with alarming regularity. In a world where life could be destroyed by a mistake in reading a radar screen or in pushing a button, we need to be increasingly aware of our own fallibility.

The current undeclared war between the United States and the Soviet Union is due primarily to this failure to recognize our capacity to err. I firmly believe that if both the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics could divorce themselves from the attitude that the other is the cause of all evil, many of the crises that bring us to the proverbial "brink of war" could be averted. This is not to say that the problem of Communism vs. Capitalism would be solved: the conflict of ideologies would be brought to the fore, however, and the people of the world could then deal with this overriding issue, rather than with the specific and often irrelevant issues which arise from day to day.

For example, the United States likes to consider itself a stronghold of democracy. We are also a traditionally capitalistic nation. In the press, over radio and television, and through all other means of communication, we have come to equate capitalism with democracy, and communism—because it is the antithesis of capitalism—with totalitarianism. Thus we support many dictators because their policy favors capitalism over communism. An overthrow of a capitalistic dictator by a non-capitalist democrat is generally interpreted in the United States as an affront to democracy. The issue is clouded, and we are unable to face the change rationally.

Another example is our dogmatic aversion to anything proposed by the Soviets in nuclear weapons control. In one case, American and British delegates at one of the ubiquitous conferences of the past five years agreed on a plan to be proposed by the Britons at the conference table. After Soviet hedging, the plan was shelved. Some months later, the U. S. S. R. presented the same plan, which was flatly rejected by the West. Had we been willing to consider the plan, even with a Russian label on it, perhaps we would not today still face the threat of nuclear war.

Finally, a striking example of the fallacy of our attitude was the U-2 incident. The U. S. would never spy, we said; only the Russians do that. Khrushchev was simply trying to intensify the Cold War. But then, through

a peculiar twist of fate, we admitted that we had sent Powers on a spy flight—but the Russians were evil for having shot him down.

These are only three examples. I have chosen cases of American fallibility because they are not generally as well publicized as Soviet mistakes. I feel that they help to underscore the fact that there is no absolute “right” or “wrong” in today’s world. We are dealing with shades of gray, not black and white.

A Touch of Life

WILLIAM BUSSEY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

I WAS WORKING THE FOUR TO MIDNIGHT SHIFT WHEN they brought him in. A bolt of lightning during a mid-afternoon thunderstorm had struck the signal mechanism of the traffic lights at a highway intersection so that all four lights were green. He and his wife had been returning from a vacation when his car had been hit broadside at the intersection.

I was passing ice water to the patients when the ambulance wailed up to the hospital. Abandoning that job, I rushed to my post at the entrance and helped unload him from the ambulance.

As I wheeled him down the hall to the emergency room I started the first phase of his examination. Where does he hurt? Can he move his fingers? How about his toes? Check for signs of shock or brain injury. In the emergency room I undressed him, noting the lacerations and abrasions as well as the extent of help he was able to give me. All of this would be rechecked more thoroughly by the doctor when he arrived, but he would want to know immediately if there was anything obviously critically wrong.

Throughout the whole examination my new patient kept moaning, “The hell with me, how’s my wife? I want to see my wife. I’m all right, where’s my wife?” The doctor came in and after ascertaining that there was no critical injury he ordered x-rays. Then the doctor turned and spoke to him, “Your wife died on the way to the hospital. I’m sorry.”

He looked blank for a moment and then seemed to deflate with a sigh. It wasn’t until I was wheeling him up to the x-ray room that he suddenly grasped my hand and cried softly, “Why, God, didn’t it happen to me? She was in her prime of life! Why didn’t it happen to me?”

Now, writing this, I experience a tremendous surge of emotion, but at that time I received it almost dully. He was still a patient to me, not a person.

I even chuckled to myself because I knew from the questions that the officers had asked of him that his wife was fifty-six, he was fifty-seven. "Prime of life!"

I tried to comfort him, to console him, but I was limited to the professional clichés; "Don't talk that, do you think your wife would want you to act that way? You've still got your life to live. You've got to go on." All the time I was worrying about what time I would get off duty. It was after one in the morning by the time all three victims had been examined, x-rayed, repaired and put to bed.

Our hospital is a very small affair. It was no trouble getting to know most of the men patients and a few of the women if they stayed for a week or so. I always tried to get to the hospital a half hour or so before I had to report for duty so that I could visit with the patients without having to get up and run in the middle of a conversation. On the day following the accident I was making the rounds of the patients and I stepped into his room.

He was sitting with his bed rolled all the way up. There were three young men with him. "Hi there, Billy boy!" he cried as soon as he saw me. "Come in and meet my boys." Then, "This is the boy who took care of me last night." I walked in, astonished to see him looking so well after his despondency the night before. His three sons had come to be with their father and I believe that was the sole reason that he was doing so well. From that time on, every time I walked by or went into his room, he had a cheery word ready.

It was because of this transformation that I grew to like and admire him. Every chance that I got, I would try to exchange a few words with him. On my day off I came to visit him and we had a pleasant conversation. He was anxious to get out of the hospital, but he didn't quite know what he would do when he did get out. He was finding it difficult to adjust to making plans without his wife.

His shoulder blade had been broken in the accident and six ribs had been smashed. For the shoulder he wore a truss type brace; for the ribs, a corset type belt. We were all amazed at his speedy recovery. He was scheduled to be discharged about a week after he had come in.

The day before the discharge date, I stopped in to see him before I reported for work. He and his sons were excited over the prospect of his getting out of the hospital. He was in excellent spirits, showing me how he could swing himself out of bed unassisted.

A few minutes later, during the daily report which was given to the staff members to acquaint them with the condition and treatment of each patient, his son rushed into the room. "Come quick, something's wrong!" The nurse and I ran towards his room. I grabbed the emergency oxygen, standard procedure for almost any kind of emergency. As soon as we got to the room I administered the oxygen while the nurse tried to find his pulse. It was no use. He was dead. The cause of death was later established as a heart attack. He had never had trouble with his heart before.

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

PHILIP G. PLOTICA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY" IS A DELIGHTfully clever satire that ridicules one of the most common human idiosyncrasies, imagination. To illustrate the wonders of imagination, Thurber creates Walter Mitty, a timid, mouselike little man, who is forever being victimized by a nagging wife and an arrogant, "know it all" society. With the entire world against him, the only escape left for poor Walter Mitty is his imagination, which he uses to the utmost of his ability.

What makes "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" more than just another amusing short story is Thurber's unique and effective use of contrasts. Consider, for example, the first three paragraphs. Here the Walter Mitty of imagination is placed side by side with the Walter Mitty of reality. The contrast between the iron-hearted Naval Commander, bravely giving orders to his men, and the chicken-hearted Walter Mitty, timidly taking orders from his wife, is quite apparent. But the use of contrasts is by no means restricted to the beginning of the story. On the contrary, it is employed all the way through to the very last word. Compare the quick-thinking Doctor Mitty, famous surgeon, to the Walter Mitty who cannot park his car, remove his tire chains, nor readily remember to buy a box of puppy biscuits. Compare also the "greatest shot in the world" or the daring Captain Mitty, or the "erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undeclared" with the Walter Mitty who seeks the quiet refuge of a big leather chair in a hotel lobby. Contrasts are effective tools for any writer, but the straightforward manner in which Thurber employs them enhances their effectiveness considerably.

After briefly skimming through the collection of contrasts that makes up "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," one might feel that there is little connection between the paragraphs describing the imagined Walter Mitty and the Mitty of reality. However, closer observation reveals that Thurber does, by the use of suggestive words and phrases, cleverly establish links between the Mitty of fact and the Mitty of fancy. Examine the following lines taken from the end of paragraph one and the beginning of paragraph two of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty":

" . . . The Old Man'll get us through," they said to one another. "The Old Man ain't afraid of Hell!" . . .

"Not so fast! You're driving too fast!" said Mrs. Mitty. "What are you driving so fast for?"

We shudder to think that there might be a connection between Hell and life with Mrs. Mitty, but, unfortunately, such could be the case. Consider

how Mrs. Mitty's mention of Doctor Renshaw and the event of driving by a hospital lead to a daydream in which Walter Mitty, a distinguished surgeon, assists Doctor Renshaw in a difficult operation. Take note also of how a newsboy's shout about the Waterbury trial initiates the trial of Walter Mitty in the following paragraph. Such skillful employment of transitions, by which an event in reality triggers an event in the imagination, is sound not only from the literary standpoint, but also from the psychological point of view.

"The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" affects the reader in a variety of ways. The purposeful use of excessively dramatic, imaginative heroes, the repetition of the sound "pocketa-pocketa," the use of meaningless pseudo-medical terms such as "obstreosis of the ductal tract"—all these make us want to laugh. The plight of Walter Mitty, at the mercy of his domineering wife, arouses our sympathy. However, we neither laugh at nor sympathize with Walter Mitty. Thurber has created Mitty not as an individual, but as a representative of human beings in general. He has made us realize how similar our imaginative worlds are to those of his character. We cannot laugh at Mitty without laughing at ourselves. We cannot sympathize with him without feeling sorry for ourselves. The strength and heart of the satire lie in the reader's perception of the similarity of his own daydreams and those of Mitty.

Street Conditions in Champaign-Urbana

MARY LOUISE BORGMAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

AMONG ALL THE CITIES I HAVE VISITED OR LIVED IN, I can say unequivocally that I have never seen public streets in such a deplorable condition as are those in Champaign-Urbana. The fact that the streets are allowed to remain in such a state is inexcusable, for not only do they constitute an eyesore and a nuisance in an otherwise attractive city, but I am sure they cause a constant, wasteful drain of tax money.

To prove my point that the streets are in bad condition, one has only to travel a short distance in any direction. An especially good proving ground would be the heavily-traveled thoroughfares of Mattis and Kirby. As one travels along either of the two, he cannot help noticing the large chuck-holes in the pavement, the washboard or undulate effect in certain areas, the indeterminate curb-lines, and the quantity of loose gravel. On the west side of the intersection of these two streets, Kirby actually becomes a dirt road, not unlike those found deep in the country, except that it is a little wider. In

addition to the defects already noted, the trip is further made arduous by the repairs and re-routings which seem to be always in progress on these streets and on so many others.

But, one may say, if repairs are being made, then surely the bad street situation will be alleviated. This is not the case, however. Repairs are made in an ineffective manner and with unsatisfactory materials. A common practice is the resurfacing of the streets with "chips and oil." This process consists of spreading black oil over the road and then covering it with small, sharp-edged chips of stone. The oil in no way binds the chips to the surface, and after a few days, the constant traffic has pushed most of the chips to the side of the road and into the gutter. It remains only for a rain to dislodge the remaining stones, thereby completely nullifying any good effect that the resurfacing might have had. Another useless method of street repairing carried on in Champaign-Urbana is the filling of chuck-holes with soft asphalt. The weight of most cars is sufficient to press the asphalt down in the center and out of the hole at either end, creating two lumps where there had been one chuck-hole. This can hardly be called an improvement.

Despite the fact that resurfacing with chips and oil and filling holes with asphalt are ineffective as improvements, they do cost money. And because such improvements are so short-lived, they must be made quite frequently. It would appear that the constant expense keeps the street department's funds so depleted that it is never able to finance a thorough job of street-rebuilding. This vicious circle results in a great outlay of tax money with very little benefit to anyone, except perhaps the manufacturers of chips, oil, and asphalt.

To realize that the streets are an eyesore, one has only to envisage Kirby and Mattis as I have previously described them. The pleasing effect of a lovely home and a well-kept lawn can be very nearly destroyed when such a home and lawn are bordered by a sticky, oily roadway filled with ruts and holes. The nuisance lies in having to dodge chuck holes or slow down to a snail's pace in order to avoid damage to one's car, and in constantly having to go around barricades caused by the useless repairs. The oil used in resurfacing creates an added nuisance by adhering to the finish of one's car with a tenacity it never shows in adhering to the road.

Now it is perfectly true that the upkeep of public streets is a problem in almost every city, but it is a problem which must be dealt with in an effective and sensible manner, and it is not being dealt with that way in Champaign-Urbana. Rather, it seems to be a problem which is largely ignored, not only by the city councils, the mayors, and the street departments, but by the citizens as well. To me, such an apathetic attitude on so important a subject is inexcusable. If the situation is caused by a lack of funds, then perhaps the city government should consider a raise in taxes or a bond issue. I am sure that the people of Champaign-Urbana would be willing to pay a small premium on the upkeep of their streets if they were assured that their money would be spent on quality materials and a thorough job of street-renewal.

The College Slang Vocabulary

LINDA CREAMER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

MANY COLLEGE STUDENTS' VOCABULARY SEEMS almost entirely limited to several slang expressions. Instead of using their brains to select the most appropriate word or phrase, they re-use these few general slang phrases.

"Bad news," the most popular of these, could be defined as any place, situation, person, or thing that is undesirable. A fraternity on probation is "bad news." When a boy stands up a girl, this is a "bad news" situation. A grouchy bus driver is "bad news." A difficult course is "bad news." In short, "bad news" is used to convey a negative feeling about almost anything.

"Wow! She's a gas!" "Gas" is a very general term which is used to describe a person. The person who uses this word is showing his approval of someone. Thus, it is a noun showing a personal opinion. In one student's mind, a sarcastic instructor is a "gas." In another student's mind, an enthusiastic, idealistic instructor is a "gas." To one boy, a shy, sweet girl is a "gas." To another boy, a loud, flirtatious girl is a "gas." A strong, silent man may be a "gas" to one girl, but a thin, laughing man is a "gas" to another girl.

"Oh, he's completely out of it." "Out of it" is a phrase used by typical college students to describe a person who refuses to conform to their standards. A non-drinker is "out of it." An art major who grows a beard is "out of it." A book worm is "out of it." A non-dater is "out of it."

"Barf," which is actually a noun meaning monkey vomit, is a word students use to show disgust or anger.

"Barf!" exclaims Jane as she looks at the clock and realizes she has five minutes in which to walk ten blocks.

"Barf!" mutters Dick as he fumbles with the stubborn lock on his physical education locker.

"Barf!" moans Nancy as she looks at her cracked glasses.

Typical college students seem to like "barf" because it isn't obscene or sacrilegious, yet it is more potent than the ineffective "shoot" or "dang."

"Blast," which used to be a noun describing a big beer party, is now used to describe a situation that is hilarious fun or, using another slang term, a situation in which anyone would have a "ball." A pledge walk-out is a "blast" (for the pledges). A dance where a jazzy, rhythmic combo is playing is a "blast." A successful joke played on actives is a "blast."

These slang expressions are so general that they destroy one purpose of words, which is "to describe something in a vivid, exact way." Instead of using many words to describe one situation, these "typical college Joes" use a few words to describe a multitude of situations.

The Language of Advertisement: The Sexual Approach

DONALD L. FOX

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

IT IS TRUE THAT MOST ADVERTISING IS BASED UPON THE implantation of fear in the prospective customer, but this is a negative approach that can cut like a two-edged sword—the fear may be so unpleasant that the reader rejects the product, either consciously or unconsciously simply by forgetting it. Some sort of positive appeal is needed, some type of emotional titillation that he can connect with the product in a pleasurable fashion. Sex is sometimes used to fulfill this need.

The difficulties that beset the advertiser when he tries to utilize this approach stem ironically from the very thing that gives it its punch—there are *two* sexes. Before an effective advertising appeal can be made, the copywriter must analyze a product as to whether it appeals essentially to men, to women, or to both. After that, it becomes a matter of thesaurus-thumbing, as the following examples of advertising's pink and purple prose will show.

In selling man-goods, the copywriter demonstrates his comprehension of the modern American male's anxiety about his maleness, increasingly threatened by females drunk with emancipation. Thus, an ad for men's cardigans stresses their "rugged good looks," and their suitability for "the outdoor man," while deodorants disclaim any "sissy smell," in favor of a "he-man aroma." (The noun shift is interesting here, with all the unpleasant connotations of a "smell" being replaced by the richly pleasurable ones of "aroma," revealing the adman's knowledge that men too have a fastidious side.)

With women, advertisers generally don't waste the sexual approach on utilitarian things ("He'll *love* you for making him his favorite cake with your new Splurgo DeLuxe Mixer"), but save it for the really feminine items. An ad for Kayser lingerie gloats over an "interlude gown," "It's almost wicked . . . you feel so beautiful." And it is in his dealings with perfumes that the copywriter achieves the most sensual prose of our century. "Provocative" has almost become a cliché, without indicating to what our lady customer is being provoked. An ad for "Wind Song," a Prince Matchabelli distillation, tells us that as this substance "warms against your skin," it becomes "the subtlest form of communication between woman and man," and it continues with such evocative nouns as "rhythm," "pulse beat," and "aftermath." Only

some small remaining scrap of decorum has guided the choice of "fulfillment" instead of "climax."

In their attempts to persuade both men and women to buy a basically one-sex item, advertisers rely largely upon gift-suggestions. Sex is usually guaranteed as a reward for the gift. A Christmas ad for ladies' watches (Bulova) declares that "only a few women in your city will be lucky and loved enough to get one of these . . . watches"; there is an accompanying illustration of a lucky woman who is being loved. Another Christmas ad coyly suggests, "It's so nice to have a man around the house . . . give him Stanley tools . . . *and see!*"

When the appeal of the product is not limited to one sex, the copywriter's difficulties are somewhat lessened. A magazine ad urging us to try a "*dram of Drambuie*" Scotch liqueur after dinner says that "it's a promise fulfilled. . . .", The sexual connotation of that ubiquitous word "fulfilled" is heightened by the illustration of a woman semi-reclining on a couch with a man who holds a shot of this specific hooch. A recently introduced electric clock (Sessions) has a small extension alarm—pink and heart-shaped—to be placed under the pillow for the selective awakening of just one sleeper. It has not been christened the "Unilarm" or anything so mundane, but the "Love-Alarm." "And," continues the copy, "solitary sleepers *also* appreciate the deft and dulcet way of the LOVE-ALARM . . . the next best thing to a warm, 'Good morning, (sigh) darling!' " [sic]

A final example of the bi-sexual appeal will also illustrate the desperation that can overtake a tired copywriter who must descend to punning on a less-than-subtle level. Illustration: an Indian warrior sleeping in a hammock made of a sheet, while a squaw smilingly departs the scene. Caption: "A buck well spent on a Spring Maid sheet."

And just where is the adman headed in this whole area of sexual salesmanship? It seems quite obvious—into the subtle, smoky depths of the human subconscious, where words mingle with symbols to produce a stirring of the libido. One case in point will probably be all we can stomach.

A recently introduced Studebaker automobile was given the name of "Lark." Some of the accompanying ad material makes cutely innocuous puns about having a lark with this machine, but the image the Lark copywriter wants to seed our ids with is the soaring symbol that appears with the frequency of a punctuation mark in all the ads—a bird in flight. According to orthodox psychologists, this is almost universally accepted by the subconscious mind as a symbol of sexual gratification and fulfillment. To make sure we don't miss the point, the phrase, "*Love that Lark,*" is used (italics never mine). In view of the recent and widely-quoted studies into the sexual meanings of a car to its owner, this is extremely significant.

Further motivational research and increasing familiarity of Madison Avenue with Freudian concepts are certain to bring about elaborate extensions of this trend. From the above beginnings to a practical application of the Rorschach cards is just a matter of time.

Communion

ROBERT RUTTER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

THE ROOM IS DARK. IT IS NOT A BLACK DARK, BUT A hazy-blue darkness. There is an occasional glow from a lighted cigarette; it cuts through the haze for an instant but is quickly subdued. Its attention riveted on the brightly illuminated stage, the audience is hushed. The rattle of ice in a glass is the only sound in the room. The atmosphere is suggestive of an expected thrill, a great moment in one's life. A man swings his arm rhythmically three times. It is the blues.

The deep, resounding tones of the trombone lead into the first chorus. The intricately beautiful patterns of the improvised ensemble emerge, grasping the audience in an unyielding grip. An almost audible sigh of relief mixed with familiar pleasure escapes into the room, seemingly lifting the darkness momentarily. The idea has been stated and understood.

Now the theme is unfolding and the narrators are jointly relating the plot. The basic melody is carried through the standard whole chords and minor changes by the rich, full tone of the trumpet. Variations above the major strain are heard from the clarinet—haunting, compelling the attention. Underscoring the efforts of these two, the trombone emphatically complements the group while adding original statements of its own beneath the melody line. The audience is living the music now, pleased by familiar phrases, pleasantly surprised by new ones. It is a time for the individual interpretations.

The Negro clarinetist steps forward as the first chorus ends. He leads into his solo with a series of low, melodic notes that capture the audience. The low strains continue for four bars; then he suddenly soars into the upper range, with the listeners following. He is pouring his heritage into the minds and souls of his hearers, telling them what it means to be a Negro, how he and his ancestors have lived. He is saying to them now what he could never express in words, and they can understand. As he reaches the end of his solo, he slowly steps back.

Cutting through the last tones of the clarinet, come the low, growling tones of the trombone. The trombone player is not a Negro, but he has his blues to tell—cheap rooms, cheap jobs, cheap loves. This is not an expression of sorrow, not a bid for sympathy, but rather the simple telling of a life. A climb to an exquisite finish leaves the hearers suspended, still held by the eloquence of his tale. The spell is broken suddenly with the advent of a new sound, the trumpet.

The clear, almost biting tone slices through the room. Here is a young man, one who has neither the heritage nor the experiences of his predecessors. He has youth, however, and a slight knowledge of that which lies ahead. He is reflecting his contemplation of the future, his hopes and fears. The audience knows his story and is receptive to his plea. He winds out his break with a lead-in to the last chorus.

Suddenly there is a swing up-tempo. The listeners, shocked by this, respond by beating time. The earlier passages are forgotten in the rush of music from the stand. There is an abrupt reversal, and the last four bars are back at the original tempo, a sort of reiteration of all that has been said. At this point the audience finally catches the subtle but basic strain of optimism that runs beneath the main theme. The story is over. The relationship is complete.

On Huck Finn's Loneliness

RON LINDGREN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

OF ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS WHICH MAKE UP THE singular personality of Huck Finn, his loneliness provides the clearest insight into his moral quality. This loneliness is with him always. That he has, to some measure, accustomed himself to its constant presence can be seen in the method by which Huck contrives to combat the loneliness which he feels on Jackson's island after his "death": "By and by it got sort of lonesome, so I went and set on the bank and listened to the current swashing along, and counted the stars and drift-logs and rafts that came down, and then went to bed; there ain't no better way to put in time when you are lonesome; you can't stay so, you soon get over it."¹ Huck cannot, however, always have control and carefully regulate his loneliness. Late one night, after a larger than usual dosage of "civilization" from Miss Watson and the Widow Douglas there is such an awful void of loneliness within him that says, "I got so lonesome I most wished I was dead."² What is the essence of the loneliness which drives Huck to wish for death to release him from it?

Huck is, of course, lonely in the sense of being alone. Respectable society shuns him as an outcast. He has no friends in the true sense of the word; Huck rejects Tom Sawyer and his gang for the bourgeois romanticism which Leo Marx calls "the pseudo-religious ritual in which all nice boys

¹ Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, ed. Lionel Trilling (New York, (1957), p. 37.

² Twain, p. 3.

must partake.”³ Huck has only drunken Pap, an outcast himself, whose only interest in Huck is the money his son comes into.

The loneliness of Huck as an outcast is, however, only a superficial and minor facet of the greater and deeper loneliness within him. Huck’s real loneliness is in his sense of being alien to society. This is not merely because society shuns him; it is a feeling that he does not belong in society. The manifestation of this alienation is in his feeling uncomfortable in society. Huck’s introduction into respectable society has been at the Widow’s, where, as Richard Adams has observed, “gentility is manifested painfully to him in regular hours, formal meals, and stiff clothing.”⁴ Miss Watson, the Widow’s sister, constantly pesters Huck with “Don’t put your feet up there Huckleberry,” “Don’t scrunch up like that, Huckleberry—set up straight,” “Don’t gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry—why don’t you try to behave?”⁵ The Widow Douglas, though she freely takes snuff, refuses to allow Huck the pleasure of his pipe.

Thus is it that to Huck respectable society seems bent upon making him miserable. He looks back upon the free, easy, and comfortable life that was his before his introduction into society, and he realizes that the loss of that freedom is too much of a price to pay for the status with which the gentility attempts to endow him. Lionel Trilling writes of Huck: “He knows what status is and on the whole he respects it—he is really a very respectable person and inclines to like ‘quality folks’—but he himself is unaffected by it. He himself has never had status, he has always been the lowest of the low, and the considerable fortune he had acquired in the *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* is never real to him.”⁶ Thus Huck feels no kinship with society because his values are not the twin values of the gentility, status and wealth. Furthermore, as James Cox states, Huck has some “inner awareness that membership in the cult will involve the dissolution of his character and the denial of his values.”⁷ In other words, Huck has a premonition that society’s set of values is shallow and false.

Huck’s feeling of not belonging in society is further strengthened by the aristocracy which he comes into contact with during the river voyage with Jim, the escaped slave. Whereas the “one-horse” respectability of St. Petersburg’s middle class had been but a source of discomfort to Huck, the senseless vendettas of the Grangerfords and the Shepherdsons and the stupid pride of Colonel Sherburn which drove him to kill the harmless Boggs were an

³ Leo Marx, “Mr. Eliot, Mr. Trilling, and Huckleberry Finn,” *American Scholar*, XXXI (Autumn, 1953), 434.

⁴ Richard P. Adams, “The Unity and Coherence of *Huckleberry Finn*,” *Tulane Studies in English*, VI (1956), 91.

⁵ Twain, p. 2.

⁶ Lionel Trilling, ed., *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain (New York, 1948), pp. x-xi.

⁷ James M. Cox, “Remarks on the Sad Initiation of Huckleberry Finn,” *Sewanee Review*, LXII (Summer, 1954), 394.

abhorrence to him. Furthermore, the fine manners of the gentility, which Huck had been so attracted to, became pretentious sham to him when he saw these same manners burlesqued by the King and the Duke. Richard Adams, in writing about Huck's encounters with the aristocracy of the valley society, states that "The incidents are not haphazardly chosen or arranged. Each has its revealing gleam to contribute to Huck's unconsciously dawning awareness of the true values of the civilization to which he is asked to belong."⁸ And it is in what Adams chooses to call "the injustice, the hypocrisy, and the general moral ugliness and weakness of Southern society before the war"⁹ that Huck is lonely, for his morals will not allow him to become a part of that culture. Unconsciously, he feels that doing so would be to lower and degrade himself.

But while society is repellent to Huck, he is also attracted to it by an innate pity and tenderness for mankind. Though used and exploited in every way by the Duke and the King, Huck is still prompted to warn them of their danger from the mob. This same pity for his fellow man is the reason that after trapping the robbers on board the *Walter Scott* his first thought is to send someone to rescue them. Huck's ambivalent attitude toward society is summed up by Trilling as "a tenderness which goes along with the assumption that his fellow man is likely to be dangerous and wicked."¹⁰ Marx is of the opinion that the sign of maturity in Huck is in "the mature blending of the two, suspicion of human motives and a capacity for pity."¹¹ Thus Huck, although he cannot accept the conventions of society, cannot live outside of society because of his ingrained compassion for people. The loneliness of indecision weighs heavily upon Huck as the values of society, reinforced by Huck's genuine liking of people, wrestle with the values of the individual for the spirit of Huck Finn. He is like a tiny iron filing held between two equally powerful and opposing magnets.

This inner battle in Huck breaks to the surface when Huck is forced to choose between the two worlds. The occasion is the appearance of Jim, the runaway slave, whom Huck joins in flight on the raft. From the moment Huck has skipped out of the woods on Jackson's Island to confront an astonished Jim, who thought him dead, the word lonely disappears from its common place in Huck's vocabulary. He feels no loneliness with Jim on the raft because in Jim he has found a person with similar feelings, a person to whom he does not feel alien. They share a boundless compassion for people. With Jim, Huck is able to create a society which he can accept, one which follows their law of the raft: "What you want, above all things, on a raft, is for everybody to be satisfied, and feel right and kind towards the

⁸ Adams, p. 92.

⁹ Adams, p. 103.

¹⁰ Trilling, p. x.

¹¹ Marx, p. 429.

others."¹² This, Marx contends, is the credo which "constitutes the paramount affirmation of the *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and it obliquely aims a devastating criticism at the existing social order."¹³ And these two, in living this creed, comprise, in Trilling's words, "a community of saints."¹⁴

Huck's whole sense of right and wrong, guilt and anxiety had been a product of civilization. Intimacy with Jim, which makes possible a moral growth in Huck, wrought its own sense of right and wrong from their relationship. But a gnawing doubt grows in Huck as the society within him asserts itself and lets it be known that helping a fugitive slave to freedom is "wrong." It is then that Huck's conscience, "the ally of social pressure for conformity,"¹⁵ is brought into conflict with the new feelings produced by his relationship with Jim. Huck faces his greatest loneliness when, without counsel or help, and very much alone, he must choose the victor in the elemental struggle of the values of the two worlds.

His conscience, the conscience of any Southern boy in the pre-war era, tells him that helping Jim to freedom is wrong, and when he writes the note to Miss Watson, Huck feels that his obligations to society are fulfilled and his cares drop away.¹⁶ This was enough for the Huck Finn of St. Petersburg, but the matured Huck has new doubts and anxieties which are stronger than those produced by society. Thus it is that after long wrestling with the problem on three distinct occasions Huck makes his monumental decision to reject society by helping Jim.

This victory is, indeed, a victory over the prevailing morality. But as the readers of *Huckleberry Finn* bask in the glow of the victory of Huck's individual and distinctive humanity over society and himself, they forget that this victory entails the acceptance by Huck that loneliness is his lot. Huck has rejected society, that very society which he is attracted to by his compassion and tenderness for people. Huck Finn would rather be lonely than to reject the human feelings which are so much stronger than the commercial morality of society which they are in opposition to.

It is this fact which gives the character of Huck Finn such heroic proportions. And it is with this fact in mind that one will readily agree with the observation of Lionel Trilling: "No one who reads thoughtfully the dialect of Huck's great moral crisis will ever again be wholly able to accept without some question and some irony the assumptions of the respectable morality by which he lives, nor will ever again be certain that what he considers the clear dictates of moral reason are not merely the engrained customary beliefs of his time and place."¹⁷

¹² Twain, p. 125.

¹³ Marx, p. 431.

¹⁴ Trilling, p. ix.

¹⁵ Adams, p. 93.

¹⁶ Trilling, p. xii.

¹⁷ Trilling, p. xiii.

A Proposal to Eliminate Automobile Accidents

THOMAS OSBORN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

ONE OF THE GREATEST KILLERS IN AMERICA IS THE automobile; it takes thousands of lives annually. There have been many attempts to reduce the death toll, but all of these have failed. In order to solve this problem we must adopt a new attack that follows the best American traditions of progress. We must use the same foresight as those who advocated the income tax and prohibition.

Since Americans have refused to follow the pleas of the National Safety Council to drive carefully, we must develop a concrete plan to bring about compliance. After many hours of profound concentration, I have come to the conclusion that the National Safety Council is approaching the problem incorrectly. Instead of exhorting the public to drive slowly and carefully, we should outlaw automobiles entirely. This solution offers additional advantages. It will create good will abroad. Since many countries are jealous of the United States for its great material wealth and since we display our wealth most prominently in our automobiles, the abolition of automobiles will improve our relations with other countries. In addition, there will no longer be the great social stigma that is presently attached to families that do not own a car, or that own only one or two.

Those who would detract from my scheme will probably say that this great change would cause economic chaos. All workers in the automobile industry would be made jobless. Unemployment would swell to unprecedented proportions. I have studied this problem carefully, however, and plan to solve it in two ways. First, we will continue to build some automobiles and send them to our opponents in the cold war. Doing this will not only kill off some of our opponents in car accidents, but will also make Russia and her allies despised by the countries that previously hated us. Second, we will adapt a majority of car manufacturing facilities to the making of bicycles. The need for expanded production of these vehicles is obvious.

Surely no person who is thinking only of the good of our great country can refuse to applaud and accept this plan. It would not only stop the needless slaughter on our highways, but it would also create national and international good will.

The Day of Three Dawns

ELIZABETH CONSTANCE KROHNE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

WE NEVER KNOW WHAT TURNING POINT IN OUR LIVES awaits us as we wake on the most ordinary of mornings. The odds are that a particular day will follow the customary routine; but all of us observe that purely contingent events occasionally bring us new insights or challenges that are totally unexpected and strangely significant. Knowing this puts an element of excitement in common patterns of life. I was vaguely aware of this as I woke one morning in my room at Colorado College two summers ago and dressed in hiking clothes to go alone to the Garden of the Gods.

It was a very early hour, about three A.M., when I hired a cab to take me to the garden to photograph the sunrise. I recall that I was looking for beauty and solitude, but hardly anything more. I arrived ten minutes ahead of the sun. The rocks are rouge by ordinary daylight, but when the first slant of sun strikes them they blaze orange. Against a sky that is sapphire by contrast they pose stunning forms. I spent several thrilling hours in the deserted garden, almost too rapt to click the shutter. Gradually the sun became high and hot and the rocks quieted into their usual blush. Sunday tourists filled the park. I decided to find my way back. The beauty of the place had only served to increase my restlessness.

To account for the impact of the experience that followed I must explain my state of mind at that time. Gradually, starting about two years before that day, I had found myself drifting away from my early religious ideas and training—those of a little Protestant church in my home town. Although the desire for religious enlightenment is a core of my personality, I had allowed this drive to become completely dormant to the extent that spiritual values were almost entirely submerged by esthetic and intellectual ones. I was rather belligerent in my denials. Perhaps this attitude had fostered the unquiet feelings that followed me out of the garden to the road where I hitched a ride back to Colorado Springs.

My ride was in an ancient Hudson with two ancient people and a tiny dog. The man, who had the incredible name of Smith, announced that he planned to visit his brother in a small city midway to my destination, after which he promised he would take me on to the college. Meanwhile, he said, I was welcome to stop at his brother's with him.

The house we stopped at was in complete contrast to the scene I had photographed. Small and uncared for, it stood on a street of very poor,

run-down homes. Sunlight did not brighten the aspect, but made the dwellings seem darker and more withdrawn. Mr. Smith told me that his brother had lived in that house, indeed, in one room of it, for thirty years, almost totally paralyzed by rheumatic arthritis. I was prepared, then, to see a human wreck wearing an expression of despair.

The room where the invalid lay was cluttered with old books and newspapers. The walls, painted long before in a sour cream colour, were oppressive; a few calendars and magazine cutouts which ornamented them did not relieve the impression. One picture caught my eye immediately, a print of the modern religious painting, the *Smiling Christ*. I took my place self-consciously on a chipped-enamel chair and turned my attention to the man who spoke from the bed.

His voice was distant but not weak. He was entirely twisted into helplessness, his spine S-shaped, his hands nearly useless. I could not help being overwhelmed by pity. Most of all, though, I was struck by his expression. It was, in contrast to all the symptoms of age and pain that marked him otherwise, youthful and rapt. It was puzzling to me that he could look that way in spite of his long confinement.

We talked for two hours. At first I described myself and my experiences to him, having replaced the notion that such a description might be painful to him with the realization that he had long since accepted his position and enjoyed such experiences vicariously. Little by little he talked also, and his personality was revealed to some extent. I began to see in him a conviction that his life would not end when his affliction killed him. He evidently believed that a real Heaven awaited him where there would be streets to walk on and legs to walk with. I saw the situation into which I had brought my intellectual conceit and my earnest but aggressive denial of revealed religion. I felt a sensation that was almost pain, and an acute unhappiness. Although his hope was an obvious thing, I had in my heart no hope for him.

I cannot say that this encounter changed my own convictions or in any measure converted me. It did force on me a necessity of inquiring again into spiritual worlds, and made me doubt the adequacy of skepticism as a fundamental attitude toward life. With this doubt I became more humble. After a long sleep my mind reached out again.

I returned that evening to the Garden of the Gods: I saw the moon rise there. The sight of the garden by night was more beautiful than the morning scene was. Moonlight served not to reveal the scene, but rather to reveal the darkness in it. Paradoxically, the questions that flooded over me were a comfort to me.

MODEL SENTENCES

The following student sentences are based on the models in Exercise 18 (p. 204) in the *University Handbook*.

#1. To flunk out of college in the senior year, the most important period in one's life, to flunk out when future plans and hopes are becoming a reality, is not the most welcome of events.

Donald Johnson

#2. I can distinctly remember my grandfather telling me that there are at least two times in every man's life when he is a conformist: when he is born and when he dies.

Bradley Fox

#2. I forget where it is stated that the love of money is the root of all evil, but it is a vice that I avoid: I spend money almost as quickly as I earn it.

Donald Steiner

#2. I forget who it was that recommended that, for their own good, children ought never be struck by an adult; but it is a precept I have followed scrupulously: I am a confirmed bachelor.

Harry Carl

#3. Considering yourself indispensable to mankind is like pulling your finger out of water and observing the hole it left.

Donald Steiner

#4. When in lecture rooms, classes and thoughtful conversations, I hear about the Needs of the Student, his Complex Problems, his Difficulties, Doubts, and Spiritual Weaknesses, I feel an impulse to go out and comfort him, to solve his problems, and speak encouraging words of praise to him.

Jose Wallach

#4. But when from radios, TV, newspapers and bored adolescents, I learn about the Neglect of Teenagers, their Social Problems, their Lack of Love, Understanding, and Recreational Facilities, I sense a desire to venture forth and advise that Persecuted Generation to make their own life, and not expect it to be given to them on a Silver Platter.

Donald Steiner

#5. Examinations are properly the search for truth: an investigation for pearls of knowledge, not a punishment for the striving student.

Jane Trampe

#5. Mathematics is properly the key to the universe: a method of unlocking the secrets of science, not the treasure beyond the door.

Donald Steiner

#7. When I hear people say they have not found a science so agreeable or interesting as to be in love with it, or that they look with pleasure at not having to study it, I am apt to think they have never been properly alive, nor seen with clear vision the world they think so meanly of, or anything in it—not even the clothes they wear.

Harry Carl

#7. When I hear people say that learning is unrewarding and unnecessary, and that they look with pleasure towards the termination of their education, I am apt to think they have never been blessed with the thirst for knowledge—not even a pang of desire.

John Comerio

#8. You have not become a genius merely because you have access to the best set of files.

Harry Carl

#8. You have not completed a lesson simply because you have read the assignment.

Jane Trampe

#8. You have not won a battle because you have fired the most shots.

Donald Steiner

#8. You have not won a woman because you have married her.

Donald Johnson

Rhet as Writ

If I can finish school, I want to go into coaching, especially small ones.

* * * * *

While still in grade school my parents moved to the vicinity of Midway Airport.

* * * * *

Joint meetings of the heads of nation's . . . have been called summit meeting's because they were held in the Swiss mountains.

* * * * *

God is only a figmate of man's imagination.

* * * * *

Just try to make love by the way described in this essay. I doubt weather anyone can make true love in four minutes.

* * * * *

In mid evil times, also called the dark ages, everyone dressed, acted, thought, and believed in the same way.

* * * * *

The bull stared at me across the brook . . . Suddenly he began pawning the earth.

* * * * *

I greeted my friends and was abhorrent when I saw the wild, lunatic smirks on their faces.

* * * * *

At 10:15 there was no word from the park and no phone calls from the neighborhood. This may be known in literary circles as the clam before the storm.

* * * * *

My father turned me around and gave me a swift kick in the pants. It did not hurt physically, but my pride sure did take it on the chin.

* * * * *

Love is necessary in each of our daily lives. The boy in love might get up out of bed and spend quite a little time in the bathroom making sure that he will be neat. The boy not in love might spend only half as much time in preparing for the day. He might take only one or two wipes across the face with the washcloth while the other boy would take great care in knowing that he had loosened *all* the dirt which might be present.

* * * * *

And, according to most of the big poles, these television appearances have helped the political position of one of the two candidates.

The Contributors

Dennis Alan Weeks—DeKalb

William Bussey—Naperville

Philip G. Plotica—Meriden, Connecticut

Mary Louise Borgman—Jefferson High, San Antonio, Texas

Linda Creamer—Urbana

Donald L. Fox—Bicknell, Indiana

Robert Rutter—Evanston

Ron Lindgren—Rock Island

Thomas Osborn—University High, Urbana

Elizabeth Constance Krohne—York

The Winners

The following were selected by the members of the rhetoric staff as the best themes in the last issue of the *Caldron*:

First: Donald Lee Fox, "Steinbeck and Brotherhood"

Second: Mary Louise Borgman, "Why We Need More Westerns on Television"

Third: Anne Shipley, "One World?"

Fourth: Thomas A. McGreevey, "When It's Ajar"

Fifth: John Marxen, "A Materialist Afterlife"

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store
- Follett's College Book Store
- Illini Union Book Store
- U. of I. Supply Store (The "Co-Op")

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Part of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are R. P. Armato, Thomas Boyle, R. W. Lewis, Mary Trippet, and William McQueen, editor.

5632 on a Fantrip

ANTHONY BURBA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

IN THE LATE 1950'S, WHEN RAILROAD DIESELIZATION WAS ALMOST complete, when the last steam trains were inexorably rushing into oblivion, an anachronistic headlight appeared in the darkness. The headlight belonged to No. 5632, a mighty Class 05b Northern of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. This engine has been hauling the Burlington's railfan specials for over two years, and to railfans she now seems almost alive. Let's board her for a trip to Galesburg.

As we enter the trainshed at Chicago's Union Station, the old, familiar sounds of railroading surround us; men shout, steam traps hiss angrily, and an air pump throbs somewhere up ahead. We walk past our long, streamlined train, up to the head end to view our motive power. The great beast sits quietly now, surrounded by the sweet smell of escaping steam and warm grease. The engineer and conductor are comparing watches in long-hallowed railroad tradition.

It's almost time to leave now, so let's board the open-door baggage car from which we can see and hear the engine. The conductor swings on, shouts "All aboard!" and waves his arm out the door. The train starts without a jerk. The 5632's exhaust reverberates mightily inside the huge trainshed, and she suddenly emerges into the morning sunlight.

Switch crews watch her pass, smoke pouring from her squat stack, her big drivers whirling faster and faster as she nears the yard limits. As we pass the V-shaped yard limit sign, the engineer blows the whistle for a junction. Loud and clear the "oowah-wah-wah" of her five-chime whistle floats back to us.

As we move through the suburbs, we pick up speed. We wave gaily to the few suburbanites who happen to be up early this Sunday morning, gazing in reminiscent awe at this memento of childhood. Small children jump up and down, pointing with glee at possibly the first real "choo-choo" train they have ever seen. We pass MK tower at Aurora with clear track ahead.

Out on the mainline, our engineer opens up the throttle. The former chuffing of the exhaust is now a steady roar. The black smoke is no longer an ostrich plume; now it lies tight down along the top of the tender and the string of smooth chromium coaches. See the blur of the side rods, the long roll of white steam as she brakes for the highway circuit, the smoke and steam curling around the signal arm after we pass. Hear the clanking of the rods, the throb of air pumps, the mighty hiss of steam as the pop valves lift. Hear the clanging of the bell at a grade crossing, the hollow roll on the bridge, the crash of wheels on crossing diamond, the thunder of the exhaust. Hear the whistle blow!

Having reached Galesburg, we slow down and finally stop. The engine rides

the turntable and takes on water. Then she is coupled onto the train again for the return to Chicago. With a soft sigh, the air brakes go into release. We start out slowly with the cylinder cocks open, and we go along "sweesh, sweesh, sweesh" with white streaks lancing out each side. As we hit the high iron again, we pick up speed and roar along through the night. The crisp sound of the 5632's exhaust drifts back, mingled with the heartbreaking moan of her whistle. Look up ahead. See the moon in the midnight smoke, the momentary glow of the firebox, the bright oscillating headlight flashing on the rails ahead. The engine is running hard in the moonlight now, clean and black and huge—the Burlington's last great steam locomotive, the 5632, blasting the rails home, music of the whistle, high drivers in thunder!

The Trouble with Harry

JANE LEWIS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

"When I hear people say they have not found a science so agreeable or interesting as to be in love with it, or that they look with pleasure at not having to study it, I am apt to think they have never been properly alive, nor seen with clear vision the world they think so meanly of, or anything in it—not even the clothes they wear."

—HARRY CARL

HARRY PROBABLY WILL NEVER REALLY MARRY A WOMAN because he is in love with a science, or perhaps a harem of sciences. Apparently they gave him birth and have never since failed to bring him his spectacles every morning. However, his mistresses, typically feminine, have, without his knowing it, colored the glasses so that he views with love only that which comes to him from their hands. And so these mother-mistress-servant sciences have Harry in their power, and the trouble with Harry is he does not know it.

Harry believes he is wise; he believes he has found the key to living in the study of parts of life. I think he is wrong to conjugate life and equate it and peer at it through a microscope. I have seen many people who are so involved in one particular subject that they have almost forgotten how to talk politely with another person who does not share their confined enthusiasm. These are aspiring young students, intellectual, middle-aged professors, and tired old men who are skilled in one "field" or another but have no knowledge of the art of living. They study all their lives about one or two tiny pieces of human learning, and then, after they have used up their lifetimes, find that what they know is not really so important.

Harry ought to go out and live a little, breathe a little, maybe even marry a little. I think he would find there is much more to life than the study of it. But the trouble with Harry is—he probably never will. His mistresses will not allow it.

Communication Equals Civilization

ELIZABETH C. KROHNE

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

GOOD RHETORIC IS NOT IN ITSELF EITHER A MYSTERY OR an occult art. It is the result of the conscientious and unified employment of several skills for the purpose of lucid communication. The subject to be communicated might be the result of student research, an account written home of daily events, or a job application. Practical uses of rhetoric confront us every day, and most students are aware of its importance in these applications. If this were all good writing meant, it could be said that most people are successful writers.

To say, however, that rhetoric is only useful on a practical level is to strip it of its most important dimension, to make of it another mechanical and brute accomplishment. Rhetoric does not begin with words on paper. It should begin somewhere within the human being, with whatever is essential and original about that being. Rhetorical skills like definition, logic, and organization of ideas help a man grasp and define his own uniqueness, as do poetic and artistic intuitions. The goal of knowledge, as it was expressed in *Dr. Zhivago*, is "to call everything in the universe by its right name." A rhetorical goal might be to call everything by its right name in terms of one's own uniqueness yet in terms accessible to as large an audience as possible. In short, the rhetorical goal is to say what no one else could ever have said in precisely the same way, yet to say it in a way that all can understand.

Experience is colorful and ever-varying for each individual. Suppose three people see a tree trunk with snow bending along it. One might describe the snow as seeming to rest calmly on the tree's gentle breast, another might say it was clinging there resisting the rudeness of the wind, and the third perhaps would imagine the snow strangling the tree with icy fingers. Each formula contributes in some way to the reader's picture of the actual sight, and each tells us something of the writer's personality or mood at the moment he saw it. To command word shadings, metaphors, rhythm, and diction successfully is to be able to reveal an original and human viewpoint.

Is this to say, then, that rhetoric serves only as a vehicle for the expression of individual self? For if so, it is not of very great help to man in society, although it certainly may gratify him in a selfish sense. No, for rhetoric should not stop at the revelation of individuality, but should perform an interpretive function as well. That original and valuable vision must be shared; and every sincere man is hungry to share it.

As rhetoric helps us define ourselves, then, it employs a medium which is universal—language and connotation. Because the medium is universal, the human, through communication, associates himself with humanity in general.

This is the process of civilization in action, and it can be seen that communication and civilization are parts of, or words for, the same process, the relation of many parts within a harmonious whole.

There is no skill, no art whose development is more desperately important to the well-being of the world. Human beings seem less and less to be grasping and valuing their own uniqueness, and at the same time they have less and less to say to each other. The most profound human desires today are for economic security, peace, and the worth of the individual. But until we all are convinced of the universality of these desires, we cannot unite to secure them. For this reason, the development of skill in verbal and written communication ought to be a primary goal of every thoughtful person.

Great-Aunt Florence

MICHAEL BLUM

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

MY GREAT-AUNT FLORENCE WAS BORN IN THE DAYS WHEN fathers slept with muzzle-loaders at their sides, not because there was any real danger from the Indians, but, just to be sure. Aunt Florence was a young lady when Henry Ford invented his horseless carriage, and when the Wright brothers experimented with powered flight. After that, it took thirty-five more years to make Aunt Florence old, and it has been twenty-five years since then, so you might very well call her senile, and in many ways she is. Her walk is not a walk, but a series of steps in which each successive planting and pushing forward seems more an end than a means for getting about.

On some mornings, her almost round figure, bright in gingham apron and sun-bonnet, will find its way to the rows of pansies that flank the gravel walk. Here, she does painstaking things with scissors, or she drops a half-gloved hand to pull a small amount of ragweed.

In afternoons, when the sun creeps along the ragged carpet in the dining room, she is there, sitting and rocking back and forth over a loose floor board. The sun doesn't seem kind to her then. Its light dulls her hair, sharpens her nose, yellows her lifeless skin, catches every bit of her wispy mustache, deepens the hollows of her cheeks and accentuates the unconscious trembling of her lips and chin. But Aunt Florence doesn't care about these things. She claims the sun eases her limbs, and oils her "jints."

If you stay to talk to her for a little while, you will become forgetful of her age and be captivated by her voice and eyes. She can tell about the first horseless carriage, or about the organ which she keeps shiny new, although her husband, who played it, has been dead for fifteen years. With the wave of her hand, she can brush away half a century as you sit in the sunlight by her rocker.

Political Speaking

The nature of the assignment for this theme should be obvious. Unfortunately, the two speeches are too long to be printed here.

DAVID RICHEY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

TODAY THERE SEEMS TO BE A NOTICEABLE LACK OF CLARITY in political speaking. This may or may not stem from dishonesty or reluctance of the politician to state the facts, but it has caused the political picture to become distorted with prejudice and clouded with generality.

Even in a seemingly straightforward speech, such as that of Adlai E. Stevenson, critical inspection and objective questioning can detect many of the ambiguities and generalities behind which modern politics have taken refuge.¹ In his article, "Politics and the English Language," George Orwell makes many charges against the language of politics.² Some of the characteristics that Orwell objects to are exhibited in Stevenson's speech. Stevenson *seems*, in general, to be concrete in his statements. That is, he elaborates upon some of the indefinite phrases he uses, and, thereby, feigns their clarification. He defines "human decency" as "a decent living wage . . . insurance against the risks of disability and unemployment . . . assurance of solid, not token, security when life's work is done." However, critical analysis reveals his definition to be analogous to defining a word in terms of itself. Some indefinite words which he doesn't even attempt to define are the common words of "democracy . . . equality . . . security" which the public has ceased to question. These glittering generalities play an integral part in making Stevenson's speech meaningless.

Another feature of this speech is the common political practice of attempting to add color to the speech through the use of metaphors. Thus appear such hackneyed metaphors as "write . . . into the hearts," "quicksand of depression," and "keystone of democracy." Seemingly limited to the same handful of metaphors as his contemporaries, Stevenson causes his speech to assume a resemblance to all speeches using similar metaphors. It may be said to his credit that he does avoid the pretentiousness which so often accompanies metaphors; he yields to this temptation only once—when he uses the word "gloriously."

Although Stevenson is generally unemotional in his wording, he does let some emotional phrases slip into his speech. The brevity of his statements about labor laws hardly justifies his reference to the "ugly sneers at labor unions" and "legal barbed wire" of these laws. Another phrase which unobtrusively preju-

¹ "Labor Policy," *Speeches* (New York: Random House, 1952), pp. 51-53.

² *Form and Thought in Prose* (New York: Ronald Press Co., 1960), pp. 48-60.

dices the listener is "politically inspired," a phrase which could have been omitted in the presence of the justifiable word "biased."

In reference to the form of his speech, it must be admitted that Stevenson has organized his speech well. He states the purpose of his speech, states the points upon which he bases his views, and then elaborates upon each point. It is unfortunate that the logic of his organization is overshadowed by an inaccuracy of phrasing. When the emotional phrases are combined with the meaningless words, the result is nothing but a new formula for political double-talk.

A contrast to Stevenson's speech is one given by Barry Goldwater before the American Cattlemen's Association.³ Goldwater's most flagrant offense is that of using emotional wording. Although this practice often diminishes the audience's awareness of meaningless words, Goldwater obviously does use words that prevent any concrete statements. These can be classified primarily as glittering generalities. "Independence . . . freedom . . . charity" are admittedly noble words, but they convey no more concrete ideas for Goldwater than they did for Stevenson. Goldwater, too, is subject to the allure of metaphors, the same metaphors which have been used for many campaigns. "Whipping boy" and "foot the bill" have long been used to describe abuses of political power.

In his article, "Emotional Meanings," Robert H. Thouless discussed the offense which appears so extensively in Goldwater's speech.⁴ "Intervention" constitutes a point of view, and "Washington language" and "know-it-alls" definitely destroy any possibility of a fair, logical speech being presented.

Another displeasing aspect of Goldwater's speech is the artificiality of his approach to the audience. He first flatters them by considering it "a real privilege to appear before a group of Americans who have steadfastly maintained their independence and . . . economic freedom." He then compliments them on their lack of gullibility in dealing with the government. He openly courts their favor in his analogies to "a herd of boarder cows" and to a calf and its mother, and in his references to his "friends in the cattle business." This can hardly be interpreted as indicating anything other than Goldwater's attempt to disguise the shallowness of his speech by the use of emotion.

The speeches of Stevenson and Goldwater are good examples of the flaws of modern political speaking, Stevenson exemplifying the art of using meaningless words and Goldwater exhibiting his proficiency at clouding the facts with emotion and prejudice. Only when the American voters realize how the degeneration of political speaking weakens the government will they reject such superficiality and demand more concrete statements, from which must necessarily arise a government more representative of the people's desire.

³ "We Cannot Have Economic Freedom and Political Dictation," *Vital Speeches of the Day*, XXV, No. 11 (March 15, 1960), pp. 337-339.

⁴ *Form and Thought in Prose* (New York: Ronald Press Co., 1960), pp. 98-108.

Testament of Beauty

MICHAEL BURNETT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

WE IN AMERICA ARE SUFFERING FROM A PECULIAR *MAL du siecle*, a disease which E. M. Forster was wont to call the "undeveloped heart." The symptoms are many. One of the most common is the fast, driving, frantic compulsion which seems to push us back and forth at a frenzied pace. The endless search for artificial stimulants, the hunger for "fun" and "play," has produced in us new emotions, new concepts, even new morality so that, as a result, we have become an entirely different society from that of twenty years ago. According to Clifton Fadiman, in his *Any Number Can Play*, a series of essays pleading for more use of the intellect and less of the television set,

We are suffering from an excess of control, or apparent control, of our environment, and from an excess of stimuli, available everywhere and at all times. The lack-luster face of the subway rider reading his newspaper; the vacant look of the moviegoer emerging from his dark cave; the unexpectant countenances of the citizens swarming along Broadway: these are all pictures of a special boredom. Not unhappiness, not fatigue, and certainly not aristocratic ennui; but that odd modern *stunned* look that comes of a surfeit of toys and a deficiency of thoughts.

We are no longer aware. We have lost the power of appreciation, or, if indeed some remnant of consciousness of the world around us still exists, we are very careful to conceal it because of our fear of ridicule by our contemporaries. We may, at first, notice the beauty of a flower, but we would certainly not proclaim its beauty in the company of our friends. Soon, as a result of this careful control of our emotions, we begin not to notice the flower at all. In this way we become insensitive to everything around us.

We still need stimulation, however, and, having grown insensitive to the natural joys of existence, we turn to artificial ones. Man-made machines of excitement—our modern "toys"—tempt us on all sides. Such things as movies, television, pinball machines, automatic bowling alleys, trampoline-centers, and go-cart tracks reflect this growing need. Aldous Huxley, in his *Brave New World*, recognized this trend. He pictured children playing with expensive mechanical equipment, elaborate "toys" designed to toss a ball to the various participants. This use of expensive and elaborate devices for play Huxley attributes to the needs of the economic system, the capitalistic vicious-circle he was so afraid of. If this, indeed, were the cause of the use of such "toys," (and it is frightening to realize that such things as Huxley describes have already appeared and are enjoying great popularity) our task would be relatively simple: we would need only to change, to an extent, the system of our economy. Unfortunately, the *raison d'être* of these blights is much more deeply rooted.

The capitalistic system only provides the machines, but without public consumption (and obviously the public values and desires are not based upon the economic necessities) production could not long continue. Obviously, then, we must not look to the capitalistic system for the assessment of blame, but rather to the mores and values of the people themselves.

First of all, it is easier *not* to notice the flower, but simply pass it by. It is easier to be mesmerized by the television set, the pinball machine, and the motion picture than it is to read a book or understand a painting. We have come to understand the word "leisure" as a synonym for "play" and "play" as a synonym for "relaxation." We have worked hard at our vocation, and now we feel we are entitled, nay *required*, to suspend all thought and to "play." We have, during our work, done something, created something, and for this we have earned money. We feel that during our free time we are obligated to do nothing, to create nothing, and to spend money, and that if we fail in this duty we are not using our time as we should.

Secondly, in this complex world where "the unusual is commonplace, and the impossible will take only a little time," we have come to expect the spectacular, the flashy, the big, the complex, and finally—strangely enough—the expensive. Anything less than this is unworthy of our glance. Thus, while the simple wooden top or the paper kite satisfied our fathers, it takes a five-hundred dollar behemoth of an electric computer, complete with flashing bulbs, round steel balls, and little coin slots to interest us. Please understand. I am not bemoaning the days gone by when things were simpler. They were fraught with such hardships that we (who complain so bitterly when the television set remains more than a day in the repair shop) could never face them. Instead, it is this fact that bothers me: With each new development, each new toy—wonder piles on wonder—we become less and less content with what we have, and more and more impatient for the next to come. Thus, we tend to be living only for the future. Our discontent and impatience with the present leads us to rush madly from *here* and from *now* to a rather doubtful *there* and *then*. But—a fact realized by the schoolboy and all too little by us—we can never arrive at *there* or *then*, and so our search is never satisfied but must continue endlessly.

Clifton Fadiman feels, and one is inclined to agree with him, that we are, in using time in this way, throwing away all the values we work for and, in fact, misusing all the attributes that make life something more than mere existence. One might ask what true existence really is, or rather what it *should* be. It seems that, to many life is a series of battles, and nothing more. The constant struggle for betterment often becomes a warped desire wherein the struggle becomes the way of life, perfection the unattainable goal, and status the only recompense. We have known many men to whom leisure is a bitter end, to whom endless strife is the only value worthwhile—men who, no matter how wealthy they may be, are never satisfied, never content. These men, even though they have

attained what we have come to consider the ultimate goals of life—monetary security and social status—consider their lives a failure. They have come to consider money as an end rather than a means, and are thus never happy. Avarice is not their problem. Habit, however, is.

The self-styled aesthete is another life-waster. Feigning knowledge in all the arts, the snob invariably has but one reason for his affected appreciation of "the higher things in life" (a favorite phrase among these people), and that is his desire for social recognition. Disdaining all practical things in life as being too plebeian, the snob makes his distaste known to all. He is so concerned about the social acceptability of what he must profess to enjoy that he not only refuses to sample things which are not in vogue at the time, but cannot even enjoy those that are. Thus his aesthetics become hypocrisy of the worst kind. The habit-entrenched business man is, at least, honest with himself, but the hypocrite is not.

The *student* is in danger of falling into the same extremes of undeveloped heart. Like the business man, he may fail to realize the value of his studies and may think of them simply as obstacles to surmount in the struggle to achieve the all-important goal—good grades. As the business man regards money, so the student may think of his grades. To him, the grades are likely to become an end rather than a means. He will learn only as much as is required to get a good grade. Thus, the student who reads a classic for his own edification or enjoyment is considered a little strange by his fellows. Unfortunately, this misconception about grades is often perpetrated by the instructors. The heavy emphasis placed on grades and the narrow and exact requirements necessary in order to achieve a good grade often lead the student into the false belief that the grades are the real goal of learning.

Again, we may find the snob among the students. The person who uses his knowledge as a battering ram to lower the defenses of those he encounters is using the same hypocritical technique as the social snob. His goal is erudition. His weapon is knowledge. His life is, again, a battle.

Consider, however, the child. In him we find the essence of unsophisticated contentment. He is intensely aware, and will spend hours playing with a leaf. He is joyous, free, unguarded, and naive. As Wordsworth writes, in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality":

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Unfettered by the mores and taboos that society seems to impose upon him, the child is one with his soul and with nature. Would we could all return to the innocence and joy of childhood! We have grown older, now, more sophisticated, and, as Wordsworth says, in speaking to the child:

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

With this weight upon his shoulders, Wordsworth says of himself,

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The question now arises whether we should bear the weight, or try to throw it off. Wordsworth fought it, Blake fought it, and, to an extent, all poets fight it. The nature of poetry itself demands a view of life different from the common ones. The same might be said of all art. The artist must, by the nature of his art, render life, experience, and nature in terms different from those we use. He must look at life through the kaleidoscope of his own genius to recognize and finally to pass on to us the many facets that he sees. There are, indeed, many facets to life, and one feels that if he lives in only one of them, dogmatically refusing to glance at others, he is living only a limited portion of his life.

Not all of us have the brilliant awareness of the child, or the kaleidoscopic genius of the artist, but all of us have eyes, all have minds, and all live in a world where wonder surrounds us. If we close our eyes, empty our minds, and tread a narrow path of bare existence we are in grave danger of losing our identity. We are tiny specks in a vast universe. We are a few years in eons of time. We are blessed with eyes, ears, noses, hands, and a muddled, many-channeled gray lump of matter which reasons. We also have the power to alienate these blessings from our existence. Our hands are at the switch. Are we going to close our lives . . . or open them?

By space the universe encompasses and swallows me up like an atom;
by thought I comprehend the world.

—PASCAL, 1670.

The Color of Red

MARK JOHNSON

Rhetoric 101, Book Review

WITHIN THE PAST THIRTY YEARS, THE TERM "DICTATOR" has taken a connotation which it does not necessarily possess. We have come to associate this word with things evil and sinister. To us, a dictator is a fanatical madman who rules a group of people with a bloody, iron hand. Although we can point to men like Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, and Stalin as ample reason for this generalization, a dictionary definition makes no such delineation. We add meaning to fit a current situation. Likewise, we add to the meaning of the term "democracy." We point to democracy, especially that of our own country, as a system that insures justice and equality. But this term also may be misleading.

Red-blooded democracy and blood-red dictatorship—certainly these two ideologies will always be in direct contrast. But conceivably the added connotations of good and evil could be reversed. There are two works of fiction which might serve as examples of such a reversal. They are Shakespeare's drama *The Tempest* and Aldous Huxley's satirical novel *Brave New World*. A close look at these two contrasting societies and the people in control of each (Prospero in *The Tempest* and Mustapha Mond in *Brave New World*) will show the great danger in the generalizations I have mentioned.

There is no doubt that Prospero is in complete control of his society. This is apparent from the very first when he says, "Lend thy hand and pluck my magic garment from me. . . I have with such provision in mine art/So safely ordered that there is no soul/No not so much perdition as a hair/Betid to any creature in the vessel/Which thou heard'st cry . . ." His omnipotent command is further shown when Ariel, his chief servant, enters and says, "All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come/To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,/To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride/On the curled clouds. To thy strong bidding task/Ariel and all his quality." Although Prospero's means of control would have to be classified as supernatural, we can definitely say that he is a dictator.

In contrast to Prospero we have Mustapha Mond, Resident Controller for Western Europe. His exact role in his society is very hard to specify. At first glance we tend to class him as a dictator also. We class him as such because his "civilization" seems so base and obnoxious to us; it complies with our "connotation." I have come to the conclusion that this society is a democracy, a scientific democracy. Let me explain.

The people in the *Brave New World* are products of science. Their test tube conceptions, their early conditioning, their hypnopaedic instruction, and a rigid caste system have suffocated their souls. The worn cliches, their rules for "happy" living, have been gouged deeply into their minds and have snuffed

out reason and thought. Their will is the will of science. Mustapha Mond is under the control of this society. He is unable to make decisions of his own. The decisions he pretends to make are merely expressions of hypnopaedic clichés. All that he says is riddled with these clichés. Here are four examples from his argument with the Savage in chapters sixteen and seventeen.

1. "Because it's old; that's the chief reason. We haven't any use for old things here."
2. "People are happy; they get what they want, and never want what they can't get."
3. "Call it the fault of civilization. God isn't compatible with machinery and scientific medicine and universal happiness. You must make your choice. Our civilization has chosen machinery and medicine and happiness. That's why I have to keep these books locked up in a safe. They're smut. People would be shocked . . ."
4. "But chastity means passion, chastity means neurasthenia. And passion and neurasthenia mean instability. You can't have a lasting civilization without plenty of pleasant vices."

That is not Mustapha Mond's will. It is the will of his society. He is merely a representative of that society. He passes judgment as demanded by that society. *Brave New World* is a representative democracy.

On one hand we have a sinister democracy in which we wouldn't care to live. On the other hand we have Prospero, the dictator with no malice or revenge in his mind. He is vested with powers he uses firmly but benignly. A common fallacy in our present society is the idea that a *Brave New World* can only be the product of a dictator's mind. With a little thought and effort we can certainly keep a democratic government, such as ours, strong and stable. But can we avoid slipping into a world such as Huxley describes, a civilized inferno of science in which "human beings are to be made the means"?

O *Brave New World* that has such
helpless people in it.

Ascent from the Cave

DONALD E. MARTIN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

PLATO WAS WRITING OF LIBERTY IN HIS "ALLEGORY OF THE Cave"—liberty from the shackles of ignorance. His illustration is a concrete one, describing the experience of the mind personified as a whole person. He tells the individual that the attainment of knowledge is a painful experience. There is first the long climb upward, out of the darkness, then the burning glare of the sun. Freedom thus reached is invaluable to the adventurous climber,

but, says Plato, it is completely incomprehensible to those left in darkness. Plato's analogy teaches that knowledge and understanding, though priceless to the possessor, are not available without struggle and anguish.

The recording, preservation, and transmission of the truths attained by those who have endured the climb and the caustic brightness are not matters of less importance. This is the theme of Milton's *Areopagitica*. Milton is speaking to society rather than to an individual. There is as much pain for society in reckoning with newly discovered truths which war against dogma and tradition as there is for man in contending with these truths as they render false his past beliefs.

The prisoners of the cave rejected the adventurer when he returned with visions in color and a third dimension; they clung doggedly to the illusion that the shadows on the wall were reality. So, too, society, even more slow-moving than an individual, will prefer shadows to truth and will vigorously repel any visionary who attempts to show it the objects which were casting the shadows. To this end society burns books—bans them from view so that they will not disturb the comfort and complacency of tradition.

Knowledge is at once a form of liberty and source of pain. But, as T. S. Eliot wrote, "Liberty is a different kind of pain from prison." Certainly we cannot picture Plato's newly enlightened man rejoining his comrades in their ignorance, and we cannot imagine that Milton would admit that repression of books is best for all. For freedom and knowledge are a divine calling that will ever attract those willing to suffer to bring them about. And the discoveries and visions of these courageous ones, Milton would say, must be recorded and passed on for those of other ages who would also make the ascent from the cave to the sunlight, lest posterity be doomed to a prison of ignorance.

The Recruit

JERRY SULLIVAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

EVERY MAN HAS SOME ELEMENT IN HIS PERSONALITY WHICH sets him apart from everyone else. No matter how much alike a group of people may be, there is always something in each man which is unique to him. But there are times when this uniqueness becomes submerged and every individual becomes so like every other that he seems to be just an interchangeable part of a larger whole. The first week of recruit training is such a time.

Men from every background, men of every degree of intelligence, men of every level of education become reshaped in a common mold that changes them into a shapeless, anonymous mass, totally different from what they were before.

Men just arriving at boot camp still have the stamp of their previous lives on them. There are differences in their styles of dress, in their speech, in their

actions, but one week of boot camp changes all that. Their dress becomes standardized: the shapeless, dark green, ill-fitted dungarees replace the continental suits and the coveralls. Their speech becomes a bastard argot part Southern accent, part military slang, and part illiteracy; men who wouldn't have dreamed of splitting an infinitive split "o'clock" and put a swear word in the middle. Men begin to act alike. They strain desperately to act military, but their salutes are awkward, and their attempts at marching show the stiffness and lack of co-ordination that only experience can change.

Then there is the fear—the vague, generalized ache that makes men want to run, and makes them wonder what in hell they are doing. It shows up in the faces, in a tightness in the voice, and in the mad, implausible rumors about relief from all of this.

The feeling is one of being cut off from everything familiar and thrown into a completely new world. The birth trauma is there all over again.

The men filing out of the PX barber shop, running their hands through the quarter-inch stubble that remains after a recruit cut, know that they have lost more than their hair.

The Phoenix

GEORGE ROTRAMEL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

IN THE EARLY HOURS AFTER DAYBREAK ON AN AUTUMN DAY there is a crispness about the atmosphere. The countryside is hidden beneath a veil of frost. Then the sun shines almost too brightly as it turns the icy crystals to glistening dew.

There are always three of us here in the field. There is myself, my gun, and Hans, my Irish setter. We go in search of our quarry, which may lie hidden somewhere in the stubble before us. Now the setter is only an auburn blur, weaving among the corn stalks. Suddenly he ceases his aimless search and becomes rigid. His whole being tenses at the point.

Almost simultaneously I see a burst of color and hear the sharp slap of wings against a frightened, feathered breast. The sun transforms every plume, every feather into a sunburst of color as the bird rockets skyward.

My gaze is riveted on the bird. Instinctively my hands grip the cold, hard steel of the weapon. Its muzzle swings up and I look down the ramp at the bird. A heavy weight slams against my shoulder and I smell the acrid smell of gunpowder. And still the bird, in terror, flees.

One more heartbeat, one more thrust of the wings before the shot can do its work. The sunburst shatters and falls in a shimmering cascade of iridescent color. But the splendor has gone with the life of the bird, for the dog brings back, not what I shot, but only a bloody, shot-spattered cock pheasant. The phoenix at which I shot is far away.

The Invisible World

GEORGE REYNOLDS
Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

ALL OF EXISTENCE IS DIVIDED INTO TWO CATEGORIES: THE visible and the invisible. The ambiguity starts when we realize that most things fall into both divisions. Let us consider an apple. We can pick it up and look closely at its surface, or we can hold it at arm's length and view its general configuration. We can even break it in two and look inside. Yet we have never seen what it is made of. The molecules which compose the parts of the apple and the atoms which compose the molecules are far too small to see, but we can still see the apple. If, however, the apple were moved to a point a mile distant, we again would be unable to see what we were looking at.

Let us consider another sphere: the earth. When we see an apple, we recognize it as being roughly spherical, but when we look out across the earth, we see nothing which would indicate that we are standing on a sphere. An observer placed several thousand miles into space, however, could readily ascertain that the earth is a sphere. To one observer, the earth, as a sphere, is visible, and to the other, it is invisible. We can say, therefore, that visibility may depend upon relative magnitude and position.

Let us consider "apple" as a word. We can see the printed symbols that compose "apple," and we can see the printed word itself. But when a person says, "I am thinking of the word apple," we cannot see the word, yet it exists in the form of a thought. We may say, then, that while a thought itself is invisible, that which is thought of may be represented visibly.

Let us consider another entity: energy. Energy itself is not visible, nor can we see it in its various forms. A beam of light is invisible. An electric current is invisible. We cannot see the momentum of a falling object. But we do know that energy exists, for we see its manifestations. When a beam of light is directed toward the cornea of the eye, a chemical reaction takes place, and we become aware of the presence of the light beam. We can tell that there is electric current in a wire because we can see a magnetic needle react when brought near the wire. We know that the falling object has energy because it does work on any object left in its path. We may say, therefore, that while energy itself is invisible, it may manifest itself visibly.

From what has been said here, we may gather that all things in existence (thought, objects, and energy) may be visible or invisible, depending upon the particular circumstances. Yet it is incorrect to state that something is absolutely invisible. It would be correct to say that through the use of an electron microscope, even an atom may manifest itself as something visible. But we cannot see the particles which compose the world, and we cannot see the whole which these particles compose. We cannot see the energy which operates the world, and we cannot see the thoughts that direct the energy. What we can see amounts to very little, indeed, and we have little understanding of what little we do see. We can see, but we don't perceive.

The 1948 Bollingen Prize in Poetry Controversy

RICHARD DAILY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

THE BOLLINGEN PRIZE IN POETRY, INCORRECTLY ENTITLED the Bollingen-Library of Congress Award in several articles in the *Saturday Review of Literature* and other periodicals, was established in 1948 through a grant from the Bollingen Foundation, the president of which was Mr. Paul Mellon. Funds for the establishment of the prize were sought from the Foundation by the Fellows in American Letters and the Library of Congress because the Foundation had already indicated its interest in poetry through a gift of funds for a series of poetry record albums.¹ The selection of the recipient of the \$1000 award was left to the Fellows in American Letters of the United States Library of Congress. These Fellows are appointed by the Librarian of Congress and serve without compensation other than expenses. At the time of the 1949 Bollingen Prize selection, the group consisted of Leonie Adams, Conrad Aiken, W. H. Auden, Louise Bogan, Katherine Garrison Chapin, T. S. Eliot, Paul Green, Robert Lowell, Katherine Anne Porter, Karl Shapiro, Theodore Spenser, Allen Tate, Willard Thorp, and Robert Penn Warren. Archibald MacLeish and William Carlos Williams became the fellows after the selection but before the controversy.²

The Fellows also established a criterion for the award and the method of selection. The criterion decided upon limited the prize to the American citizen, not a member of the jury, who produced the best book of verse published during 1948, and it was decided to withhold the award if no deserving work appeared. Fifteen volumes were nominated by the Fellows in letters mailed from scattered addresses to the Fellows' secretary for the Bollingen prize, and another volume was nominated orally. At the annual meeting of the Fellows the list of nominations was reduced to four, and a ballot taken on the four resulted in eight first places for Pound's *Pisan Cantos*, two first places for another book, and two abstentions. A later letter ballot gave ten first places to Ezra Pound and two first places to the other volume, which also received nine second-place votes.³

The announcement of the 1948 Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound for his *Pisan Cantos*, published in New York by New Directions, was made on February 20, 1949. The press release was accompanied by a statement from the Fellows in American Letters of the Library of Congress:

¹ *The Case Against the Saturday Review of Literature* (Chicago: Poetry, 1949), p. 4.

² *Ibid.*, p. 29.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 21-23.

The Fellows are aware that objections may be made to awarding a prize to a man situated as is Mr. Pound. . . . To permit other considerations that that of poetic achievement . . . would in principle deny the validity of that objective perception of value on which any civilized society must rest.⁴

This statement was an indication that the Fellows were not only aware of objections but were also expecting them to be made public, for some of their own number had already made it plain that they did not concur in the decision and were determined to express their views.

Ezra Pound had been a controversial figure for almost half a century. His poetry expressed economic and political ideas which did not meet the approval of many of his countrymen. At the time of the award, he was under indictment for treason for radio broadcasts he had made to Italian soldiers during World War II. He has since been adjudged insane, committed to Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., and released after almost ten years of confinement.

Except for brief comments in poetry magazines of small circulation and as filler material on editorial pages, the issue lay dormant for over three months. Then objections, not only to the recipient but also to the Fellows in American Letters, the Library of Congress, modern poets in general, and T. S. Eliot in particular, were made by Robert Hillyer, an American poet and a Pulitzer Prize winner. Mr. Hillyer, in two separate articles in the *Saturday Review of Literature*,⁵ articles for which the magazine specifically took editorial responsibility and liability, cast a general indictment on all concerned with the Bollingen Prize.

The first contention of Mr. Hillyer was that T. S. Eliot headed the clique of personal friends and proteges of Ezra Pound who awarded the prize to the literary figure as a token of their personal admiration. Mr. Hillyer stated, "Eliot undoubtedly wielded great influence in an award which, under the auspices of the Library of Congress, degraded American poetry and insulted her dead,"⁶ and a week later he reiterated and expanded the statement:

Half the committee were disciples of Pound and Eliot and sympathetic to a group which has a genuine power complex. The performance of the Bollingen committee is disagreeably reminiscent of what happens when a dictatorial will moves through a group wherein right and wrong are no longer clearly distinguishable.⁷

Mr. Hillyer's view was shared by Karl Shapiro, American's outstanding poet of World War II, who was also against the award:

⁴ Quoted by Peter Viereck, "Parnassus Divided," *The Atlantic Monthly*, CLXXXIV, No. 4 (October 1949), p. 70.

⁵ "Treasure's Strange Fruit; the Case of Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award," June 11, 1949, and "Poetry's New Priesthood," June 18, 1949.

⁶ Robert Hillyer, "Treasure's Strange Fruit; the Case of Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 24 (June 11, 1949), p. 28.

⁷ Hillyer, "Poetry's New Priesthood," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 25 (June 18, 1949), p. 38.

The jury that elected Pound was made up partly of Pound's contemporaries, those who had come under his influence as impresario and teacher, those who had at some time made declarations of political reaction, and those who had engaged in the literary struggle to dissociate art from social injustice. The presence of Mr. Eliot at the meetings gave these facts a reality which perhaps inhibited open discussion. For reasons of personal loyalty, which one must respect, and for reasons of sectarian literary loyalty, which one may or may not respect, few poets anywhere are in a position to say what they really think of Pound's work.⁸

This contention was refuted in the Statement of the Fellows⁹ on the grounds that Mr. Eliot neither initiated the award nor attempted to influence other members of the jury to vote for the *Pisan Cantos*. In fact, he turned in no nominations for the award. The statement also holds that it cannot possibly be sustained by examination or critical estimate of the committee's work that any one juror is a disciple of either Pound or Eliot. Influences may be present, but the absence of influences would indicate an indifference to the literary development of the time.

The Librarian of Congress, Luther H. Evans, although personally not in agreement with the award, expressed great concern with the statements about the Fellows and the Library:

The insinuation [of being politically motivated members of a clique or a school or a particular esthetic group, or of being under the domination of any individual] which has been made is very damaging to the Fellows and to the Library of Congress, since it amounts to a charge that the Fellows have not acted, as they were charged to act, as public servants, but rather that they have abused the authority entrusted to them for evil ends. I think evidence should be produced, rather than pure supposition, to sustain such an insinuation.¹⁰

A second contention of Mr. Hillyer and of the *Saturday Review of Literature* was that the *Pisan Cantos* are simply not good poetry. This was based on the belief that the poems were generally unreadable and contained allusions known only to Pound:

It may be stated flatly that the *Pisan Cantos* are so disordered as to make the award seem like a hoax. If they are poetry at all, then everything we have previously known as poetry must have been something false. In no sense are they a work 'of an extremely high order,' as Karl Shapiro maintained even when dissenting from the committee's decision. In general, they are merely the landslide from the kitchen-midden of a heart long dead: broken memories, jagged bits of spite, splinters of a distorting glass wherein the world is seen as it is not, a hodge-podge of private symbols, weary epigrams, anecdotes, resentments, chuckles, and the polyglot malapropisms that pass for erudition among the elite.¹¹

Norman Cousins and Harrison Smith editorially supported this view in the *Saturday Review*:

⁸ Quoted by Viereck, p. 38.

⁹ Statement of the Committee of the Fellows of the Library of Congress in American Letters. This statement was published in *The Case Against the Saturday Review of Literature*, pp. 1-19.

¹⁰ Luther H. Evans, "A Letter from the Librarian of Congress," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 27 (July 2, 1949), p. 22.

¹¹ Hillyer, "Treason's Strange Fruit," p. 11.

But even if all political aspects, pro and con, are brushed aside, the fact remains that the *Pisan Cantos*, for the most part, seem to us to be less poetry than a series of word games and hidden allusions which, however they may delight certain of Pound's followers, are hardly deserving of an award bearing the name of the United States Library of Congress.¹²

Paul Green, one of the judges responsible for awarding the prize to Pound,¹³ was likewise baffled by the poems:

The *Pisan Cantos*, which won the prize, strike me as being a volatile fever-fret of wordage. And I am bullheaded enough to believe that most any loquacious and smattering-linguaged literary practitioner hereabouts could fire off a volume of equal worth within a few weeks.

Since I can't make heads or tails of the *Pisan Cantos*—suspecting they are all tail and no head—I am unable to interpret them for the reading public. The ravings in Pound's volume are as unintelligible to me as was the voting of the some eight gifted men who declared they were good.¹⁴

Even the *New York Times* felt that the *Cantos* were "the latest in a long series of rambling comments on life and politics, some of them so cryptic that some readers found them unintelligible, many of them requiring lengthy explanations of their meanings."¹⁵

However, some readers besides the Fellows in American Letters felt the *Pisan Cantos* to be great poetry. Lloyd Frankenberg ranked them "among the most difficult and most rewarding long poems of our time."¹⁶ Hayden Carruth considered that "the *Pisan Cantos*, in spite of being imperfect and perhaps degenerate in such technical elements as organization, control and integration, was incontrovertibly the best eligible volume [of poetry during 1948]."¹⁷

Mr. Hillyer's third contention was that poetic content must be responsible to the politic beliefs of the area and the age. This contention was probably more important and more controversial than his first two, for it deals not just with Mr. Pound, Mr. Eliot, or the Fellows in American Letters, but rather with all poetry and all poets. Cousins and Smith strongly supported Hillyer's stand on this point:

But while one must divorce politics from art, it is quite another matter to use the word 'politics' as a substitute for values. We do not believe, in short, that art has nothing to do with values. We do not believe that what a poet says is necessarily of lesser importance than the way he says it. We do not believe that a poet can shatter ethics and values and still be a good poet. We do not believe that poetry can convert words into maggots that eat at human dignity and

¹² Norman Cousins and Harrison Smith, "Editor's Note," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 25 (June 18, 1949), p. 7.

¹³ Green abstained from the final ballot. *The Case Against the Saturday Review*, p. 23.

¹⁴ Quoted by Cousins and Smith, "Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 24 (June 11, 1949), p. 21.

¹⁵ *The New York Times*, February 20, 1949, p. 14.

¹⁶ Lloyd Frankenberg, "Ezra Pound—and His Magnum Opus," *New York Times Book Review*, August 1, 1948, p. 14.

¹⁷ Hayden Carruth, "The Bollingen Award: What Is It?" *Poetry* LXXIV, No. 3 (June 1949), p. 156.

still be good poetry. We do not believe that the highest function of art is to deny and corrupt the values which make art possible.¹⁸

Karl Shapiro also supported this third contention of Hillyer's in disagreeing with the original statement of the Fellows. He felt the statement implied that "a poem is of such abstract and ethereal a fabric that its relation to the world of men is practically non-existent."¹⁹

An opposing view was held by Luther H. Evans:

I think you really ought to admit that the principal charge you wish to bring against Mr. Pound's poetry is not that it is form divorced from substance or art divorced from life but that it is a kind of substance which preaches a view of life which you do not like. . . . But the question of whether Pound's poetry is art, whether it is good poetry, is a different question.

In my many years of study and teaching in the field of political science I came to regard a political test for art and poetry as a sign of dictatorial, illiberal, undemocratic approach to matters of the mind.²⁰

The articles of Mr. Hillyer, Mr. Cousins, and Mr. Smith must be considered together as a carefully planned attempt to drive home grievances held in common. The attitudes toward Ezra Pound and his poetry are understandable, but the criticism of poets in general and the Fellows in American Letters appears to be without legitimate basis.

To doubt the integrity of established literary figures simply because they hold opposing critical estimates of a single work seems illogical and unnecessary. Mr. Hillyer was irresponsible in his connection of the poets with fascism and conspiracy, and in his implications concerning other agencies and individuals. The questioning of the values of poetry is certainly legitimate, but it is confused when included with the other two contentions.

The *Saturday Review of Literature* exaggerated the few facts, refuted opposition by confusing issues and repeating the contentions without further explanation, and appeared to ignore letters from interested parties.²¹ For these reasons, any legitimate serious argument about the issues must stem from better research and more knowledge than is apparent in Mr. Hillyer's articles or in the comments by Cousins and Smith. The Yale *Literary Magazine* was remarkably appropriate in its humor when it got out an issue called the *Shattering Review of Literature*, including recantations from "T. S. Elliott and Earnest Hemingway."²²

¹⁸ Cousins and Smith, "A Reply to Mr. Evans," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 27 (July 2, 1949), p. 22.

¹⁹ Quoted by Hillyer, "Poetry's New Priesthood," p. 8.

²⁰ Evans, p. 22.

²¹ Margaret Marshall, "The *Saturday Review* Unfair to Literature," *Nation* CLXIX, No. 25 (December 17, 1949), p. 598.

²² *Ibid.*

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Paragraphs

The following two paragraphs are the introductory paragraphs of a theme by George Earl Stabler entitled "A Riot Manifesto." Are they effective? Why, or why not? How would you have approached the subject? You might compare them with other introductory paragraphs in this issue.

Much publicized and often greatly deplored are demonstrations by students of universities in all parts of the world. These demonstrations sometimes turn into riots, which may in turn spark a revolution. The Hungarian Revolution is an example of a student-initiated revolt, although in the end unsuccessful. *Zenkakuren* demonstration squads in Tokyo have certainly affected Japan's political life. Turkish students, however, have been the most successful, because they caused a change in government. The fact that students can, by rioting, accomplish a great deal has been firmly established by now.

In the United States university conflicts have centered on completely trivial items, which were used to release the energy stored up during long study. What could this energy be used for, instead of wasting it on water fights, Nazi flag-raising, fraternity rivalries, or other misguided activities? What is there that could be and should be changed?

Rhet as Writ

Bourbon Street is popular not only with the patrons of the restaurants, nightclubs, and taverns but it is also a brooding ground for pickpockets and other gangsters.

The early retired person is occasionally a very wealthy person or a rather lazy person who does not possess the stigma to edge ahead.

As I read of the sorted tails of the evils of football—

Chemist are the backbone of the American Industry. Their salaries will always be higher than the average engineer.

“ . . . I could see . . . my favorite dish, candid sweet potatoes.”

“The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.” Walden Thoreau is correct in making this statement.

Outside the palaces most of the people were pheasants; naturally, they were the lower class.

(In the book *Too Late the Phalarope*) Aunt Sophie is guilty of holding her piece when it should have been spoken.

The fraternity-sorority system at the University of Illinois exerts a definite influence on the student body, which should not exist.

“The letters published in the Daily Illini (about the Koch case) struck me as funny because of the reactions and discussions it illicitd among my friends.”

Girls in college may not be trying to sell a product, but they are trying to sell themselves.

illiteracy—the inability to read or right.

The Contributors

Anthony Burba—Waukegan

Jane Lewis—Lake Park

Elizabeth C. Krohne—York

Michael Blum—Walter Johnson High, Bethesda, Maryland

David Richey—Jersey Comm. High

Michael Burnett—American High School, Beirut, Lebanon

Mark Johnson—St. Peter, Minnesota

Donald E. Martin—Highland, Loves Park

Jerry Sullivan—Maine Township

George Rotramel—Litchfield

George Reynolds—Rova High, Oneida

Richard Daily—Du Quoin

AWARDS

The following are the winners of the prizes or the five best themes in the last issue of the *Caldron*:

- First: *Donald L. Fox*: The Language of Advertisement:
The Sexual Approach
- Second: *Ron Lindgren*: On Huck Finn's Loneliness
- Third: *Dennis Alan Weeks*: My Country, Right and Wrong
- Fourth: *Elizabeth Constance Krohne*: The Day of the Three
Dawns
- Fifth: *Robert Rutter*: Communion

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books

We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store
- Follett's College Book Store
- Illini Union Book Store
- U. of I. Supply Store (The "Co-Op")

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Why I Plan to Study Latin

JUDITH LEONA GRABSKI

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

PITY THE POOR LATIN LANGUAGE. ACCORDING TO SOME self-appointed authorities, it has been dying for the past thousand years. These people would have buried the language long ago were it not for a few stubborn individualists who insist Latin still shows a few glimmers of life.

I number myself in this group, for I find Latin a living language, living, not in the sense that it is widely spoken, but in the enjoyment its literature arouses in those who take time to read it. One might logically ask why Latin doesn't attract more students, since it provides such enjoyment. The answer lies in the word "literature." The average second-year Latin student who reads at best a highly simplified version of Caesar's *Gallic Wars* cannot actually claim to be reading Latin literature. What he is reading is a Latin story retold by a modern author, probably an American Latin teacher. Convinced that Latin literature, as exemplified by Caesar, is dull, the erstwhile Latin student concludes his studies with a sigh of relief.

I almost followed this course of action until I admitted a readily apparent fact: Latin is a complex language. It contains case endings, verb declensions, innumerable points of grammar and usage. Therefore, any knowledge of Latin literature has to be based on a grasp of these difficult points. Since Latin literature has endured for centuries, I decided that it must be truly classic and worth the effort of learning grammar and vocabulary.

How glad I now feel that I decided to continue studying Latin! Vergil combined word-images with near perfect meter to produce the national epic of Rome, *The Aeneid*. This poem, on the "great book" lists of almost every compiler, can never retain its full grandeur and poetic beauty in translations. Cicero revealed the world of Roman politics, and Ovid the world of mythology. What translator can duplicate Cicero's oratorical effects? Such literature deserves to be read in its original tongue.

Having had a taste of Latin literature, I feel I must continue studying it. Authors who have delighted readers for centuries will become familiar to me, also. Plautus, Catullus, Horace, Pliny—each offers something different. I shall never grow bored with Latin.

Unfortunately, I can offer no practical reason for studying Latin. Some teachers, hoping to attract students, mention help with English vocabulary and greater ease in understanding common Latin expressions. These reasons spoil Latin. Why offer a bribe to attract students? The only sufficient reason for studying Latin is, I believe, the opportunity to read one of the world's great literatures.

Latin, approached in this manner, does not seem to be dying. It is still living in the minds of those who care to understand it.

The Gray Hat

JUDY PICKERILL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

HER NAME IS CHRISTINE, AND SHE HAS A GRAY HAT: a drab, metal-colored piece of cloth bunched on her head. She is a teacher; her profession and her name are probably the only non-descript things she lets herself be associated with. These two things are also the only facts I can mention about her with any certainty.

Oh, I could picture her hateful qualities and scandalous actions, but after I finished detailing them, I might doubt that they were really so bad. For one thing, she is too sure of herself, and for this reason alone I will always fight against loving her. Also, she gets an almost repulsive pleasure out of seeing people, including herself, make fools of themselves. And Christine never bothers to hide the fact that she cares only for herself. Once she almost convinced me that this was an admirable trait, and that in not hiding it, she was one of the few truly honest persons in the world.

The first time he met her, a person could describe Christine so perfectly that she would be recognized by anyone. I could have portrayed her that well after the first time I saw her too, but now all her characteristics seem somehow to have fused together until I can no longer segregate them from each other. And when I try to think about it, the only thing I know for certain is that she has a gray hat which she wears nearly everywhere.

Maybe I could talk about her features so that one would be able to picture her: for example, her eyes that in just a moment change hues like the ocean, from gray and bleak to warm-blue; or her walk, possibly—the way the awkwardness which is so evident when she is sitting vanishes when she moves her body; or the way she smiles—I do not like it, for every time I watch this expression of hers, it is as if I have known it somewhere before; or the too-short nose and the almost square jaw and the hair that she so hates—it is too often knotted at the nape of her neck. Right now, as I sit here in my room, I cannot see these features distinctly, for they all blur together into a tall, thin figure wearing a gray hat.

Her one conspicuously virtuous quality is that she lives in a world of music. She listens to music constantly, and if there is no instrument or machine near, she makes music in her mind. This I know she does, for she usually hides everything—her good features, her hateful qualities. But once in a while, there is a slight tinge of warmth in her expression that I know is the result of music. The music she loves could be chamber music or church hymns or even sounds of creaking boards upstairs or cheering crowds or noisy vacuum cleaners. She can also sense the rhythm in animal life and

tennis matches and just about everything. Even though she spends most of her life alone, she is seldom, or probably never, lonely.

I have forgotten the way her personality, attitudes, and characteristics affected me the first time I met her; I cannot even remember definitely what it is about her that once so astounded and shocked me. And yet something of her lingers on; some part of her refuses to leave. Perhaps I can best explain this feeling by giving an example in her language: If the bird which sings outside her window every morning suddenly vanished one day, she would be wretched; and after it had gone she would know that it was not the brilliant color or the dynamic pulse or the unusual feeling of the bird's song that she missed, but something instead less brilliant and less dynamic and less unusual, something that she could not even recognize definitely. It is in just the same way that I seem to be affected by an insignificant and unrecognizable trait of hers. If only I knew for certain what that thing is.

And still I see the gray hat.

A Letter from France

JULIE RYSTROM

Rheoric 101, Theme 6

Paris, April 30, 1726

My Dear Lord Peterborough:

What currently transpires in England? I can see no time in the immediate future in which I will be able to see for myself, inasmuch as my duties here are binding at present. In lieu of a personal visit with you, I would like to commend to your hospitality a young and very unusual Frenchman, Francois Arouet de Voltaire.

I am afraid, Milord, that I can not give you a graphic description of this man in terms of appearance. Once one knows the man, he is aware primarily of a powerful personality. However, in order that you have some concept of his appearance, I will generalize and describe Voltaire as being frail of bearing, short, and decidedly thin. His facial features are in agreement with his physical structure, being likewise thin and sharply outlined. Within this frame, I am convinced, lies the mind of a future leader of France; and behind eyes that seem continually to sparkle with sly amusement, lies the readiest wit I have yet encountered.

This young man is twenty-four. I met him three years ago through his godfather, the Abbe de Chateauneux, current French ambassador to Holland. Before our actual introduction took place, there had been in circulation an

anecdote concerning him. Having heard it, I was looking forward to an occasion in which I would meet this roguish youth and determine for myself what mettle he was made of. I was not disappointed. Allow me, Milord, to repeat the incident creating this gossip. It is entirely indicative of Voltaire's character.

I know you are aware of the internal conditions now prevalent in France. With Louis XIV gone, and Phillippe d'Orleans ruling for the young king, the people seem to regard themselves as free from a restraining yoke; they look to the new regency to provide the much-needed measures of reform. Carrying this hope in mind, tongues have spoken freely, and pens have scrawled indiscriminately. Voltaire was the author of several pieces of a libertarian nature. These, along with the credit for some he did not write, moved the Regent to consign Voltaire to the Bastille. When you have met Voltaire, you will understand why such a confinement should be so unendurable to his kind of person. Voltaire writes and speaks for the amusement or edification of those listening; castle walls, I am sure, are quite unresponsive.

At the end of eighteen months the Regent released Voltaire. As the story is told, Voltaire saw the Regent a few days later. Voltaire's share in the conversation went something like this: "Monseigneur, I should be well pleased if His Majesty deigned to provide for my keep, but I beg your highness to make no further provisions for my lodgings." Milord, this is the sort of individual he is, indomitable.

The young man was in the Bastille again a week ago, but on a charge so slight he was released a few days afterward. The incident involved an impending duel with one of the Rohans, an extremely powerful house in France. The Chevalier Rohan panicked and used the family name to obtain imprisonment papers. As a matter of fact, the Chevalier did not have that much trouble to concern himself with; Voltaire wields a pen far more eloquently than he does a sword.

Despite his release, it is advisable for Voltaire to endure a temporary exile. I have talked with him, and he has expressed a sincere wish to visit our country with its elected Parliament and its absence of *lettres de cachet*. This latter is an especially understandable support for his desire. During his stay, I would consider it a personal favor if you would devote some time to showing this young visitor our homeland.

I am not assigning you a distasteful task. Voltaire is a novel companion. In no man will you find such a keen wit accompanied by such a depth of intelligent perception.

Your servant,
HORACE WALPOLE
Ambassador to France

Why I Want to Be a Poet

JANE LEWIS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

WHEN I LOOK AT THE PEOPLE AROUND ME OR READ a description of the "typical" American, I become sad and disgusted with the fickle, foul-mouthed, foolhardy persons referred to by their confederates as "good fellows." I also become afraid that I will be caught up in their mad scramble for pleasure and eventually embrace their materialistic philosophy. And yet I see a few bright beings who deserve the adjectives kind, good, noble, and wise and have escaped somehow the corruption which has soiled their contemporaries. Then I ask myself what keeps them pure, what laws they live by, and what makes them what they are. I think the answer is that each of them possesses the soul of a poet.

A poet is not necessarily a writer of verse. He is one who lives on a higher plane than the average person. He is in closer touch with the spiritual, while at the same time he has a more objective view of the confused mass that is humanity. He is alone but not lonely; he is separate and yet a part of the whole; he sees his individual truth yet recognizes the general. A poet's mind is broad and his heart is large, for he must comprehend the universe and still remain in it.

A poet lives life more fully than most people. He experiences more emotions, he thinks more thoughts, he dreams more dreams than other people. This happens because he reaches out to life and all it holds instead of waiting in terror for he knows not what. A poet looks harder at the world and consequently sees more than his fellow men. He appreciates all he sees and profits by it.

A poet is not self-sufficient. He needs people. He needs love. He needs God. He knows he is not his own creator nor the only contributor to his development. A poet is not content with what he is. True to Browning's precept, he reaches for that which is beyond his grasp.

A poet has an obligation to the world: because he has so much, he must give of his abundance. He must share his wisdom and distribute the fruit of his insight. Because he knows love, he must love without limit. Because he understands suffering, he must endure pain. And his peace of mind, which comes of knowledge of himself, should afford a haven to his associates. Above all, he must not lose what he has; he must not succumb to the noonday devil.

When I think of the people I know who fit into the pattern I have just described, I wish with all my heart to be like them, or as nearly like them as I have the capacity to be. I think the only way I can prevent my becoming the sort of person I most detest is to try to become the sort of person I most admire. That is why I want to be a poet.

Discussion of a Shakespearean Sonnet

NANCY KOCHENDERFER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

PRAYER TO VENUS

Lovely Cythera, goddess of love,
 Who rose from the foaming Cyprian coast,
 Around whom broods the mellow-mourning dove
 That murmurs of Love's unvanishing ghost,
 Help me forget my beloved's embrace
 That fill'd my heart with golden happiness;
 Erase the memory of the dear face
 That haunts me in my shadowy sadness.
 Once again darkness shrouds my wither'd soul
 With despairing hopelessness and sorrow,
 And I am left without purpose or goal
 Or thought of what may come on the morrow.
 O, hear my prayer, my anguished cry,
 And let me forget, or let me die!

Some of the problems involved in writing a Shakespearean sonnet became painfully clear to me when I attempted to write my sonnet, "Prayer to Venus." As a result of discovering these problems and trying to solve them, I feel that I have attained not only a clearer understanding of the construction and versification of the sonnet, but also a keener appreciation of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, poets who were masters of the sonnet. Indeed, I believe that no student can truly appreciate Shakespeare's sonnets until he has attempted to write a sonnet of his own.

When I sat down to write a sonnet, the first problem that I encountered was that of choosing a subject which I could handle sufficiently in fourteen lines. Obviously I couldn't relate a story or tell a complicated legend, because I would find it difficult to set down all the details, images, and facts that are necessary in the development of a long story. Although I certainly realized that intensity and compactness of thought are virtues of poetry, I felt that a legend should be described at greater length than a sonnet allows. William Sharpe tells us that "for the concise expression of an isolated poetic thought—an intellectual or sensuous wave keenly felt, emotionally and rhythmically—the sonnet would seem to be the best medium. . . ." Therefore, I decided to describe one emotion, the emotion that a girl feels when her lover has gone. I wrote the sonnet in the first person because I feel that a love poem is more poignant and personal when the girl herself seems to be telling the story.

The problem with which I had the most difficulty was that of fitting the words that I wished to say with the rime scheme of the Shakespearean sonnet. For example, in line two of my sonnet I would have preferred to substitute the word *shore* for the word *coast*, but I couldn't find a synonym for ghost in line four. Actually the two words differ little in meaning, but I prefer the alliteration of "Cyprian shore" rather than the phrase "Cyprian coast." I found that I constantly had to change the meaning of the sentences and order of the words to fit the rime scheme of the Shakespearean sonnet, which is a-b-a-b-c-d-c-d-e-f-e-f-g-g.

Another problem with which I had difficulty was that of compressing or enlarging my thoughts to fit the meter of the sonnet. Sometimes I was forced to use adjectives which seemed rather trite or flat to me in order to fill up the decasyllabic line. Examples of this "padding" are "despairing hopelessness" and "anguished cry." In the last line of my sonnet there are only nine syllables because I couldn't word it in the way I wanted to with ten syllables. I considered inserting the word *him* after "And let me forget," but I felt that the meaning of the poem would be destroyed. I wanted to convey the idea that the girl wants not only to forget *him*, but also to forget his *love*.

Although I had difficulty with the meter and rime scheme of the Shakespearean sonnet, I am fairly well satisfied with my first attempt to write a sonnet. The meter and rime seemed to become more and more natural as I went along. Although I felt rather restricted by the form of the sonnet, actually it is meant to be a guide rather than a hindrance. I felt that eventually I could learn to confine my thoughts to its form. Wordsworth, one of the greatest poets of all times, wrote the following sonnet on the subject of the strict rime-phrase of the sonnet:

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room
And hermits are contented with their cells
And students in their pensive citadels:
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sits blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peak of Turners Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.
In truth the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground,
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

Untold Ages

DONALD R. JEPSEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

A FEELING OF COMPASSION AND PITY THROBBED IN MY heart as I sat in the sun-scorched car outside the gasoline station in the small, nearly abandoned town in Arizona. Except for a very few dilapidated dwellings sparsely placed near the main thoroughfare, there was little evidence of life present. It could easily be observed that the mainstay of the small community of approximately thirty-five inhabitants was the highway itself.

The crude, adobe buildings, capable of withstanding the gusty winds and intense heat of the sun, stood steadfast in their place, facing the concrete road from a respectable distance. Appearing sadly neglected and time-stained, the mud-packed, square structures seemed tranquil, in spite of their rambling appearances. Ancestral in design, they were sufficient in size for the local dwellers; each wall leaned upon the other as if sapped of its lifeblood's strength and was bare of windows except for two small, round openings in the east wall of each building. These openings permitted ample year-round ventilation and allowed a sufficient amount of air to permeate the walls during dust storms that often came from the west. The doorway in the front wall was covered with a faded, hand-woven blanket, bleached by the sun's rays.

As I glanced down the row of structures, my eyes fell upon a bent figure of a man crossing the road. Wielding a cane of knotted oak in one hand, he slowly prodded his way across the highway, heedless of the possibility of oncoming traffic. He attempted to shield his eyes from the blinding glare of the sun's rays upon the pavement. As he squinted against the burning glare, wrinkles creased his face. His deeply-bronzed skin seemed to shadow his innermost thoughts; harrowed and molded by time, his face covered his past like a painted canvas, showing the effort of his labors and revealing his remorse and decrepitude. The shabby clothes that hung on his weakened limbs indicated his toil for bare subsistence.

As I turned my eyes away, trying to avoid the disturbing sight, I saw a small jumping spider lazily sunning itself on the wooden handle of the ancient-looking town pump, which was surrounded by clumps of sand-brown grass. Feeding nearby on a beetle caught atop the pump's platform was a contented little cactus wren. It hastily devoured its catch, unaware of surrounding life, of the approaching spider, of the old man crossing the road, or of the drifting sand caught up in the wafts of the gathering wind and carried over the desolate plains dotted with cactus. From across the sand-covered plains could be heard the muffled cry of a prairie dog as it sat perched above its

underground home ready to retreat as it warned of the arrival of a Cooper's hawk. My lingering thoughts of the old man were replaced by an awareness of the circling hawk. As my eyes wandered about, following the flight of the nearing bird, my mind wandered also; the searching hawk and the wind-swept old man seemed to share a likeness: each was seeking subsistence.

Not until the screaming hawk made an unerring dive for its prey was I shocked into reality. The feelings of compassion and pity slowly ebbed away as my thoughts faded into the rearing cloud of dust. Life would continue and function as it had always, even after I had left. The car was new enshrouded by the huge ball of choking dust; as I wiped the smarting tears from my eyes, I no longer saw the old man; the cactus wren had taken flight; the hawk had made its capture.

The Uncommon Man

JOHN D. WAGNER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

TODAY, MUCH IS SAID ABOUT THE "COMMON MAN," THE average fellow. Millions of dollars are spent each year on surveys and polls to find out his needs, his desires, his habits and his pleasures. This "common man" is the object of most of the advertising seen today. Most insurance rates are based on the mathematical probability that a hypothetical "common man" will have some ill luck. In everyday conversation, the concept of the "common man" shows up frequently. "What the average guy would have done was to. . . ." The "common man" seems to be the embodiment of every human being on earth.

But although the "common man" has a bit of every human trait, he does not really exist. He is no more than a mathematical figure, a rate on an insurance man's desk, a figure of speech.

There are no true "common men." The existence of one would be a psychiatrist's dream; the presence of several would be a sociologist's nightmare. He is only an average. If I were to draw several hundred dots on a piece of paper and construct a line on the paper so that the sum of the distances from the line of all the points on one side of the line equalled the sum of the distances from the line of all the points on the other side, the line would probably not pass through any of the points. The average of four and two is three, yet three is neither four nor two. Likewise, the averages man is a line between the billions of dots which represent humanity as a whole. He represents all of the dots, but he is none of them. Thus the "common man" is truly the uncommon man.

Three Autumns, Three Leaves, and Death

MICHAEL BURNETT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

I

THE AIR HAD THINNED. NO LONGER WAS IT HEAVY, sleepy, droning with the sound of many insects; no longer was it still. Something had awakened it—it moved, it buffeted, it swirled and ruffled the gossamer wings of the little fly that hung, weakly, to the lattice of a screen door. Somehow, the fly had been swept outside, and now it could not return. Seaching helplessly for a hole in the screen—a futile hope to return to the warmth within and the stupid, lazy, sun-laden days of before—the fly braced against the quickening breeze. A withered grape fell. A spider web tore. A snake slid into a hole. A thistle blew by, watched by a ruffled wren. A wrinkled larva settled in the foetal darkness of its sleep. At last the tortured wings crumpled, the wandering legs lost direction, and the little body of a fly fell lifelessly to the ground and was tumbled by the wind and finally hidden beneath the dusty creases of a leaf.

II

A priestly elm once stood here; you can see part of a charred stump where it once was. It was a happy thing; tossed by the warm breezes, rejoicing in the brilliant munificence of the sun. It could be sad though, too; dressed in black robes, quietly praying to the winter sky, its nude arms reaching silently in enduring anguish. It was always alive, constantly aware. It knew before any of us when a storm was coming, and it would sway excitedly in anticipation. We always looked to it to see if there was wind enough to fly our kites—it always knew. At first we did not know anything had happened. That spring, though, when only one branch was green and fresh, we knew. The one branch waved courageously all summer, but we knew. When the first chill wind blew, we awoke to find a yellow cross on its patient trunk. Nothing now remains, but in each of our rooms, deep within the pages of a dusty book, lie the pressed remains of a single perfect leaf.

III

Probing roots thrust deeply in the soil. Beneath, damp life rests fertile, darkly kept. Above, the frozen quiet settles, snapping dry twigs. Starved spiders wander, limping nowhere. Lifeless branches grapple for the lifeless sky. A silenced cicada hurriedly leaves its useless shell and burrows under the

sand. Deep it goes, where great tree's roots are rounded threads, seducing black earth to part. Here it curls, softly making ready for its sleep. The womb is warm. The earth is damp. The sleep is dark, and all is safe. Above, the empty wind searches, blind, dumb, and senseless. With a rasp it blows together two skeletons of what has gone below: a waste and broken cicada shell, its clutching claws lost and empty, and a torn, dried leaf.

A Defense of My Generation

MARY PARKER

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

A LITTLE MORE THAN TWO YEARS AGO, MY FATHER grabbed me by the shoulders, looked sternly into my eyes and said, "You mean you are seventeen, and you are not even engaged yet?" As far as I know, my father meant that statement as a joke. But lately my instructors, in classrooms and in books, figuratively grab me by the shoulders, announce that I am now nineteen, and ask why I do not rebel. Unlike my father these latter seem to be serious.

All of the recent attacks on the younger generation seem to revolve around one central theme. We are not youthful. We are not rebellious, and youth is supposed to be rebellious. My generation is not idealistic, and youth is traditionally idealistic. Youths are supposed to be the dreamers. Instead of shouting and crying and laughing with youthful exuberance, we are silent and withdrawn. Oh, we cry—but only when the pain is personal. And we laugh—at Charlie Chaplin movies. We do indeed seem prematurely middle-aged.

Because of the war and other factors, the generation before ours had to grow up fast too. Their disillusionment was forced upon them early. And their shock and wonder led them to talk about it and write about it, sometimes with almost explosive impact. This is the generation that looks at us and asks "Where are your fireworks? You are in the same situation we where in. Do you have no vitality or spark?"

But their accusation is not quite correct. Although we are in the same situation, we did not arrive at it in the same way. They were disillusioned. We had no illusions to start with.

Analysis of a Paragraph

IRA J. PIEL

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

"No, Mr. McCarthy, you hadn't told me," I said, stepping hard on the gas. As the battered old car leapt forward I began to feel free as a bird; a curious sense of relief and release came over me. And expectation. We sped along, finally shedding the last scars of town, and at length climbed a long granite-girt hill. Gaining the top we seemed breathlessly to hang in mid-air. Spread out far below us was the tremendous expanse of the big lake: beautiful, empty, glittering, cold and brooding, gull-swept and impersonal; always there, always the same—there for the grateful and the ungrateful, there for the bastards and the angels, there for the just and the unjust alike.

—from *Anatomy of a Murder* by Robert Traver

THE THEME OF THIS EXCERPT IS SIMPLY YET EFFECTIVELY portrayed because no awkward constructions, unnecessary verbiage, or other impediments distort its presentation. The many details employed produce a definite picture of the moving scenery and of the changing attitudes of the main character. Even when reading rapidly, one has no trouble following the motion of the "battered old car" as it leaves the town and enters the quiet, picturesque country scene. Nor does the reader have difficulty in sensing the driver's moods as they change from anxiety to relief to expectation to awe and finally to calm enchantment. This ease of interpretation is a tribute to the simplicity of the paragraph.

Although the paragraph is written in a simple, uncomplicated manner, its diction is original and exact. For example, one does not often think of leaving the city limits as "shedding the last scars of town," nor of a lake as ". . . empty, glittering, cold and brooding, gull-swept and impersonal," yet these phrases effectively convey both the appearance and the psychological effect of the scene. In addition, the use of a large number of adjectives (comprising almost one third of the total number of words) vividly portrays situations and settings, but leaves enough opportunity for interpretation by the reader to stimulate imagination and interest. Thus, the diction of the passage also contributes greatly to its vitality and character.

Just as important as simplicity and diction in determining the success of the paragraph is the variety of sentence length and construction. The above quotation contains six sentences (one of which is a fragment used for effect) with, in order, fourteen, twenty-six, two, eighteen, eleven, and forty-nine words. These sentences begin with an interjection, an adverb clause, a conjunction, a pronoun, a participial phrase, and a verb clause, respectively. By stimulating interest, this grammatical variety lends addi-

tional appeal to the selection and, in this way, is the third major factor in the effectiveness of the paragraph.

These elements of style—simplicity, diction, and variety—give distinctive character and effectiveness to the paragraph, for without them the writing would be merely a statement of ideas, as the following summary of the paragraph demonstrates: I was relieved after I left town and saw the lake in the country. Surely a mere statement of ideas is not enough; an effective style is needed to give vitality and character to writing.

Miles Davis: Anomaly of Containment

RONALD SHUMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

THE MAN STANDS NOW, TRUMPET IN HAND, MUSING IN A corner of the stage: on his temples glisten beads of sweat, remnants of a moment's writhing with voiceless anger that for an instant is turned to sound. He paces back and forth, listens for a moment as the rest of the band continues to play, and finally leaves the stage altogether. Action like this is typical of the pensive, impassive figure that is Miles Davis; and if indeed he is aware of the audience at all, he chooses not to show his awareness. Always there prevails about this man an air of self-imposed aloofness, a forced and ominous calm.

The jazz idiom has been, and continues to be, a performer's art; as such, it makes great demands on the musician beyond technical skill and imagination. There is a certain unnamed quality that must appear in a jazz performer if he is to command continuing attention; without this elusive quality, the musician who must create continuously loses his identity and becomes simply a voice without a soul.

In the case of Miles Davis, the quality that captures and entralls audiences is a sense of delicately contained chaos. This same quality, which overshadows all other possible aspects of his personality, he uses as a weapon in his continuing battle to hold audiences' attention; he asserts it time and again in his playing, and a hand grenade could not be more effective.

With uncanny accuracy, Davis is able not only to express lyrical improvisations which are unquestionably his own, but at the same time to suggest in every note he plays the pain of silent turmoil and of tightly bound compassion that threatens to escape.

Where My Roots Are

MICHAEL KINNEY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 13

I WAS BORN AND BROUGHT UP IN A SMALL TOWN IN THE Middle West, and I am glad of it. Paxton, Illinois, lies near the middle of the state, in flat farm lands slightly scarred by quiet streams. Always on the horizon there are trees. Between the mist of spring and the haze of the fall of the year you may see daisies in the blue grass, or fireflies in the corn at nightfall. On hot nights you may smell the growing corn and the red clover. The dust from white gravel roads powders the ironweed and the stake-and-rider fences as summer wears on. The yellow water lilies grow in the quiet place this side of the bend in the creek, and the white sand boils up in the bottom of the spring. On July and August afternoons the sky darkens into thunder and quick rain, which is good for the corn.

I do not look back upon my life in Paxton as a lost paradise. It was no paradise. Nor is it lost; things are not lost while they are loved in remembering. Besides, I am still a certain kind of small-town Middle Westerner. I do not think of myself as one escaped from bondage. My life feels continuous to me. What is in it goes back to Paxton, where my roots are.

The Promise of the Star

WILLIAM SCHILLER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

I SAT QUIETLY ON THE HIGH ROOF, GAZING AT THE SKY from the darkness. The newspapers had encouraged an early watch if the new United States satellite was to be seen that night. Already the sky above was speckled with numerous stars strewn among the feathery wisps of dimly lighted clouds. When the man-made body circled overhead, there would be no mistaking it. This miniature moon was said to be the brightest object in the evening sky, outshining either star or planet.

The warm, summer breeze caressed my hair and lulled my mind with the soft sounds of people stirring far away. It was so easy to be content with just the happenings around one, never thinking of the problems that lay beyond immediate concern. When the shifting clouds began to engulf the few remaining stars it was not hard to forget the tiny machine whirling

somewhere above. Before my watch could indicate the desired countdown, the vision of the heavens had been obliterated by the clouds. The space capsule soared over unseen that night, almost as though it had never existed. How simple things would be if that tool of mankind had not been sent up to probe those mysterious secrets. How satisfied we could all remain, with our eyes half closed to the problems surrounding our world.

But the satellite was there. It would take more than sleepiness and clouded skies to erase the centuries-old dreams of man. Nature herself could not deny man's right to carve a foothold in the starry roof overhead. The searching human mind reaches far beyond the worldly limitations that it was first given. The science of an ambitious mankind progresses with a steady desire to appease its appetite for answers.

As I scurried down from the roof that night, I felt perhaps a little as the ancient Moses might have at the edge of his precious territory. I had been deprived of what the eye could see, but I had been inspired to open my very mind and marvel at all of the dreams of the future. Tomorrow itself is the promised land.

The Imagery of Stephen Crane

BENNIE D. BABB

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

"Of all Crane's qualities as a writer, it is, I think, his metaphorical imagination that most impresses the reader. Again and again one is struck by some particularly vivid piece of imagery."¹

FROM START TO FINISH, *THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE* is a series of images "so brilliant and detached . . . that, like illuminated bodies actually seen, they leave their fever-bright phantasms floating before the brain."² One need but observe the title to discover that here is a novel that is as much a painting as it is a narrative. However, the multitude of images, while occasionally used to expand or clarify the interpretation of a particular action, are found to form patterns that reveal the tone and purpose of the novel. Without an understanding of these "runic signatures which run through the whole body of Crane's writings,"³ the novel becomes little more than the tale of a farm lad who went to war, overcame an initial

¹ Austen McC. Fox, ed. *Maggie and Other Stories by Stephen Crane*, (New York, 1960), p. xiv.

² George Wyndham, "A Remarkable Book," *New Review*, XIV (Jan. 1896), 36.

³ John Shroeder, "Stephen Crane Embattled," *University of Kansas City Review*, XVII (Winter 1950), 124.

cowardice and earned the right to call himself a man. Stephen Crane wrote much more than this in *The Red Badge of Courage* and his imagery is the key to his message.

Crane's continuous use of imagery to set the tone and show the underlying meaning of the novel can be divided into the distinct patterns formed by these images. Although these image patterns overlap to the extent that the same metaphor is used in different contexts at various stages, they serve to reinforce each other and are consistent in the structure of the novel as a whole. The four distinct patterns are the irony which pervades the entire novel, the non-volitional nature of man, the impassive role of nature in relation to man, and the senselessness of war.

First, the title itself becomes an image of irony when the reader learns that the hero's *Red Badge of Courage* is received behind the lines and far from the enemy. Yet, ironically, it is this wound which allows Henry to return honorably to his regiment. Long before this, however, Crane has set the mood of irony which permits the reader to view Henry with a detached, yet sympathetic, interest. In the first chapter, by means of a flashback, we have seen that although Henry "had burned several times to enlist,"⁴ his mother had managed to hold him back until "Almost every day the newspapers printed accounts of a decisive victory."⁵ These counterpoised images of Henry Fleming as would-be hero and as actually portrayed are sustained throughout the novel, until at the end we find the boy who had left the peaceful scene of "his mother kneeling among the potato parings"⁶ now turning "with a lover's thirst to images of tranquil skies, fresh meadows, cool brooks—an existence of soft and eternal peace."⁷ In addition to pointing out such repeated ironic images of Henry himself, Mordecai Marcus has noted that the image pattern of men presented as animal-like creatures contributes to a major structural irony which shows cowardice and courage to be similarly bestial.⁸

This same animal imagery is carried through *The Red Badge of Courage* to maintain Crane's thesis of determinism in Henry's actions and in the actions of both armies. "Men, guns, and conflicts are likened to savage or monstrous animals. A Confederate charge is like 'an onslaught of redoubtable dragons.' The Union men are 'morsels for the dragons,' and Henry waits in terror 'to be gobbled.' From a point of vantage, 'he conceived the two armies to be at each other panther fashion.' The bark of the enemy's infantry is 'like the yellings of eager, metallic hounds.' He saw 'a spray' of soldiers 'go in houndlike leaps toward the wavering blue lines. There was

⁴ Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*, ed. Richard Lettis et al. (New York, 1960), p. 4.

⁵ Crane, p. 5.

⁶ Crane, p. 6.

⁷ Crane, p. 87.

⁸ "The Unity of *The Red Badge of Courage*," in *The Red Badge of Courage, Text and Criticism*, ed. Richard Lettis, et al. (New York, 1960), pp. 189-192.

much howling, and presently it went away with a vast mouthful of prisoners.' The side of Jim Conklin, who dies in the field, looks as though it had been 'chewed by wolves.' The body of the Tattered Soldier had been 'gored' by bullets."⁹ This second basic pattern of deterministic action and reaction can be seen not only in the frequent animal metaphors applied to men but also in "the variety of ways in which Crane stresses the survival theme by his handling of food and drink."¹⁰ These images portraying survival and instinct also overlap into one of the finer drawn ironies of the novel, since views of men placed so close to elemental nature are juxtaposed by a continuing indifference on the part of nature itself.

This third pattern of nature's impassiveness in man's struggles is most readily seen while Henry is wandering behind the lines: at one time nature seems to be on his side, for the squirrel has enough sense to run from danger; then nature is against him, for the corpse of a dead soldier lies in his path. Henry feels that the branches are trying to hold him at this scene. Throughout it all, nature has remained unchanged. Austen Fox has further pointed out that "Often it is the opening description in Crane's stories that strikes the note of indifference of the universe, and swirling dust, rain, snow, or fog becomes a symbol of this indifference . . . it was fog, too, in *The Red Badge of Courage*."¹¹ According to Stanley Greenfield, nature "is not flatly indifferent . . . but cheerfully so,"¹² This impassive role of nature has been further detailed by Edward Stone in his analysis of the sun which at least twice in its appearance is a "synonym of indifference, of unconcern with human travail, however grim: aloof, it has gone about its golden business of maturation."¹³

The fourth basic pattern, which shows the senselessness of war, is revealed in the again overlapping imagery of determinism and nature's indifference. The animal-like actions of the men in battle are constantly reinforced by images of "hideously sub-human forces: 'The guns squatted in a row like savage chiefs. . . . It was a grim pow-wow'; the guns 'belched and howled like brass devils . . .'; the din of musketry grows 'like a released genie of sound.' . . . The Confederates charge, 'running like pursued imps.' The Union men 'screamed and yelled like maniacs'; they 'burst out in a barbaric cry of rage and pain.' . . . Every figure in the book supports the atmosphere of unreason."¹⁴ Charles Child Walcutt has also noted that the scenes of battle are described in terms that suggest a solemn farce or a cosmic and irresponsible

⁹ Winifred Lynskey, "Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*," *Explicator*, VIII, 3 (Dec. 1949), Item 18.

¹⁰ Stanley B. Greenfield, "The Unmistakable Stephen Crane," *PMLA* LXXIII (Dec. 1958), 568.

¹¹ Fox, p. xv.

¹² Greenfield, p. 569.

¹³ The Many Suns of *The Red Badge of Courage*, "American Literature, XXIX (Nov. 1957), 324-325.

¹⁴ Lynskey, *loc. cit.*

game."¹⁵ Throughout all scenes and references to war and battle, Crane maintains his assertion that war is senseless by his constant comparisons of armies and weapons to either animals or mindless demons.

These four patterns, which are so vividly imaged throughout the novel, provide the means for understanding the true greatness of Crane's theme in *The Red Badge of Courage*. Unless we view Henry with irony, we might easily be led to associate ourselves with the hero and become sympathetic with his rationalizations. Unless we see the pattern of determinism which shapes Henry's actions, through both cowardice and courage, we might easily believe that Henry has truly redeemed himself. Unless we are continuously aware of the indifference of nature to man's struggles, we might easily regard war as a thing of importance to the universe. Unless we understand Crane's insistence that war is senseless, we might easily feel that perhaps a little good—the maturing of men—can come from war. While Crane does not negate the possibility of man improving himself, he clearly shows that war is not the route he should take.

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¹⁵ "Stephen Crane: Naturalist and Impressionist," *American Literary Naturalism, a Divided Stream* (Minneapolis, 1956), p. 82.

A Paragraph

On this assignment the students were restricted to twelve sentences: four simple, four complex, and four compound or compound-complex. The only restriction on the content was that it be descriptive.

Beautiful Death

PAUL T. DIX

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

A GENTLE BREEZE RIPPLED THE TOPS OF THE LUSH grass and sped on across the wide expanse of glistening beach. Dotted here and there with stately palm trees, the sandy shore extended itself along a mile of the blue Pacific. The rays of the full moon formed a pattern that changed as each wave in succession spent itself on the white sand. The air was crisp and invigorating, and held a fine mist. The same wind that blew the grass into motion would stir the sand into little dunes that resembled their bigger brothers on the deserts of the world. Suddenly a shadow glided across the water, and a large ebony bird, its feathers ruffled and tattered, flew erratically across the beach. By chance it happened to land on an old sign on the outside edge of the sand. The giant bird was nervous, and when a brisk wind suddenly blew across his back, he cawed in terror. The moon went behind a cloud, and a large wave thundered against the beach. A strong, cold wind blew up quickly, and the confused crow took flight. His flight was straight as an arrow until he reached the middle of the beach, where he gave a sickly cry and plummeted to the earth, dead. Then the moon came out from behind the cloud and made the ancient sign legible; it read "RADIATION CONTAMINATED—THIS AREA OFF LIMITS."

Rhet as Writ

Battle of Antietam: The topography allowed Lee to rest his flanks on the Potomac River.

Turning around, I saw a small boy soaked from head to toe with big tearful eyes.

Specious: roomy, extended. The specious grounds about the estate included a small lake, a forested area, and playing fields of various types.

Heinous: a noun referring to a monarch. Her heinous, the queen, will see you now.

Mutability: the ability to remain silent for long periods of time.

Furthermore, an Algerian nationalist is considered a rebel, traitor, deserter, and a bad citizen.

My desk, small but sturdy, has the look of age and wisdom about it, for like me and many others it has held the materials of education within its drawers.

AWARDS

The following are the winners of the prizes for the five best themes in the last issue of the *Caldron*:

- First: *Michael Burnett*, Testament of Beauty
- Second: *Elizabeth C. Krohne*, Communication Equals Civilization
- Third: *Richard Daily*, The 1948 Bollingen Prize in Poetry Controversy
- Fourth: *George Rotramel*, The Phoenix
- Fifth: *Anthony Burba*, 5632 on a Fantrip
-

Once more we wish to thank the following bookstores for providing prizes:

Campus Book Store

Follett's College Book Store

Illini Union Book Store

U. of I. Supply Store (The "Co-Op")

The Contributors

Judith Leona Grabski—Proviso East

Judy Pickerill—Newton

Julie Rystrom—Barrington

Jane Lewis—Lake Park

Nancy Kochenderfer—Proviso East

Donald R. Jepsen—Harlem, Loves Park

John D. Wagner—Loyola Academy, Chicago

Michael Barnett—American H. S., Beirut, Lebanon

Mary Parker—Schurz, Chicago

Ira J. Piel—Maine Township

Ronald Shuman—Skokie

Michael Kinney—Paxton

William Schiller—Lane, Chicago

Bennie D. Babb—Lemont

Paul T. Dix—Nashville

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING

LEC 5 1961
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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are R. P. Armato, Robert Bain, Thomas Boyle, Mary Trippet, and William McQueen, chairman.

The Drag Race

JACQUELINE VAVRA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

"WHO PUT THE MEN IN MENTHOL SMOKING?" "SO fresh and pure . . ." "Break those chains . . . step up, step up . . ." "Like a balmy day in the month of May . . ." "A quarter inch away . . ." "Extra margin. Extra margin." "Welcome aboard!"

My head is spinning. I gag on my cigarette. Which brand am I smoking? Who knows? Insidious jingles are penetrating my formerly placid mind. I try so hard to ignore the nasty televised cigarette commercials which invade my living room, but I cannot succeed. I glance sheepishly at the T.V. Another one is coming; I can sense it.

She is a beautiful girl. She is the young sophisticate leaning carelessly against the scrubby bark of a spring shower-soaked tree. She is seemingly unconcerned about the grime she is getting on her cashmere co-ordinate outfit from Peck and Peck. After all, it's just another rag.

He is a handsome lad. He is Mr. All American Boy—football hero, country club charmer, young intellectual, and clean-shaven (both face and head) Ivy Leaguer. One would think that when such an ideal male meets such an ideal female and spring is in the air a chemical reaction would occur. However, they barely notice each other. Both are much too concerned with the cigarettes they are smoking.

Romantic music is heard in the background. Both inhale their cigarettes deeply. A tender smile plays around the mouth of the girl. The boy looks peaceful. Each seems to be sharing a special secret with the cigarette he smokes.

I sit by the television set wide-eyed and enraptured. Surely if I smoke this brand I will automatically be provided with expensive clothes, be accompanied by handsome men on lovely walks through the park, and be mentioned regularly in the "They Were There" section of the daily newspaper. May Heaven forgive me, for I swallow this nonsense as a moron would.

Ah, but I'm not the only gullible soul who gets exploited by the cigarette ads on television. My Uncle Mac likes Marlboro because the T. V. ad appeals to him. He is hen-pecked, and he has always secretly wanted a tattoo but is afraid of the pain. Mother smokes Parliament with the recessed filter because if that nasty tobacco is a quarter inch away she can be one of the girls and smoke at bridge club without ruining her health. I would wager that if Plato lived in our time even he would not be able to escape from the "drag race."

Good old Plato would probably be a hacker, too. Before any meaty discourses he would reach into his toga with nicotine stained fingers and take out his package of Viceroy's. Now he could sit down on a marble pillar and truly "think for himself."

Perhaps I seem to be exaggerating, but I feel humiliated when I fall for televised cigarette commercials. I ask if they can possibly be aimed at mature adults, and I always answer no. Then I cringe with shame at my apparent immaturity as I light up one of the brand I have last seen advertised on television.

Character

JERRY AFRICK

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

CHARACTER, THAT IS, THE CHARACTER OF A HUMAN being, is defined in Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary* as the sum total of distinctive qualities derived by an individual from nature, education, or habit, and as the moral vigor or firmness acquired through self-discipline.

This definition, clear as it may be, is not very helpful when one wishes to make a relatively precise determination of his own distinctive qualities. What are some of the distinctive qualities for which a person must look, and how does self-discipline fit into the formation of a firm character?

Most of our problems lie not in outer space, but in inner space. It is within ourselves that the issues of life are recognized, considered, and finally resolved. Neither other persons nor events are capable of defeating or destroying us, but we are capable of self-defeat and self-destruction.

It seems curious the way that so many of us limit ourselves. We set ceilings on our capabilities, and often the ceiling is zero. As a consequence, our powers fail to flower, and we push on through life brooding over our deficiencies. Actually, we do not scratch the surface of the possible.

There was a report that when two men left a political campaign rally, one of them asked the other, "Well, what do you think now?" The reply was eloquent: "Think? I didn't come here to think. I came to holler."

Unfortunately, it is much easier to holler than it is to think, so when we face the problems of the day, we often exercise our vocal cords far more vigorously than we exercise our brains. But it is better in the long run to

think our way through problems when we first meet them than it is to deal with them after they have been compounded by their waiting for attention.

Nothing worthwhile ever happens in the world until somebody moves himself. It is the rivers that are not crossable that challenge one's ingenuity and lead one to make the impossible possible. It is the mountains that cannot be cut through that inspire one's resolution to do what cannot be done. If we have not been able to move ourselves, maybe it is because we have not given ourselves to anything.

The student who cannot move himself to study has not lost himself in the love of learning. The musician who cannot move himself to practice has not given himself to his music. The designer who cannot make himself design anything has not given himself to his job.

If one has not given himself to something, could it be because rewards are all too frequently realized for a minimum of effort? As often as not, the accomplishment of a superior achievement is looked upon as snobbery, or, it appears sometimes, as the act of a traitor to the cause of being average. Average-ness develops rapidly in the absence of pride, either in an individual, or a family, or a community. Pride—not of conceit or arrogance, but in accomplishment—is a spur, and without it there will never be any getting above the level of the average, a level which always tends to go lower unless it is constantly stimulated.

Just as we have to choose between being average and striving for excellence we find that life is mostly a matter of choosing between opposing alternatives. All of us find ourselves compelled to deal with issues we wish we could avoid. Decision is difficult, and we would be pleased to shift the responsibility to someone else if we could manage it.

There are choices involving honor that sometimes put us to the test. They are unavoidable. We wonder if we can afford to take a stand when we are confronted by business practices that threaten our integrity. Do we dare speak out on a public issue when safety lies in silence? Shall we risk the disapproval of those whose favor can do us a good turn? We wish we could avoid the necessity for deciding.

In the development of a firm character, we have seen that our whole personality depends upon the methods which we use to resolve our daily problems. The placing of unnecessary limits on our capabilities for resolving our problems only hampers creative thinking and causes us to fail to recognize our goal in life. Without a goal or general direction in life, we have no standard basis upon which to resolve conflicting alternatives of life's problems, and we join the ranks of those people who are content with being average.

And yet, it is only by way of difficult choice that we grow in moral and spiritual stature. Greatness in life demands stern issues to test the soul.

Beads of Sweat

VIOLET JUODAKIS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

HER DARK BROODING EYES WERE STILL GLASSY FROM sleep and her stomach was audibly protesting against the oily scrap of food called breakfast. Pieces of the tasteless, greasy strings of beef were wedged between her teeth and she made soft sucking noises trying to loosen them.

"Aw, come on, Ma. Can't I stay out 'til supper? Huh, Ma?"

"Well, all right. But mind you, any later than that an' you'll be hearin' from Pa."

"Aw, Ma."

She hurriedly scraped her chair back from the table with a series of short grating sounds and scurried out the creaking door into the dim hallway.

"Land sakes, child! Devil on your tail?"

"Hello, Mrs. Roget. I gotta go."

Oh, yes, she had to go. She could go as far as the farthest star and she would still be too near. In spite of her nineteen years, the brand of a child was still upon her. She was of no worth to herself, much less to anyone else. God, how she wished she knew who she was instead of being a piece of the black, or red, or white rectangular bars drawn by the visiting sociology people to represent the black slum folk.

The torrid sun stretched out its snaky golden arms and slowly coiled around her body deadening all feeling. The moisture within her, like the hatred for her life, was tortuously squeezed out, drop by drop. She did not try to stop the flow with a wipe of her hand, but let the tiny, salty beads trickle down her ebony face. Sliding the tip of her tongue over her upper lip, she caught a few drops which were perched there precariously.

The faded, pink summer dress regained some of its lost color where it clung wetly to her skinny black body. The air was filled with a deathlike hush—a muffled silence that is felt rather than heard. The white folks call this part of town a jungle. It was a black jungle which stifled and imprisoned its black natives. If one was born here, one was expected to die here. Well, she was not one of those helpless prisoners. All she needed was a little courage, just a little courage. Repeating that magic word to herself, she quickened her steps to a rapid click-click-click pace. The uneven rock pavement sped by as she hurried aimlessly down the streets and alleys. Her nose and mouth were filled with the dry, choking soot from the nearby factories. She caught sight of some little boys splashing in a small, steady

stream of water which was spurting from a damaged hydrant. Tiny rivulets escaped from the stream and trickled down to adventure until devoured by greedy holes and crevices. Thrusting her sticky, moist hands under the main force of the stream, she cupped the sparkling liquid into her hands and rubbed it on her sweaty face. She bent over the steady stream and sucked in the invigorating drink noisily. Straightening, she felt refreshed and free for a moment.

Then, slowly, drops of the familiar sweat began to grow and swell, and the old thoughts resumed their familiar places. She saw that the sun was already behind the west buildings. She was late. She'd better hurry back or else Pa would be mad.

First Love

ELOISE JOHNSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

THE LAKE WAS A SMALL ONE, SHAPED LIKE AN IMPERFECT figure eight wearing a tasseled cap, with a belt of broken concrete at its waist marking the division between the old and new reservoirs. On one bank, below the belt, and almost as if dangling from it, was a chain of cottages.

When the lake was built, and before the road was improved, fishermen haphazardly tossed boards together for shelters from summer rains. As progress and wives and families ventured to the lake, the shacks enveloped them all, and amoeba-like, grew a sun porch here, a kitchen there, and finally, with the addition of bedrooms and baths, came to be called cottages.

Our cottage was built on a jutting corner of land at the lake's edge, so that the sleeping porch at the front and the bedroom at the side both faced the water. The kitchen, at the back, faced the road. By the time we moved there, the siding was white clapboard, a mammoth stone fireplace overpowered the living room, and a cramped bathroom lurked behind the kitchen. The windows opened whimsically—up, in, or out. All of the former owners had apparently felt that matching windows were an outlandish extravagance when second-hand would do for a summer picnic spot.

We had only our wedding gifts and some family hand-me-downs to furnish our house. We cooked on a two-burner electric plate at first and kept our perishables in an old ice chest someone had left behind. We sat on the floor of the living room on our new rugs to listen to our radio. When company came, we offered them lawn chairs.

Our working hours were reversed from the normal, so our leisure hours were opposite those of our friends. We rowed along the bank of the lake in the summer dawns, listening for the splash of feeding bass and eavesdropping on the redwings' morning conversation in the cattails. In the fall, we hunted in the fields across the road, our boots leaden with mud. In all the seasons we walked along the lake road, beyond the last of the cottages, to the dam. We had neighbors but we only spoke and smiled and never stopped to chat.

About the time the egrets left for their long flight to Florida, the summer people began their migration. Selfishly, we counted the days until the last of October, when the hardiest could keep snug no longer and fled to civilization and insulation. After they were gone, the lake was truly ours.

The wind would whip the lake to a gray and white froth and sweep the trees bare of all but a clinging leaf or two. One morning we would wake to find the glittering, blinding beauty of a fresh snow. Sometimes, overnight, the lake would freeze. If the wind had been gentle with the newly formed ice, we had a skating rink beside our front porch.

We will move to town soon, we said. We are older now. Then, when our daughter was born, we said we really must look for a house in town. The lake is dangerous and lonely for a very young child. At last, when she was six, we said we must live closer to schools.

On moving day, when the bulging little house had been relieved of the overburden of the years' accumulations and necessities, we lagged behind. We had to see if anything had been forgotten, we said. Maybe a child's toy had been left in a cupboard. We had to look.

We saw each room reflecting a shining welcome to the new owners: In the scrubbed, bare shelves of the cupboards which had appeared where none had been before, in the shiny faces of those contrary windows, and the fireplace hearth, swept clean now. Let them make their own ashes.

As we turned to test the front latch once more, we heard the steady, rhythmic slap of the waves spanking the boards of our pier. From the neighboring tree, we heard the kingfisher's raucous boast of a good catch. Out of a gusty, cloudy sky, we heard the foreign, buoyant cries of only seven whistling swans, not quite extinct. We heard the resounding protest of the ice as it settled to meet the water beneath and we felt the house shudder in sympathy.

We saw the tree down the way that decorated itself in black and gold each year for Halloween. We saw raindrops brailling a line of dots two spaces ahead of storm clouds swooping down the lake. We saw the lacy, fragile designs of mouse tracks in fresh snow.

And echoing over all, the brusque voice of the old man from whom we bought the cottage, saying, "In the storms you will think she is going to blow right in the lake. But she never has, and she never will."

On "Death"

TIM FLYNN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 13

DEATH

*Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die!*

ON ONE'S FIRST READING OF JOHN DONNE'S HOLY SONNET "Death," the reader is apt to say, "It's different." It is this difference which serves as the beginning of the poem's originality. Donne's approach to his material takes a point of view which is opposite in nature to that which is generally held; his opening words deride Death, maintaining that he is not powerful and ought not to be proud. Instead of treating his subject with dignity and respect, instead of looking at it from a distance, Donne is colloquial and direct, as if he were engaging Death in a very familiar conversation. Such a beginning catches the reader off guard and, by the surprise of its directness, is an excellent attention-securing device. After this beginning there are no more stunts; the poet is in earnest. This earnestness is essential to the poem's conviction, which, emotionally at least, convinces the reader.

Superficially, this poem is quite commonplace. It is an assertion of man's ultimate defeat of Death in immortality. However, there is far more value in this poem as a work of art than in the mere message, ideas, or thoughts of the author. It is true that thoughts are proper constituents of the totality which is a poem. Other things being equal, the more profound the thought, the greater the poem. By "other things being equal," I simply mean that thought does not of itself make the poem; it is only one element in the ultimate fusion which is poetry, not prose. Often poets are deliberately obscure, forgetting or ignoring the obligation to be as clear as possible so that com-

munication between them and their audience may take place. But this can be decided only after every effort has been made to understand. It is well to remember that genuinely complex thought usually requires a complementary complexity of expression.

Although Donne's poem abounds in this complexity of thought and expression, it is a logical, reasoned argument in support of a thesis announced in the opening lines. Such a reasoned argument would suggest prose; Donne turns prose to poetry by dramatizing his material. Although Death is given no opportunity to talk back, the poem is a debate, one side of a debate, rationally worked out point by point.

Let us now make a rather brief analytical critique of the poem's message. John Donne is trying to remove fear from death. The poem is based on the Christian view that an eternal afterlife follows death, that death is merely a transition period, a temporary pause between the two "lives." Since "rest" and "sleep," which are images of Death, give men pleasure, Death, the reality, must give men more. Therefore, there is nothing to be dreaded about Death. Since the best men go with Death most readily, an idea which is possibly an intentional variation of the popular saying, "The good die young," there can be nothing terrible about Death. Since Death is a slave to "Fate, Chance, Kings and desperate men" and is associated with unpleasant things like poison, war, and sickness, it has nothing to be proud of in the company it regularly keeps. Since drugs can produce sleep as well as Death, there is nothing in particular to be dreaded in Death, nothing peculiar to its power.

After a brief elaboration on the general sonnet form which Donne has followed, it will become evident that this form is essential to the development and theme of this poem. A sonnet is a fourteen-line poem in which a conventional pattern is used to give added weight to the thought and feeling. Donne's "Death" is a characteristic example of the English sonnet. The general form is three quatrains followed by a couplet with the major division in emphasis coming at the end of the twelfth line. The concluding couplet is a dramatic climax, an intense and concentrated statement of the "point" of the whole poem, a summing-up of the consequences of what has been presented. Here the poet focuses the application of the experience developed in the three quatrains, criticizes, modifies, or expands it, and at once unifies and evaluates the experience out of which the sonnet is made.

Looking back, one begins to see the unique relation of this sonnet structure to the thematic content. First the dogmatic statement, "Death, be not proud"; secondly, an enumeration of reasons why Death has small ground for pride; finally, the last lines themselves rise to a climax of their own in the paradoxical phrase, "Death, thou shalt die," the final word on the whole matter. The entire poem is a figure, basically a metaphor, with Death compared to a person. It is this extended personification of Death which makes this caricature, this exaggeration of the mildness of Death, extremely realistic.

Places of Pleasure

JANE LEWIS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 13

ONE NIGHT, BECAUSE WE HAD NOTHING BETTER TO DO, my roommate and another girl and I hopped in the car and set off for a grand tour of the campus "joints." On my journey I found neither dens of iniquity nor glimpses of a promised land, but merely the mildly amusing sequence of scenes I had expected. I say amusing, for nothing is more a point of gentle laughter than a child; no one can help smiling when he see a youngster mimicking the ludicrous actions of his elders in all seriousness; and at every place I went I saw children playing at being adults.

I saw children smoking in every way they had ever seen: in a nervous, endless chain; languidly as Cleopatra; in the fashion of underworld characters; or with a pseudo-sophisticated flick of the wrist.

I saw children talking in every tone imaginable: boisterously, pretentiously in earnest, in the manner of men and women of the world, or with an air of boredom.

I saw children drinking beer: they drank it from bottles, from glasses, from pitchers; they sipped it, they gulped it, they studied it; they adored it.

And all the time I felt I was in a land of Lilliputians with everything built to size: there were small rooms, cozy seats, tiny bottles, pint-sized ash trays, baby-faced proprietors, and little boy waiters. What could be more charming! And yet after a few moments of amusement I found myself becoming absolutely bored.

Not once did I see any one of these imitation cosmopolitans smoking for the sheer pleasure of it, talking because he had something to say, or drinking because he liked beer. Rather, they all gave me the impression that they had come, had sat, had smoked, had talked, had drunk, and were waiting for the enchanted words to be spoken and the magic dust sprinkled on their curly little heads and the wonderful miracle of "having a good time" to occur. I could see it running through their minds: "Adults can do what they want; this is what they do, so it must be fun."

My feeling of boredom melted to pity and I felt moved to cry out in a ringing voice with dramatic pauses—"Unhappy generation! You are right in your unhappiness. Your pleasures are not dictated to you. There is more joy to living than this. Rise up! Go forth!"—when suddenly it occurred to me that perhaps I was the odd personality, unable to enjoy standard entertainment. Maybe they were really having a good time.

In a cloud of uncertainty I followed my friends back to the dorm and got into the shower, the only place where my powers of reasoning function properly, and began to talk to myself.

"Jane," I said, "you have smoked L & M, Lucky Strike, Viceroy, Marlboro, Winston, Kentucky Brand, Camel, Chesterfield, and homemade cigarettes. You have talked to priests, psychiatrists, businessmen, teachers, teenagers, Chinese, Czechoslovakians, Japanese, Hawaiians, Germans, Hungarians, Swedish, English, and Americans about life, death, philosophy, sex, politics, morals, religion, and the future of America. You have drunk whiskey, vodka, rum, gin, vermouth, champagne, and your father's wine in bedrooms, barrooms, bathrooms, bowling alleys, basements, cocktail lounges, cars and swimming pools. Have or have not all these things been fun?"

"Yes," I sighed, remembering.

"And have you or have you not enjoyed, along with smoking, jabbering, and drinking, the pleasures of reading, listening to music, watching plays, and praying on your knees to a hidden God?"

"I have," I replied, beginning to see the light.

"Then what right have you to laugh at, sneer at, pity, or judge the people you saw in the places you went to tonight?"

"No right at all," I whispered, scrubbing my ears.

But as I turned on the cold water all my confidence and defiance came back to me and "There was something sad and wrong in those places!" I cried to my departing self.

The Process of Natural Selection

PHILIP G. PLOTICA

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

THE OCCURRENCE OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION IS A FACT that has been accepted by men of science for hundreds of years. Many of the famous Greek scientists and philosophers, Empedocles, Thales, and Aristotle, for example, noticed this phenomenon in the world around them and studied it. But although the fact of evolution was readily accepted by most learned men, explanations concerning the method of evolution were not. Men knew that organic evolution had occurred and was occurring, but they did not know exactly how. Many theories were offered, some ridiculous and others not so ridiculous. For a while, the scientific world accepted the hypothesis of the French zoologist, Jean Baptise de Lamarck, which involved the inheritance of acquired somatic (body) characteristics. This theory, although totally incorrect, did provide neat explanations of many observable phenomena and hence was quite popular. In 1859, however, the British naturalist, Charles Darwin, after several years of intensive study on this subject, published his *On the Origin of the Species by Means of Natural*

Selection. Since that time, the concept of natural selection has been accepted as a valid scientific law.

For convenience in description, the process of natural selection can be divided into four major steps, the first being *genetic variation*. No two organisms, regardless of how closely they are related, possess identical genetic compositions (genotypes). Also, due to various chemical and physical factors, there often occur abnormal changes in the individual genes, the expressions of which are called mutations. Such changes constantly occur both in man and in lower animals, but for the most part are insignificant and go unnoticed. Occasionally, however, a mutation occurs which either seriously hinders or greatly aids the animal in his quest for survival. These mutations serve to trigger the process of natural selection.

The second step in this process is *overpopulation*. As Malthus pointed out in 1838, many more animals, man included, are produced than the environment can support. Thus, as the population "explodes," the food supply remains practically constant and soon there is simply not enough to go around. Pressure is created, and something must be done then to relieve it.

The tremendous pressure created by overpopulation inevitably leads to *competition*, the third step in natural selection. If there is only one piece of food or one suitable habitat available and two animals desire it, then it is obvious what must happen. The two may argue, bargain, fight, or do whatever else is appropriate for their kind, but the end result will be the same: one will win and one will lose.

When such competition for survival occurs, and it constantly does occur, the fourth aspect of natural selection becomes important: *the differential ability of a genotype to survive and reproduce*. If mutations are constantly occurring, it follows that certain animals will be mutants for desirable traits, while others will be mutants for undesirable traits. In most cases, the mutants with undesirable traits will not be able to compete successfully with the other animals in their environment. They will be selected for extinction and will not live to reproduce and pass on their unsuccessful genotype. The successful mutants, however, will thrive, reproduce, and transmit their desirable traits to future generations. By this means natural selection occurs.

The simplicity of natural selection can be demonstrated by considering a typical example, the evolution of long-necked giraffes. We can assume that, at one time, giraffes possessed short necks, and then a mutation for a long neck occurred. We can also assume that there developed overpopulation and competition for survival. While the short-necked giraffes were forced to feed on the meager foliage at the lower levels, the long-necked mutants feasted on the upper parts of the trees. While the short-necks starved to death, the long-necks flourished and reproduced. After a long time, the short-necked giraffes became extinct and only the long-necked variety remained. Evolution had occurred, and the method was natural selection.

Definition of Early Spring

VALERIE LAWRENCE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THE GRAY LEAVES OF THE SHATTERED WINTER STRODE man-like with the wind down the wet pavement. They did not move with the confidence of complete victory—rather as tired bleeding soldiers dragging themselves off the field. No one stopped them with annoyed glances and rusted rakes: people give up too easily. Or, perhaps, people don't feel comfortable in a cleanly-swept world.

The leaves continued their human step; touching the pavement heavily, lifting one side, and thrusting themselves forward again: not without pain, but cleanly. Fragile, they were not. But they were delicate in their way; perhaps they had the sensitivity born of experience.

The sky was a soft gray, unruffled as the breast of a preened dove. Wet streets were all, though; no fresh drops fell. The leaves swished in swirling eddies about the boys in corduroy slacks. With every step the boys took, the slacks creaked like large-toothed saws drawn through a tall gray pine. The leaves kept pace with the boys, stopped with them at the top of the hill, and looked down. No car splashed past them, and they stood silently for a very long time.

Below, where the dull highway slithered its winding path through the fertile land, and again, across, where the gray pavement marched precisely up the opposite hill, the soil stood black and ready. And the boys watched as the red tractors appeared from their sheds suddenly, after-births of spring. High up on that hill opposite them, where the wet highway turned suddenly right and then continued its steady steep climb, a meadow sprawled. In it white fingers of melting snow on blue-veined rocks waved a sad good-bye. But there was no sun to hasten that hand's slow death.

The boys did not seem to notice: it was too cold for kite flying. Besides, the scene held them with the singular fascination of a thing primeval; no little lame balloon-man here—only a cold gray picture of something ancient and half-forgotten.

Yet that feeling of eternity—of all ages in a moment—stretched forward, too: there was expectancy mingled in its fibers. But there was no immediacy in the expectancy, and the smudgy atmosphere of death did not envelop the boys and leaves, but let them go.

Leaves do not stand forever poised on the top of a hill. Thus, the sound of their strange tread did not startle, or even interest, the boys. Down the highway the leaves tumbled until they lay very still in a puddle which glittered

in the headlights of an approaching car. The boys watched the car move towards them, its beams probing the dark before it with nebulous antennae. The car passed them. The boys did not throw snowballs after it.

People Watching

WAYNE W. CROUCH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES SEEM TO BE VERY susceptible to fads and crazes. One of the more lasting ones has been hobbies. It seems that anyone not having a hobby is considered abnormal; as I have a strong desire to be considered normal, I have worked quite hard to find a suitable hobby. It is debatable whether or not I have found a *suitable* one, but at least I have a hobby. It is "people watching." Please don't laugh. It is really quite interesting. Even during the short time that I have pursued this watching game, I have learned to classify people by their actions. For instance, three very interesting types can be found at an hour exam. The chemistry hour exam I attended last week offers good examples.

When I walked into the room, a member of the first species (the "Nervous Crammer") was already performing excellently. Sitting on the edge of his seat, he was rapidly surveying each page of his notes. His hands had a tendency to shake, and he kept reaching for a cigarette. Each time, however, remembering he could not smoke in the classroom, he had to settle for chewing his nails.

Past experiences with this type have convinced me that he does little to prepare for a test until a few days before it. His theory might well be that if one studies the material too early, he will forget most of it by test time. Therefore, the last few days—particularly the last few minutes—are sufficient to get all the information fresh in one's mind. However, his nervousness makes it quite apparent that he does not believe wholeheartedly in his system. Although he may succeed on this test by cramming, in my opinion, he is simply too lazy to study day by day and is by far the most irresponsible species.

Having tired of N.C. ("Nervous Crammer"), I was impatiently awaiting the arrival of some "Jabber-Crammers." Several of this species would undoubtedly be the next to arrive because they are always at least twenty minutes early. At last the door opened, and in walked *one* J.C. I was shocked! I had never seen one alone before. The outstanding identifying

characteristic of the J.C.'s is that they like to discuss among themselves everything mentioned in the preceding lectures, and one can't very well do this by himself. I had assumed that a J.C. by himself was like a fish out of water. However, before he could flounder around very much, several more J.C.'s entered, and soon they were all engrossed in confusing each other with an array of unrelated facts.

The motives of the J.C.'s differ. Some interject a question into the discussion in order to get an answer that they do not know. If they are lucky enough to get a correct answer that they can understand, they might profit. However, the answer is generally either partly wrong or told by several people at the same time but in different ways, and it is nearly impossible to get straight in one's mind an answer suitable to put on a test. The second motive is used largely by a J.C. to lift his own spirits. He asks questions to which only he knows the answers. In the guise of testing a fellow J.C., he is actually building his ego with each unanswerable question he can contrive.

Ten minutes before the bell the J.C.'s were producing a loud hum, and the N.C.'s were still nervously flipping pages. Members of the third and final species began to arrive.

They came in singles only, carrying nothing but a slide rule (a big one in a leather case) and a pencil. I call them "Calm Perfectionists." Although there are two types, the one who knows the material and the one who does not, their demeanors are the same. Both put on such a show that their true inner qualities cannot be recognized. Their main interest is in giving the impression that they are intelligent. They appear perfectly confident of their ability to pass the test and indifferent to questions asked by the J.C.'s. Although they seem to try to control their smarter-than-thou attitude, a little bit leaks out, and one can always catch them giving an N.C. a scornful glance. Some students look up to these impassive, confident students, but most see them for what they are—attention seekers.

With only two minutes left before the bell, the proctor forced the N.C.'s to put their notes under the desk and the J.C.'s to stop talking. The C.P.'s smiled confidently and ceremoniously placed their slide rules within easy reach as the tests were passed out. As the hour progressed, the species faded until they were no longer distinguishable. Every student—N.C., J.C., or C.P.—was silently bent over his paper. Likewise, one could not distinguish between the species by the test grades. Any score was likely to belong to any species.

Thus ended another day of "people watching." Although some people may not agree with my classifications, I am not concerned. The beauty of the hobby is its individuality: one need satisfy only himself. The important thing is to participate, not to conform. If by an objectionable classification, I have succeeded in drawing a person into the "society of people watchers," I am happy.

Relativity

SYLVIA PIKELIS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

IS IT NOT STRANGE HOW A HUMAN MIND CAN SOMETIMES become passionately obsessed with some small, insignificant detail that soon manages to dwarf all other thoughts and to imprison and bind the mind with an almost unbreakable knot? Perhaps this is one of those proverbial "thin lines" which separate the sane from the insane—this ability to become obsessed with a detail, to become engrossed with the fate of a speck of dust, the fate of a tiny ant, or, as it was in my case, the fate of a growing flower.

Strange that I, or anyone else, for that matter, should have noticed it to begin with, but somehow, as my gaze slid over the scene, it came to rest on, and instantaneously become attached to, the stone—not so much to the stone as to what was beneath it. It was a heavy, foreboding stone, and at its side, in fact almost underneath it, was a tiny, wretched plant. It is hard to explain, perhaps even impossible, but somehow, somehow, compassion filled my entire being, compassion for this minute part of an immense thing called Life. How cruel fate had been to the unfortunate seed to have placed it there! How fruitless and futile any effort to grow! It would never survive. It was almost beyond belief that it had managed to grow even this much. Certainly it would never achieve the destiny that was its birthright. The promise of the blood-red beauty which the single bud stubbornly held would never be fulfilled.

Though strangely saddened, I could not help being fascinated by this plant's apparent refusal to die in spite of all the overwhelming odds. I followed the progress of the plant for days, and I must admit that I sometimes watched it for hours on end, completely oblivious to time—completely oblivious to everything but that struggling bit of life. I had no hope for it, for what hope could there be for a plant whose roots were so intimately a part of, so completely caught and nourished by, a cold, gray stone—a stone that even hindered the rays of the life-giving sun from reaching that withering growth. I had no hope, and yet the plant, defiant in its struggle to grow, persistent in its claim on life, continued to astound me with its amazing durability.

It would survive only a few more days at the most. A feeling of anxiety overcame me; I had become one with that plant, and thus, in some strange way, the hopelessness and futility of its existence became the hopelessness and futility of mine. Its fate became intertwined with mine, and it soon became impossible for me to tell one from the other. I had no hope for the plant,

and, similarly, I lost hope for myself. Each time I visited the plant, it was with increasing fear and sorrow. The end, I felt, was drawing near, and I could do nothing to stop it.

It was dusk. A strange sensation had begun to fill me. Perhaps this would be the last time. I felt that it would. In a few minutes the sun would be setting. I walked slowly. All at once I felt the splendour of the sunset. Almost afraid, I turned to look at it.

The blood-red brilliance of the setting sun had united with the blood-red beauty of the magnificent flower, and, for one instant, all three were as one—all painted by the same artist in one magnificent stroke. All three were as one—the sunset, the flower, and the tombstone.

That was the last time I saw it.

My Name Is Gone

KAREN MCCLALLEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

MY IDENTITY IS A THING OF THE PAST. I ONCE thought that I was an individual with unique characteristics; now I discover that I am merely a number among thousands.

Pre-registration was the first fatal step. When I arrived at my advisor's office, he gave me a stack of I.B.M. cards. These cards required only my number, not my name; henceforward, the University of Illinois would know me as 333536.

The next step was registration itself. When I entered the Armory, my cards were carefully checked to make certain that my identification number was on each one. The registrars also checked my identification number, but they were more considerate; they wrote my name in a section. "Here," I thought, "is hope. The University of Illinois does care." But no, the name was for the convenience of my instructors. (After all, it is awkward calling one by his number.)

My registration completed and my bills paid, I stood in front of a camera. A man said, "Do you see your eyes in the mirror?" Then click, and my identification card was on its way. I was then given a tuberculosis patch test and told to come to the ice rink in two days to get the results and my identification card.

The two days passed. I went to the ice rink and presented my last I.B.M. card. "Station three on the right, Miss," said an impressive looking senior. My test was checked. "Negative," a voice said. "Go straight ahead to station

one, where you will receive your identification card." I went. Again I presented my last dog-eared I.B.M. card. "Hmmm, 333536—here it is." The final step was complete.

Now my name is gone. Of course, a few friends still refer to me as Karen; and I am told that after college my name will be returned, but I doubt it.

A Series of Paradoxes

JEAN ULRICH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

HEMINGWAY'S *THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA* APPEARS simple in its grammatical construction, prose style, and development of the main character's personality. Upon close examination, however, the reader finds that the book actually contains a series of paradoxes climaxed by an incident of cruel irony. These paradoxes center around the character of Santiago, whose own personality incorporates several related paradoxes.

"He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff on the Gulf Stream." These sparse lines introduce the reader to the character Santiago, portraying him as a solitary figure. Even the choice of words in this quotation conveys the idea of loneliness. The words "an old man alone" immediately bring a response of sympathy within the reader. "Alone in a skiff on the Gulf Stream": the mental image created by these words—that of a small, frail skiff bobbing forlornly in a vast, watery expanse—increases the reader's awareness of the old man's solitude.

Throughout the book, Santiago's loneliness in a world full of people, on the sea, and in his struggle with the huge and powerful marlin is expressed and re-emphasized. Reading more carefully, however, the reader observes that the old man is not alone. "He was fond of the flying fish, as they were his principal friends on the ocean. . . . He always thought of the sea . . . as feminine." He called her "la mar," and he even talked to her and to the great fish that was pulling him further and further from the safety of land; and he talked to his hand when it became cramped and would not move, and he talked out loud to some unseen, but apparently felt, presence. Not once in the course of his struggle with the marlin did he express any sign of loneliness—because he did not feel alone. The impression of solitude is conveyed to the reader by the circumstances which surround Santiago and by Hemingway's stark but vivid prose.

Hemingway depicts Santiago as a simple, basic personality, a man with a great humility. In Santiago's every action, before and after his struggle with the marlin, there is an aura of simplicity, humility and child-like innocence. He delights in the wonders of nature and in the hard, but fascinating life of the sea. His outlook on life is also simple. He lives a day-to-day existence, never concerning himself with the problems of yesterday or tomorrow. "He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility [but] he knew it was not a disgrace, and it carried no loss of true pride." His simplicity and humility become apparent in his actions and speeches. His train of thought (the narrative of the book) strengthens the reader's awareness of his piety. His terse but capable meeting of the emergencies that arise and his refusal to allow anything to disturb his calm outlook on life also convey an impression of simple integrity.

Despite Santiago's humility, however, he is still an extremely proud man. In one respect his pride is not arrogant or self-assertive, but is the personal pride of every man who establishes for himself certain principles and adheres to them. However, he also has a somewhat conceited pride in his strength, which he has not lost in his old age, and in his cleverness and calmness in handling the marlin. "They called him The Champion . . . He decided that he could beat anyone if he wanted to badly enough . . ." Santiago recalls the "hand game with the great negro from Cienfuegos who was the strongest man on the docks," and his pride becomes more obvious to the reader. That he is proud is even more obvious in the following lines. "I hate a cramp . . . It is humiliating before others to have a diarrhea . . . but a cramp . . . humiliates oneself especially when one is alone." He is "humiliated" by the failure of his body when he needs its strength. "I wish I could show him what sort of a man I am." Santiago in these lines wishes to show the fish that he is a strong man so that the fish will know he is beaten by Santiago's "will . . . and intelligence." When he remembers the cramp, however, he changes his mind. "But then he would see the cramped hand. Let him think I am more man than I am. . . ." "I told the boy I was a strong old man. Now . . . I must prove it." In this short quotation lies the whole reason for the fight with the marlin. He feels that he must prove himself to the boy, to the other fisherman, but, most of all, to himself. Behind this drive is his pride, which he feels he will lose if the fish gets the better of him.

When Santiago has finally "beaten" the fish and is taking him home, the sharks, attracted by the blood in the water, attack the beautiful marlin and completely devour it. When he finally reaches his tiny village harbor, there is nothing left of the great fish except a huge skeleton which proves that he has caught the fish. The old man has showed the boy that he is still a good man and he has proved it to himself, but there is very little pride in it for him. There is only a feeling of bitter defeat.

Nihilistic Pessimism as Exemplified in the Dialogue Structure of Samuel Beckett's *Endgame*

MICHAEL BURNETT

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

FORM IS AN INTRINSIC PART OF ART. THE STRUCTURE of expression has inherent in it many manifestations of the artistic genius which created it. Form is especially important in poetry, for the value of verse lies in its condensed expression of experience. Poetry consists of clusters of words, not systems of thought. All creative expression, however, is dependent upon structural form. An artist, even an artist of the romantic or overflowing-fountain school is, in selecting words and arranging phrases, imparting a certain structure to his work. This structure, being a conscious artifice chosen in relation to the work, will harmonize with the mood, the idea, and even the meaning of the work and will, if chosen well, become so much a part of the work that it is inseparable from its unique value.

In analyzing a work of art one can, then, interpret meaning, mood, and development through careful analysis of structure. Some artists are intensely aware of form, and direct most of their creative energy towards structural perfection. Flaubert, for example, wished to write a novel about nothing, a work which would allow all his genius to concentrate on expression. Once, when questioned about an ambiguity in one of his works, he replied, "*Tant pis pour le sens, le rythme avant tout!*"¹

Samuel Beckett, idol of the modern *avant-garde* might well have written this phrase. Often criticized for ambiguity and obscurity in his works, Beckett remains positive in his affirmation of Flaubert's credo. "The quality of language is more important than any system of ethics or esthetics . . . form is the concretion of content, the revelation of a world."² In approaching Beckett's works, an analytical study of technique is thus justified.

Beckett's *Endgame*, following his controversial, yet widely-acclaimed *Waiting for Godot*, disappointed the critics. Few praised it; most damned it. T. C. Worsley called it ". . . inverted explorations of the seamier side of Mr. Beckett's nasty unconscious."³ Alan Brien called Beckett's works ". . . exercises in peevish despair,"⁴ and said of Beckett "as the flood waters rise he burns his bridges, scuttles his boats, punctures his waterwings and tries to forget how to swim."⁵ All critics who panned the play attacked it on the grounds of its incomprehensibility. Most maintained that Beckett has become

so immersed in self that *Endgame* becomes simply a compilation of private symbols: a *Finnegan's Wake* following a more public-symbolized *Ulysses*.

Endgame is less happy, less active than *Waiting for Godot*. It is uglier, more bitter, and crueler. *Godot* had much more humor, much more opportunity for Bert Lahr-esque (he played in the original U.S. production) burlesque. The stage was open, and even supported a tree (dead, of course). The two bums were lovable, pitiable—real. Only the entrance of Pozzo and Lucky, the tyrant and the slave, aroused our disgust. In following his conception of the world to its logical outcome, Beckett has made Pozzo and Lucky the main characters of *Endgame*, put them in a bleak brick room, and removed the tree. Pozzo the tyrant, rechristened Hamm, is blind and crippled. He sits pettishly in his wheelchair, wrapped in blood-soaked rags, and attended by the moronic Lucky, here called Clov. Besides the wheelchair, the only objects on stage are two ash cans in which, legless, resting on sand and refuse, reside Hamm's parents. Two windows, one on each side of the back wall, are the only contacts with the outside world. The room is referred to as "the shelter,"⁶ and we are told that "Outside of here it's death."⁷ The four on stage are the last humans on earth. Beckett has framed the bleakest, cruelest situation possible.

Only the lines save the play from being a bleak cry of despair. Tinged with irony, sarcasm, and even human compassion, they are masterpieces of savage dialogue. The play, though written in prose, has the same effect, the same immediacy, as poetry. "Beckett's prose comes from the same imaginative fount that his early poems do; the later prose is far better than the poems, but it is prose written as poems are written, conveying emotion directly to the reader."⁸

The prose of *Endgame* could not be called beautiful; it has no lyricism, no pronounced cadence. Yet the reader immediately feels a strong emotion, a mixture of pity, disgust, and compassion. The prose is clear, simple English—there are no striking images—yet the poetic effect of the lines is very immediate. Here are the first three lines of the play:

Clov (fixed gaze, tonelessly):

Finished, it's finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished.

(Pause.)

Grain upon grain, one by one, and one day, suddenly, there's a heap, a little heap, the impossible heap.

(Pause)

I can't be punished any more.⁹

These lines are representative of a technique Beckett uses all through the play, so a detailed analysis of them will reveal the development of many scenes. The play in its entirety is both a commentary on, and an approximation of, the modern world condition. Thus the dialogue resembles the confused language of modern man and, in doing so, comments on his condition.

The main dialogue technique used in the play is a sort of structural irony. Elevated ideas, emotions, or theories are raised, meditated upon, and dropped as they conflict with debased reality. *Time* magazine mimicked this technique in what it puckishly called "Neo-Cartesian" logic. "I cannot think and do not know, therefore I am—or am I?"¹⁰ The first lines of the play illustrate the structural irony which *Time* mimicked.

Clov begins in a mood of positive finality; there is a glory, an exaltation in his first word, "Finished." He is one of the last humans and is able to say with finality, "The world is finished, the whole mess is finally over." He then feels that he must qualify the statement, so he adds the weak word *it's*. "It's finished" seems somehow lessened by the qualifier; the two words seem less powerful and positive than the single word. Yet the phrase is still definite, still carries conviction. Clov feels, however, that he has overstepped himself. The world isn't really finished; he was foolish to say so. "Nearly finished," he apologizes, and immediately his whole conviction leaves him. He really doesn't know about the world, how *could* he know? It may drag on for years, yet. He shouldn't have started the line anyway; he'd just as soon the whole play was ended right there, that he'd never begun the play at all. In one last desperate attempt to regain authority he bursts out, "It must be nearly finished," and his composure leaves him. There is a long pause, while he convinces himself that he should try to continue the play and not just give the whole thing up. He decides to try again, with the air of a man who has just told a joke, receives no response, and again desperately attempts to win his audience. He sustains his attitude of command through the first few words by blurting them out at a rapid speed. "Grain upon grain, one by one, and one day, suddenly, there's a heap," he races, then runs out of energy. He realizes his pitiable condition and must concede that it's really "a little heap." Utterly demolished, now, he is overwhelmed by the depravity of his condition and mutters "the impossible heap." Finally, in a note of defeat and despair, he pleads "I can't be punished any more." He says they can't punish him any more, that no one could have that much cruelty, but he really doesn't believe it. He announces that he is going to leave the stage, that he is going to his kitchen (to look at the wall); he waits to see if his announcement will have any effect on the world—it doesn't, of course—and, very dejected, he shuffles off.

Here, in three lines, we have a world of humanity. (Note: my description is the way *I* would act the lines—I haven't seen a production of the play, so I may be wrong.) There is irony in man's exalting in his depraved condition. There is irony in the contrast of his sublime beliefs with mundane reality. Finally, there is irony in the structure of his language, with its fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. This structural irony is exploited fully in *Endgame*. From the rise and fall of each phrase, to the rise and fall of the whole piece, irony is laid on irony, incongruity on incongruity, so that the play becomes

a profoundly human yet intensely nihilistic and pessimistic comment on the empty condition of the world.

Often, this structural irony is enhanced by a lack of awareness on the part of the characters. Thus, in some of the cruelest lines in the play (art of this type—social criticism—must be cruel to be heard) the characters are unaware of the horror they are speaking:

Hamm:

Sit on him!

Clov:

I can't sit.

Hamm:

True. And I can't stand.

Clov:

So it is.

Hamm:

Every man his speciality.¹¹

Hamm is proud of the hideous condition he is in, and speaks in a platitude that has tremendous ironic impact in this "Age of Specialization." Again, in another line, a common platitude—nature hasn't forgotten us—is inverted and becomes (without the character's knowing it) ironically deformed:

Hamm:

Clov!

Clov:

Yes.

Hamm:

Nature has forgotten us.

Clov:

There's no more nature.

Hamm:

No more nature! You exaggerate.

Clov:

In the vicinity.

Hamm:

But we breathe, we change! We lose our hair, our teeth! Our bloom! Our ideals!

Clov:

Then she hasn't forgotten us.¹²

The irony of the play arises not only in the structure and development of phrases, but also in the choice of words—the structural bricks from which the play is made. Clov, in looking out of one of the two windows, thinks he sees a boy. This is, of course, impossible, since the people on stage are the only humans left, yet Clov believes it was not his imagination. Fearing

that, with another human in the world, the whole race might start all over again, he takes a gaff and starts to go outside and kill the child. Hamm stops him.

Hamm:

NO!

(Clov halts.)

Clov:

No? A potential procreator?

Hamm:

If he exists he'll die there or he'll come here. And if he doesn't . . .

(Pause.)

Clov:

You don't believe me? You think I'm inventing?

(Pause.)

Hamm:

It's the end, Clov. We've come to the end. I don't need you any more.¹³

The unusual words in this quote are, of course, "A potential procreator." It is the end of the world, the end of the human race. A child, a small boy, is seen by two old, impotent men from inside a shelter, outside of which is death. This last bit of life, this final hope is called, without any tenderness, pity, or compassion, in purely denotative words, "A potential procreator." Coming as they do, near the end of the play, these words have an extreme ironic impact. Man rejects and scientifically catalogues the one thing that might have saved him. After the vision of the child (we never know if it existed), the play ends, the world ends—and it ends, as we would expect, "not with a bang but a whimper," for Hamm and Clov do not die. Instead, they remain unchanged on stage, and Beckett ingeniously places them in exactly the same tableau with which they opened the play. Thus we have, in the last scene of the play, a remarkable and, since Beckett is a very careful and conscious craftsman, deliberate parallel with the first scene and, more particularly, with the first line of the play. At the beginning of the play, the only definite and positive thing we know is that it is the end of the world, that the people on stage are the last humans extant. As the play progresses with its small exaltations and disappointing perceptions of reality, we begin to realize that the characters don't know it is the end, that actually Hamm and Clov have been in the same condition for hundreds of years. Finally, in the last scene, we realize that Hamm and Clov will *remain* in the same state for hundreds of years to come, for they are man at any time, any place. We realize, too, that *Endgame* is built on a fantastic and subtle structural foundation, one in which each small, seemingly-unrelated part is interrelated with each other part in the same structural way as the whole is developed. The mortar is disillusionment, disappointment, and bitter irony; the bricks are

concepts, ideals and conventions; and the edifice is a profound comment on the modern world condition.

The irony of the play is bitter, pitiless. Beckett describes a world where men are indecisive, lost, a decayed world where the body and all its functions are perverted, and the mind is non-existent; a world where bigotry, cruelty, pettishness, and selfishness are universal qualities; a world of people who can't communicate with one another, who don't want to communicate with one another, and who use other people solely for their selfish, tyrannical ends; a world where art, convention, family loyalty, religion, the body, the mind, country, beauty, and even self-preservation are worthless. The ultimate irony is that the people that inhabit this world either are unaware of their condition, or, if they realize their state, take a perverse satisfaction in it.

Thus the whole structure of the play is ironic. Clov and Hamm use elaborate language, seriously discuss matters of no importance while ignoring those of supreme importance, take delight in the empty and are disgusted by the valuable, yet, all the while, know nothing of the incongruity of their actions in relation to their condition. The world Beckett describes he calls our world; we are the people he paints.

The reasons for critical dislike of the play are many. It is a difficult play to watch. It, as it must to be effective as a social criticism, exaggerates the modern condition to such an extent that the audience leaves with a foul taste in its mouth, a deep depression rather than the elation it expects from the theater. It is hard to take, too, because one has the uncomfortable feeling that it approaches the truth, and one shies away from identifying oneself with Hamm or Clov.

But the main reason for the general dislike of the play is, paradoxically, the form itself. It is a delicate play, one which, unless acted perfectly, fails to communicate to the audience. The careful dialogue structure, the delicate irony, and the poetic form, are missed in a single performance. This apparent obscurity is justifiable. The play is poetry, and as such it should be read and re-read. As is good poetry, one finds something new on each reading and one's appreciation increases. Poetry is condensed. Only by repeated readings can the value of its images, its irony, its rhythm, its meaning, and, finally, its poetic structure, be realized.

FOOTNOTES

¹ "Hang the sense; rhythm before all!"—A saying commonly credited to him, quoted here from a footnote to Flaubert's "Un Coeur Simple," in Morris Bishop, *A Survey of French Literature* (New York, 1955), p. 198.

² From Samuel Beckett's *Proust*, as quoted in Kenneth Rexroth, "The Point is Irrelevance," *Nation*, CLXXXII (April, 1956), 325-328.

³ "Private Worlds and Public," *New Statesman*, LVI (November, 1958), 630.

⁴ "Waiting for Beckett," *Spectator*, CCI (November, 1958), 609.

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ Samuel Beckett, *Endgame* (New York, 1958), p. 3.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

⁸ Horace Gregory, "Beckett's Dying Gladiators," *Commonweal*, LXV (October, 1956), 88-92.

⁹ Beckett, *Endgame*, p. 1.

¹⁰ Editors, "Molten Gloom," *Time*, CXVIII (October, 1956), 118.

¹¹ Beckett, *Endgame*, p. 10.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 11.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 78.

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The Patriot and the Chauvinist

DON SHELLHAMER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

THE PATRIOT IS A LOVER OF HIS COUNTRY. HIS LOVE is a love governed by reason, and his actions are the offspring of wisdom. In his actions, the patriot does much for his country. He defends its ideals, protects its interests, upholds its laws, and encourages those actions which will bring to its government the greatest stability. The actions of the patriot are inherently slow and careful, and therefore rarely give evidence of a sudden or violent nature. Usually the patriot shows his love only to a limited extent. His love is like an iceberg—it shows only a

small part of its size above the surface. The patriot is slow to anger, and his anger is only a result of unforgivable outrages committed against his country.

The chauvinist, too, is a lover of his country, but his love is not like the patriot's love. His love is a blind love, groping in darkness for its meaning. His love is a love governed by pugnacity, and his actions are the offspring of chaos. His goals are similar to the patriot's, but he travels a different road to these goals. The road he travels is different because his love is different. His love is blind. This is the dangerous characteristic of the chauvinist's love—its blindness. Blind love cannot look at reason and thus cannot judge the rightness of its actions. Blind love can imagine an ultimate end, and it stumbles toward its end in any manner it can. This type of action is usually characterized by suddenness and violence. Indeed, a leaning toward violence is inherent in the chauvinist's being. The chauvinist could no more eliminate violence from his actions than the patriot could add it to his. The chauvinist shows his love flagrantly. He holds it up before his countrymen as an auctioneer holds up his wares before his audience. He is excessively proud of his "great love." The chauvinist is quick to anger, and his anger is aroused at the slightest provocation.

Thus, there are two kinds of people who love their country: the patriot and the chauvinist. The two are closely related, and yet they are infinitely different. The chauvinist, you see, is a blind patriot.

Rhet as Writ

A person who is staying home from school with an illness is not very sickening.

Identification cards should be checked and those of age should be served.

My father is the sole of benevolence.

I believe Dave is successful because he is very well rounded and highly polished in many areas.

Celtic had little influence on the English Language. It seems that no one ever talked to Celts.

The orchard he gave her fought with her gown so she couldn't ware it.

He was talking very calm and collective to the class about the advantages of vocational agriculture.

Lately the one virtue everyone is admiring in a person is sincerity. No one likes fake or phony people.

The favorite pipe adds that "special something" which gives a man the feeling of being near to something which is very close to him.

The comma is used to separate items in a series instead of a semi-colon because the semi-colon will stop the strain of thought.

Raison d'entre (i.e., *raison d'être*) is a French word meaning entrance of the sun.

An Illini football was quoted running down the spirit here at games.

A phoenix is something you think it is but it isn't.

While riding down a lonely road one night, which curved past a cemetery, a terrifying scene unfolded.

America has one "universal man" who was even more beloved, admired, and infamous than Winston Churchill.

On the Freedom Riders: They would chase and corral these passengers, and then procede to beat them, whip them, or just plain stample them to the ground. The final result was that the Federal Government had to send troops and declare Marshall Law.

For many years my Sunday school teachers and my minister had conditioned my mind to believe in immorality.

Definition of expedient: accelerator.

The purpose of the book was fulfilled as far as I was concerned. An enlightened public emerged from one small book.

The Contributors

Jacqueline Vavra—Riverside-Brookfield

Jerry Africk—Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Violet Juodakis—St. Teresa Academy, East St. Louis

Eloise Johnson—Mattoon

Tim Flynn—Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana

Jane Lewis—Lake Park

Philip G. Plotica—Maloney H.S., Meriden, Conn.

Valerie Lawrence—Evanston

Wayne W. Crouch—Polo

Sylvia Pikelis—Kelly, Chicago

Karen McClallen—Morton

Jean Ulrich—Pekin

Michael Burnett—American H.S., Beirut, Lebanon

Don Shellhamer—Willowbrook H.S., Villa Park

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the October issue of the Caldron

- First: Preston L. Schiller, *The Seder*
Second: Joe Miles, *Fresh Water for the World*
Third: Marilyn Mayer, *The Girl and the Sea*
Fourth: A tie between Cliff Roti, *Rick Kysowsky*;
Fifth: Judy Rosenfield, *Crime and Foolishness—in the
Manner of Fyodor Dostoyevsky*; and
John Mann, *September 3, 1752*

AWARDS

The *Calibre* will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best stories in each issue. The winners will be selected by the vote of the members of the freshmen rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

MAY 18 1962

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Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are R. P. Armato, Robert Bain, Thomas Boyle, Mary Trippet, and William McQueen, chairman.

The Unseen Paradox

DIANE BEDAL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

THE BARE ELECTRIC BULBS CAST A HIDEOUS GLARE ON the crowded room. The smell of grease paint and sweat was heavy in the air. Cries of “More wrinkles!” “Greyer hair!” flew back and forth as the make-up crew converted the faces of the people before them. A constant drone was heard as the actors nervously paced the floor, each rehearsing the lines now so much a part of them. Although the entire room seemed to be in utter chaos, everything went along methodically, as planned—each individual performing his specific function. This is the theatre.

Suddenly, a booming voice broke through the persistent drone, “Places, everyone! Places!” People clad in elegant costumes rushed from the room, their lips murmuring unintelligible words and phrases from their lines, their hands making final checks on their costumes. Heads nodded, and lips, twisting the heavy face make-up, silently prayed for success. There was an electric tenseness in the air. Excitement seemed to flow through the blood of every one of these people.

Silently the curtain rose and a hush fell over the previously boisterous audience. One by one, past the footlights, came the actors, but something happened. Certainly these people weren’t the same ones who, just a few minutes earlier, were nervously mumbling among themselves! These people were Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, men of the classic Victorian era coming alive again.

Their costumes were splendid and elaborate; their jewels were glowing like an early morning dew. They controlled the audience as if it were a puppet—making it cry, then laugh, then shudder. They were like gods.

The tension in the air gave way to an excitement that seemed to possess everyone. The audience grasped their seats; they clung eagerly to every sound that came from the powerful people in the spotlights. The excitement mounted and mounted.

At last, the final line was said; the curtain fell; the spell was broken. Instantly a thunderous applause arose from the audience. It was deafening. The actors returned again as the curtain rose, bowing in all their splendor. The roaring audience stood in a gesture of praise to these magnificent people on the stage. This was the climax, the moment of glory and reward. This is the theatre!

Now the show has ended. The audience has gone its way, leaving behind dirty cigarette butts and forgotten gloves. The actors, who only a few minutes before stood bowing proudly in the magic footlights, return to the glare of the hot dressing room. The costumes, once so elegant and regal, hang limp, covered with smears of grease paint, on old iron racks.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert have disappeared—only John Jones and Mary Smith remain. They are tired. They turn and look back, recalling their moment of glory. Silently, they pull their worn coats about them and walk into the lonely, bitter wind of winter. They are shivering. This is the theatre.

Memories

NANCY LOU RUSSELL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

AT SEVENTEEN I ALREADY HAVE MANY MEMORIES THAT come to mind at a familiar sight or sound. Of all those memories, however, one set means the most to me. These memories do not tell a long story. In fact, they do not tell a story at all. They are just a series of little incidents that, together, are the most important influence in my life. I am not sure which incident came first, nor when I first realized that anything was happening. My memories do have a driving force, though, that binds them together. Each memory is a lesson in the art of living.

One of my most enduring memories is of my grandfather's farm just west of the little prairie town of Gays, Illinois. The big dining room table was stretched out full length and straining under the heaps of food it bore. Around the table sat three generations of a family—my grandfather's sisters, my mother's brother and sister, my brother and cousins, and, of course, the husbands and wives of the family. This was no commonplace meal, but a festival in celebration of being brought together once more from homes across the nation. When each had eaten his fill, the storytelling would go on for hours as I listened wide-eyed. There was the story of the old buggy my grandfather helped load on an empty freight car one Hallowe'en, and the tale my uncle told of hoisting a cow into the top of a silo. I remember hearing the story of how my grandfather and his brother put in the first area telephone line between their farms. As I think back on those feasts, the faces around the table are blurred, and the stories are a little hazy; but I can still hear the laughter ringing out across the years. I can remember that special glow the old dining room seemed to take on as the family sat down to dinner. The warmth of love and laughter filled the room until it seemed the walls must burst. In that old room, around that old table, I learned the sound and joy of loving and laughing and being together.

I learned something else, too, on that old farm of my grandfather's. I used to walk with Grandpa as he did the evening chores. I petted the newborn calves and watched the old hens tend their chicks. I saw the corn grow tall and helped bottle-feed the orphaned lambs. I helped plant the half-acre

garden and watched Grandpa mend fences and fix engines. I learned to know that warm feeling of accomplishment that comes when hard work is done. I found the friendship of nature as lambs nuzzled against my side, and I saw the cruelty of life when I found a tiny bundle of wool frozen to death on an early winter morning. I learned so many things at Grandpa's. But most of all I remember that pervading air of satisfaction. Grandpa worked hard and loved his labors. He taught me to work with a smile and a light heart and to take life one day at a time.

One other memory stands out clearly as I think back. The setting was a sad one. My great aunt had died, the second of the family to die within two weeks. The relatives had all gathered to pay their respects. After the funeral, everyone went back to my aunt's house to eat supper. Strangely enough, of that evening I remember only laughter. Not that there was any lack of respect or grief, but my aunt had lived out a full and useful life. That night, my family paid homage to her courage and character. They remembered the stories she had told and the predicaments she had gotten into. They recalled all of the good times and went home comforted by having been together once more. I learned that night to take life's disappointments and griefs and go on enjoying life.

I have other memories from those days together. I have watched a generation grow old and die, for my grandfather and his sisters are long dead. If I mourn them, it can be only because my children can never know their presence or share my memories of them. I can only hope that my children learn as much from my parents, my brother, and me. For, you see, I have more than memories of my mother's family. I have a very beautiful and simple philosophy to live by.

The Good for Man— Greek and Christian

KATHLEEN GALWAY

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

THE *REPUBLIC* BY PLATO AND *CRIME AND PUNISHMENT* by Dostoevsky are both expressions of their author's concepts of the final good for man. Although the two authors agree that man is able to attain the highest good only by a long, difficult struggle, their concepts of man's final goal and his method of reaching it are different, reflecting the ideals of each author's society.

In accord with the ideals of ancient Greek society, Plato constructs his ideal state upon the principles of reason and order. Every citizen is classified

in one of three groups, the Rulers, the Auxiliaries, or the Tradesmen, according to his natural talents and inclinations. Each man is educated and conditioned for his role in the society. Little cause for discontent is possible in this society where every man has a clearly defined position, and the aptitudes and inclinations for this position. The Ruler of Plato's ideal society is the philosopher-king, who has attained man's highest goal, the knowledge of the Good. He has reached this goal by long years of education and experience. Those few selected to be trained as Rulers are given the same elementary education and physical training as all the other members of the state. Then they continue with a higher education designed to lead them step by step to a vision of the Good. Mathematics, the only true science in Plato's opinion, leads them from the changing, sensible world into the real world of thought. They learn to recognize the unity in things and gain the power to think abstractly. The next step in their education is the study of dialectic, which helps them integrate all their knowledge. After this long education a man is ready to view true from of all objects and to see their essential relation to each other and to man. The ideal life for such a man would be one of contemplation, but the philosopher has a duty to his state. He has to spend much of his time ruling the state, keeping the society well ordered. From time to time, however, he is able to return to his ideal life of thought and reason.

Dostoevsky's ideal life for man is the life of Christian love. Raskolnikov isolates himself from other men and sets out on a path of cold reason and pride. He nearly destroys himself by his actions. He murders an old woman to prove that he is an "extraordinary" man. After the murder he is not sorry for the moral wrong of his act but for the fact that he is not extraordinary. Gradually, through a process of examination of himself and his motives, with Sonia's help he reaches an attitude of shame and humility. Then, says Dostoevsky, he is on his way to becoming a new man and finding the ideal way of life. Humility, communion with and compassion for those around him—love and service to God and his fellow man—will be his final goal. He will only reach this goal by many years of internal conflict—pride fighting against humility, love of power against compassion for others, and selfish reason against imaginative identification—but eventually he will gain it.

Plato's ideal is reason; Dostoevsky's is love. Each idea is a true reflection of the ideals of the society of its author. The Greeks worshiped reason. They believed that through reason man could achieve an ideal existence, just as Plato's man is able to find the final good through reason. Christians, on the other hand, believe that man can attain his ideal existence, eternal life, through love and service to God, just as Raskolnikov began to build a better life with his new-found faith and humility. Neither the Greek or Christian ideal, however, has been embodied in a whole society. Only a relatively small number of individuals have been able to reach either of these two high goals.

The Inner Path

BARBARA BETH REID

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

IMAGINE THAT THE EARTH IS FLAT AND THAT MOST OF its surface is covered with a thick, dark jungle. A path, lying near the outside of the earth, borders this jungle. A second path lies within the jungle itself and, from above, looks like a writhing snake.

When a man descends from the heavens, he is placed by fate on either the border path or in the jungle. No one is allowed to begin his life on the inner path. The border path encompasses the jungle, without passing over any hills or through any valleys. Its extreme narrowness—the path is about as wide as a grown man's foot is long—makes necessary great care not to slip or step from the path. The man on it cannot risk turning his head or stopping to turn around. The intense light on the path blinds him to the path's surroundings.

The man may soon become tired of such a set, ordered existence which allows no room for exploration or discovery. If the border path, although precise in its direction, does become restricting, the man may venture into the jungle, for there are no guards along this path to prevent him from doing so.

Dark and foreboding, the jungle reeks with ugly odors and eerie noises. Travel is difficult, and most of the territory is unexplored by those of the border path. If, after entering this path, the man desires to leave as strongly as he desired to enter, he is free to return. If, however, he is still curious, he may penetrate the jungle to its depths—even until he finds himself lost—and may remain there forever, if he so desires. Deep within the jungle, all noises, odors, and sights are intensified until they seem to leave room for nothing but themselves. These surroundings may overwhelm him, and at first, he may find them distasteful and frightening. But, being allowed to remain there, he is able to study this new environment until he understands it thoroughly. If, after becoming acquainted with the motivations of the jungle, he wishes to stay within its confines, he may; on the other hand, if he decides that he longs for more light, feels a need for direction and clarification, he may return to a pathway.

However, having remained in the jungle for such a length of time, he will never be able to return to the narrow border path with its blinding light; it would be most objectionable to him in view of the knowledge he has gained of darkness. The road he will eventually discover and travel is the inner path which lies within the jungle and the border path.

This inner path, much wider than the first, provides space to turn around, study the scenery, and talk in groups with other men. It winds through the heart of the jungle, up hill and down. The light is subdued, not blinding. Objects and places are clearer and more understandable in this new light. There are fewer footprints along this path than along the other.

What about the man whose fate places him within the jungle? He may find his life with the dark, crowded growth rewarding and enjoyable. Yet he, too, may become curious as to what else the earth has to offer; he, too, may begin to investigate. In his search, he becomes aware of the increasing light above him, radiating from the direction of the border path, and pursues its origin. Blinded by the sudden and powerful light, he will return unsatisfied to the darkness, aware that he is unsatisfied with this also. Still seeking some satisfaction of his probing curiosity about the earth, he may eventually come upon the inner pathway. Mindful of his past experience, he will approach carefully and slowly, absorbing everything about him as he makes his transition. Upon reaching the inner path, he is still free to remain or to return. But he has finally discovered a clear, yet exciting, road ahead of him.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Reid says that the basic idea for this bit of myth-making came from Milton's *Areopagitica*.

What Is A Poem Good For?

ELAINE JOHNSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

—*William Butler Yeats*

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry;
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky.
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine and fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count.
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams, or climb the air.
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water
Mysterious, beautiful.
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes, when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

What is a poem good for? *Good-for-nothing*, I have heard some say.
Nonsense to read such foolishness.

What is a poem made of? Only words. One might say that words themselves are only blobs of sound by which we label objects and their behavior. Psychologists say they are symbols used in place of real experience. A philosopher once said that men sometimes think without words. The words of a poem can set our unlabeled thoughts to music and meaning. We all have seen the quiet beauty of a fall evening, but few could say,

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry;
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky.

What is a poem? Describing the structural characters of a poem suggests a chemical formula. If a poem is a collection of words which form a rhythmic picture of an idea, then a poem is like the chemical equation in so far as it in a unity, an equality. The words do equal the idea. But to say, "Nineteen years ago I first counted the swans," is as complete an equality as,

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count.

The meaning is basically the same in both. What makes the one sound flat and solid, like a slab of concrete, and the other sound as round and light as

melody? Perhaps the words should equal the rhythm and the picture as well as the idea.

Then the rhythmic use of symbols to represent the collision of men with the meanness or ugliness, or beauty or gentleness of the world around them, accounts for our enchantment with a poem. In the flying particles from uncounted collisions there is a radiation of behavior and attitudes lodging, or hidden, in ourselves. We, too, remember a time,

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.

Why do we feel this recognition? Why do babies feel soothed by singing or rocking? Say that it is because we all come from the moon-struck sea, with its tidal motion and surging, hissing, whispering waves, or say it is because we all are born with common emotions, a common store of knowledge. Explain it as you will, we feel a kinship with the rhythm, perhaps primitive, perhaps educated to sophistication, of music or words. When the words mingle their sounds with the sounds they describe, and when they fall into a metric pattern, we feel a stirring of ancient memory. We need not search for other explanations. We carry the wish for patterns of sound within us. Satisfied, we can listen to the music of words.

I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

Is this all, though? Do we seek for something more? We could hypnotize ourselves into insensibility by the rhythmic repetition of a single word or sentence. We could chant jargon for hours, but we seldom do. We want something more. We want the balanced equation, after all. We want a poem to have a beginning and an end, and, to complete a meaningful circle, we want the rhythmic picture of the words to equal the idea. Our words and music must have significance, because only then can we link our silent, inarticulate thoughts with spoken recognition.

What, then, is the purpose of a poem, its reason for existence? Is its purpose to soothe, to excite, to lull, to interpret, to give expression to feelings? All of these, and more. By perfection of language and rhythm, by balance between content and form, a poem can be weighed on a scale, or measured by a rule, of correspondences. By relationships between its parts, a poem can bestow a wholeness, a completeness, a union of one with another.

What is a poem good for? Good for standing alone, for sharing balanced perfection with men.

President Kennedy Is a Republican—Valid

JUDITH LANDESMAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

TO UNDERSTAND THE SYLLOGISM, ONE MUST FIRST UNDERSTAND what the primary background of the syllogism is. Man answers questions by means of logic. He reasons his problems out by three different methods: analogy, induction, and deduction. Analogy is defined in *Form and Thought in Prose* as "a comparison between two things together with the argument that, if they are alike in several ways, they are probably alike in another." Induction is a method of reasoning which takes a number of particular happenings or truths and shows them to be leading to a general truth. This is the method used in experimental science. Deduction is a method of reasoning which takes a general truth and derives from it certain particular truths.

The syllogism is a form of deductive reasoning. It consists of three propositions: the major premise, the minor premise, and the conclusion. Each proposition consists of two terms dealing with classes of things. To reach a conclusion, naturally, each of these terms is used twice. The first proposition (normally, the major premise) introduces two of the terms, e.g., People who live in Urbana are people living in the State of Illinois. The second proposition (in customary usage, the minor premise) repeats one of the terms and adds the third, e.g., Those people living in the State of Illinois are people who live in the United States. The third proposition omits the term which has been repeated and forms the other two terms into what is called the conclusion, e.g., People who live in Urbana are people who live in the United States.

One can easily see that the introduction of a fourth term will completely obliterate the logic of the syllogism. For example, the syllogism:

All girls are good-looking creatures.

Tony Perkins is a young man.

Tony Perkins is a good-looking creature.

Now, Tony Perkins *might* be a *good-looking creature*, but this deduction cannot be satisfactory as far as the logic is this particular syllogism is concerned because of the addition of the fourth term. If the term *all girls* in the first proposition were changed to *all young men*, the syllogism would be logically correct.

Sometimes, because of a mistake in the definition of terms, one word or

phrase has more than one meaning and acts as a fourth term. For example:

No dog has two tails.
 One dog has one more tail than no dog.
 One dog has three tails.

The confusion in this syllogism arises from the double meaning of the term *no dog*. In the first proposition, *no dog* means not *any* dog. In the second, *no dog* means a *nonexistent* dog. The same words, *no dog*, represent two different ideas and, therefore, two different terms, bringing the total number of terms in the syllogism to four.

To be of any use, the syllogism has to be based on valid logic. Validity is not to be confused with truth. For example, the syllogism:

All the girls at Allen Residence Hall are University of Illinois students.
 Some University of Illinois students are students who do not study enough.
 Some girls at Allen Residence Hall are students who do not study enough.

Each of the premises is true, but the syllogism itself is invalid. It is invalid because the middle term is not specific enough. Perhaps, none of the University of Illinois students who do not study enough are girls at Allen Residence Hall. Conversely, all the premises may be false and the syllogism still be logically valid. For example, the syllogism:

All Chicago voters are Republicans.
 President Kennedy is a Chicago voter.
 President Kennedy is a Republican.

There are a great many rules as to what comprises a good syllogism. Let it suffice to say the syllogism is a method of deduction by which two premises lead to a conclusion. It can be of great value if the premises are true and the reasoning is valid.

Two Bison

ELAINE MILLER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

ON THE WALL OF A CAVE NEAR MONTIGNAC IN FRANCE is a painting in some ways as exciting as any work the world of art has to offer. The figures were "painted" by rubbing natural oxides into the stone walls. In many instances the actual surface of the stone is incorporated into the painting. Although the picture was done fifteen or thirty thousand years ago, the images are amazingly preserved and convey a vivid freshness. The most widely known section of the wall in the Cave of Lascaux is that of the "Two Bison." The tribal artists who decorated the walls of this ritual cave possessed the mysterious ability to create a work

of art which remained powerful enough through the ages to bring together our life today and one infinitely removed from the present.

The two bison live. They transcend the stone walls and charge violently, passionately, beyond the barrier of time. The brutish heads and massive shoulders vividly contrast with the small, taut hindquarters and the delicate hoofs. The menacing curves of the horns intensify and focus the free wildness of the beasts. The animals are real, not only in the sense of looking like bison, but in the sense of expressing the emotional realness of the men who knew them. The painter was not a primitive creator. He was a skilled artist portraying his life, his very being. To the men whose world still haunts that cave, the bison was of paramount importance. Its flesh was food; its hide was clothing; and its bone was material for tools. The tribe's life or death depended upon its power over these wild animals. The painting was a symbol of the magical influence of the ritual designed to aid the hunter in his conquest of the bison. The painting, as now viewed, is an insight into the thinking and development of those people.

A part of the essence of a way of life is concentrated in a small area of stone wall in an underground cave. It remains to this day as a lasting record, the only record, of one particular culture. The painting verifies that the men who created it had attained a degree of civilization and were capable of expressing their way of life in universal terms. The arts remain, long after the artist is forgotten, to tell future generations of the successes and failures, the achievements and disappointments of the times in which they were created. The arts are, directly or indirectly, an integral part of life itself.

A Misconception of Beauty

SUZANNE SLAVIK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

AS PHYSICAL BEAUTY CANNOT BE UNIVERSALLY DEFINED, the concepts of what a beautiful woman is and is not vary from country to country and from decade to decade. Indeed, to us today, Cleopatra's nose seems much too large, and Venus reminds us more of Mother than of the irresistible goddess who "stole away even the wits of the wise." The robust females in Rubens' paintings suggest the "before" illustration in a magazine article on reducing; the American male would not glance twice at the tiny-mouthed, oval-faced, wispy-eyed maiden of Victoria's reign. Our standard of beauty is quite different from that of the preceding ages. "Miss America" is emerging from a code of comeliness which has never before been imitated.

Although as slender as the Victorian ideal, the new American beauty has voluptuous proportions. She is a well-paid professional woman who drinks

"socially" and smokes. She dresses exactly as is prescribed in her sacred text, the fashion magazine; the greatest compliment that can be paid to her is to imply that she is sophisticated. The image of the American beauty has become stereotyped. Nearly every American girl strives to be like her.

Thousands of cosmetic manufacturers are ready to aid the American girl in her quest of the stereotype. "Beauty laboratories" provide her with a hair coloring to match each dress in her wardrobe. Deodorants enable her to "feel lovelier." Her make-up is "wonderfully good" for her skin; "magic 'formula-plus' diets" keep her pleasingly slim. The cosmetic manufacturer has promised to make the American woman beautiful, and she sincerely believes that he can.

The most avid users of cosmetics are probably the college coeds. To avoid erroneous generalizations, though, I should concede that a small minority of college women have remained unspoiled by the smudges and smears of excessive amounts of cosmetics. These reactionaries either moan that they don't have enough time for the cosmetic arts or state that they are simply not interested in being "delicious and kissable."

However, the majority of coeds are almost unrecognizable individually. The goal of their cosmetic practice seems to be to aim for the stereotype of the fashion magazine and to erase any traces of personal uniqueness. One face becomes tantamount to another.

How is this stereotyped make-up applied? The procedure is greatly involved, and the result is far more outlandish than anything Picasso ever created. First, liquid or cake make-up is smoothed on the skin. A coed can and does alter her skin color to such shades as "Mystic Rose" or "Champagne Beige." She reddens her cheeks alluringly with "Whisper of Roses" or "Daydream Blush" and then begins to embellish her eyes. She curls her eyelashes, applies eye-shadow to her eye lids, and finally "lines" her eyes. The fashion magazine declares that the purpose of "lining" the eyes is to call attention to them. Certainly anyone would notice "lined" eyes; they look like two holes burned in a blanket. The eyes are completed after mascara, which tends to make the lashes appear porcelain, is brushed on. The coed then adds lipstick and brushes her bouffant hair-do.

Why must a woman strive to resemble a machine? To me, women who look as though they just stepped off an assembly line are not beautiful. Beauty cannot come from the decanters of a nightmare, Huxley civilization. Beauty is "a quality or aggregate of qualities in a thing which gives pleasure to the senses or pleasurably exalts the mind or spirit." But the qualities which give pleasure cannot be acquired by applying more eye make-up. These qualities are the indefinable but universally understood attributes of grace and charm. Every woman would be beautiful if she sought to cultivate them. Why do so many women hide behind a mask of make-up? The absence of the true qualities which make a beautiful woman cannot be concealed.

Canning Salmon

GLENN MIDDLETON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

TETHERED TO THE SLIMY PIER, TEN COMMERCIAL FISHING boats bob up and down in the foamy, green salt water. Sea gulls screech and swoop down over the boats in eager anticipation. A steady stream of salmon is being unloaded from the holds and carried into the cannery. The fishermen never look up from their work, but continually jab at the seething mass of glittering salmon and toss them one after another onto the cluttered pier which is strewn with hoses, slabs of dirty ice, and puddles of blood. Men in rubber hip boots select the salmon to be immediately canned and flip them onto moving ladders. They then pile the low grade salmon and halibut, which have wandered into the nets by mistake, into blood-stained carts to be rolled off to the freezers.

In only eight hours this steady stream of fresh salmon is cleaned, chopped, cooked, and packed into the familiar cans seen on the grocers' shelves. Canning salmon is a continuous assembly-line process, starting when the live salmon are unloaded from the boats and sorted on the dock.

After the fresh salmon have been unloaded and sorted, they are carried by the moving, hooked ladders into the cannery. Inside the cannery machines are roaring and clanking as the fish go through the moving blades, rotating brushes, and sprayers. The air is filled with a misty spray caused by the boys who shower off the walks and movable parts of the machines, and swish the clumps of entrails and blood into water-filled troughs. The fish are carefully graded and inspected, and then they are sent to a machine with rotating blades which neatly chops off the head of each fish and drops it into a metal basket. The baskets are removed every five minutes by high school boys who dump the heads into a grinding machine. The pulverized heads are quick-frozen and sold as mink food.

The headless fish are ready to be cleaned and sliced. Men in rubber coveralls inspect the salmon and place them into a slicing machine which splits open their bellies. After each fish is cut open, women wearing rubber gloves, hip boots, aprons and bandannas remove the intestines and throw them into troughs filled with running water. The intestines are not thrown away, but are poured into steam vats to be cooked and dehydrated for fertilizer. Because of this manufacture of fertilizer, the whole factory reeks with a pungent, oppressive odor. After the fish are cleaned, men with butcher knives whack off the tails and place the shiny bodies into another slicing machine which cuts each salmon into ten crosswise sections.

Now that the salmon are beheaded, cleaned, and sliced, they are ready to be packed into the cans. This is done by teams of women dressed in

protective rubber outfits. They rapidly curl the salmon and stuff each can with the rich red-orange sections. Their hands fly from one can to the next as they carefully pack stacks of tin cans with fresh salmon. Since each can must weigh no more than eight ounces, every girl checks the weight of the cans she packs. At the end of the lines of "stuffers" a "checker" reweighs every can on accurate scales. A salt vat spits two tablespoons of crystallized salt into every can, and another machine stamps on the lids as the cans whirl by.

The canned salmon are now ready to be cooked and packaged. Teams of men and boys force open the huge oven and stand back while thick billows of steam rush out into the room. They then shove the racks of canned salmon into the ovens and bolt the doors. After two and a half hours of baking, the salmon are removed from the ovens, cooled, and sent to the packaging building to be labeled and boxed.

Tractor-type lifts dart back and forth from the cannery to the warehouse carrying the racks of hot salmon to be labeled and boxed. The cans are placed on a roller track. First they roll over a glue solution and then over the labels. After the cans have been labeled, they are shoved into boxes and loaded on the trucks which rush them off to the supermarkets.

All through the summer months the cannery hums with activity as tons of chinook, chum, and pink salmon are canned and rushed off to distant supermarkets for sale. The cannery wait anxiously for the first catch of fish to be brought in by the commercial fishermen who scan the ocean in search of the large schools of salmon returning from their breeding places in the mountain streams. The can that the shopper picks up in the grocery store represents a small fraction of the tremendous salmon industry.

The Teacher

RUTH GEMBICKI

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

I CAN STILL SEE HER NOW, SKITTERING ACROSS THE worn, dusty playground, dead brown leaves swirling about her feet.

Miss Carrington, my fifth grade teacher, was like a leaf herself in many ways. She was tall and thin, a bony thinness which made her grotesque but somehow exciting and strange. Her hands were caricatures of leaves, with veins rising distinctly beneath yellowish, mottled skin that looked dry and powdery. Her hair was brown and looked dusty, and there was always a scent about her which was the result of a combination of smoke, chalk dust, and respect.

For we students did respect her. In Oklahoma, where poor facilities and worse salaries resulted in the worst kind of teachers, she was an exception. Miss Carrington had a scratchy, monotone voice that would have put the

entire class to sleep had it not been for the hard, worn seats on which we sat and the new interesting things which she said.

She taught history, not the usual history, although I do remember having to memorize the capitals of all the states. In the small, dark, hot classroom, that smelled like chalk dust, forgotten lunches and wet galoshes, she would make us see events that occurred fifty, sixty, a hundred years ago.

We respected her and were slightly afraid of her. Sometimes on a hot autumn afternoon, lulled by the warmth, the stillness of twenty young faces staring blankly past her to the golden outdoors and the monotonous quality of her own voice, Miss Carrington would fall asleep. Her head would cock to one side and her thin eyelids would close, and we would sit quietly, waiting.

For some reason we never left the classroom. We would wait until Miss Carrington woke up again or until the bell rang, when we would tip-toe out of the battered old room, leaving the teacher huddled behind her desk, withered and battered, like a brown leaf dashed against the wall.

What "Metaphysical" Means

MIKE WALTZ

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE WORD "METAPHYSICAL," BY ITS VERY NATURE AND historical derivation, can have little more than a vague or hazy meaning, subject (even more than most words) to individual interpretation and mis-interpretation. The word has both its limited meanings, as when applied to the arts, *e.g.*, the metaphysical poets, when it means "far-fetched" imagery,"¹ and its deeper, philosophical implications, when it denotes, again quite vaguely, everything "beyond what is physical," or "beyond the laws of nature."²

The word has the dubious distinction of being used to describe, usually in a derogatory manner, anything which is abstract or over-subtle. Thus it is in many cases misused for convenience's sake and its validity as a word with true philosophical meaning is impaired.

The metaphysical side of man is too often overlooked. His belief in God, his behavior pattern, his very life and death are all immaterial and transcend any physical processes which have yet been discovered. Much of man, his world, and his relation to God, are distinctly mental or spiritual. Admittedly, the relationships are abstract and general. When speaking of the complexities of life, it is difficult to be otherwise. Yet "metaphysical" in its broadest definition includes all of these things.

¹ *Oxford English Dictionary*.

² *Ibid.*

The acceptance of the word "metaphysical" and its meaning involves an admission by man of his limitations, an acceptance of the fact that humanity is not quite able to explain the phenomenon of life by the use of physical laws alone. A belief in the metaphysical is faith—faith in the belief that there is something above man and some things which man is not ready to know about his world. It is also doubt—a doubt in men who do not admit to anything distinctively spiritual or transcendent and who, in their haste to simplify, neglect a consideration of the traits of man which deny rigid classification.

The word "metaphysical" is "concerned with the questions of truth and reality,"³ and thus exactness is difficult to arrive at. In trying to comprehend the problems of reality, one inevitably encounters obstacles and inaccuracies. In labeling something as "metaphysical," one must accept both the word's limitations (in the sense that it is vague) and its lack of limitations, since it is applied to the broad, grand, unsolved (and perhaps unsolvable) problems of life.

³ *Encyclopedia Americana*.

Bach's Third Suite for Orchestra in D Major

JOHN KOENIG

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685-1750) IS NOW REGARDED AS one of the most important of the great composers. Although he wrote during a period when the musical world was experimenting with many new forms, forms which would evolve into the musical structures of Mozart, Beethoven, and other later composers, Bach continued to compose music in the style of the older baroque masters. Looked upon as old-fashioned in his day, Bach succeeded in writing music which is considered the culmination of the baroque age. Examples of almost every form of baroque music can be found among his works, and with him these forms reached their greatest heights of beauty and power.

Bach was able to reach these heights because he did not confine himself to one national school of musical thought but consciously fused the best characteristics of each style prevalent during the baroque period. The French, the Italians, and the Germans had each evolved distinct national concepts of music. Bach's works, containing elements of all three, owe their artistic value

to this combination. A case in point is the *Third Orchestral Suite in D Major*, probably written at Leipzig some time after 1723.¹ In this work, one of the best examples of the suite form, Bach has incorporated characteristic elements of each national style.

The suite, a collection of dance-tunes, is a form composed of many international elements. When Europe was torn by the Thirty Years War (starting in 1618), people of many nations were thrown together, each nationality bringing with it its own cultural forms. The dance-tunes of the village, the court, and the troubadours were thus intermingled; the Italian *paduanas* and *gagliards* were shown to the French, who reciprocated by demonstrating their *branles* and *courants*. The German town pipers soon added these dances to their own *intrada* and *volta*, and the embryonic suite was formed, music intended more for listening than for dancing.²

The old German suite was originally composed of a slow, simple dance followed by the same dance at a faster tempo, the second often having the melody ornamented. This form, called *tanz* and *nachtanz*, was repeated; and the suite usually had four dances in all. Various dances were used, especially the Italian *bassadanza* and *saltarello* or *pavane* (Spanish) and *galliard* (Italian). Each set, however, consisted of a slow dance followed by a more sprightly one, and each dance had its special musical and rhythmic characteristics. Froberger (1616-1667) is credited with setting the definite form of the German suite as a combination of the *allemande* (German), the *courante* (French), and *saraband* (Spanish), and the *gigue* (English jig).³

After Froberger the German suite was imported into France. Here the form was greatly expanded, especially by the famous Lully (1633?-1687) and Couperin (1668-1733), to include an overture and numerous domestic dances in addition to the four prescribed by Froberger. These new dances, called *galanteries* and inserted between the *saraband* and final *gigue*, included the *gavotte*, *bourrée*, *minuet*, *polonaise*, and *rondeau*. The French also began applying fanciful names to the dances; a suite by Couperin, for instance, includes titles such as *L'Auguste* and *Les Abeilles* (the bees).⁴ Even though these dances were meant to be listened to rather than danced, the strong rhythmic forms were kept intact.

In addition to gaining popularity in France, the suite form was also used in other countries, especially in England and Italy. The Italians, however, destroyed the rhythmic basis of the dances and heightened the suite to a much more abstract form.

The suite was reintroduced into Germany from France at the time of Bach. The form with which he worked was therefore already a mixture of national characteristics: a German basis, French development, and dance-tunes of many nationalities. With this fact in mind, one may inspect Bach's *Third Suite* in detail.

The suite begins with an overture, the longest movement of the work by far. The French began their suites with an overture, and the Italian style also included this form of introductory movement. The two overture forms, however, developed along greatly different lines. While the Italian overture, standardized by A. Scarlatti (1659-1725), was fast-slow-fast, the French style as exemplified in overtures by Lully was characterized by a slow introduction followed by a fast section and an ending with a massive restatement of the slow introduction. Bach's overture follows Lully's pattern exactly. In addition, the very essence of the music is similar to the French style. The slow introduction is very grave and dignified, having as its basic rhythm a succession of dotted-eighth and sixteenth notes accented by the trumpets. Lully used this same rhythm again and again in his overtures. The French overture also contained a fugal fast movement. Bach was master of the fugue,⁵ and again his overture follows the French pattern. The movement closes with a grand restatement of the opening slow theme.

The overture is apparently quite French in character. Bach, however, does not allow it to be completely so. The fugal fast section is not a fugue in the strict sense but a fugal form of the concerto, an Italian concept popularized by Corelli (1653-1713). This form was characterized by a solo instrument supported by light chords playing alternately with the full orchestra and had as its basic aesthetic value the contrast between loud and soft. Bach's fast section has extended passages for the solo violin as well as loud passages for the whole orchestra and thus is of the concerto form as well as the fugal form. In his overture alone, therefore, Bach has created a union of French and Italian styles.

Bach does not adhere strictly to the pattern of the French suite after his overture, for the next movement is not a dance-tune at all. Called an air by Bach, this beautiful movement is well known as the *Air on the G String*, a transposition from the original key of D major. In this short piece Bach has captured the spirit of the *bel canto* (beautiful singing) style of instrumental writing, that is, the Italian style.

Beginning about 1580 a group of musicians, poets, and philosophers met at the home of Giovanni Bardi, count of Vernio, in Florence.⁶ They had become greatly dissatisfied with the excessive use of polyphony or counterpoint, a form of composition characterized by many separate but harmonizing melodies played at the same time. Multiplicity of melodies was often taken to extremes, such as in the *Festival Mass* by Benevoli (circa 1628) which had fifty-three separate parts on the printed page.⁷ Bardi's friends wished to prompt a return to the idealized style of Greek music. According to Plato, music and rhythm must fit the words and succeed in heightening the emotional effect.⁸ The Italians, therefore, thought that a single voice was better able to convey personal emotions. Polyphony was useful only to evoke such emotions as awe or exultation, for these are more group emotions than

personal feelings. In the field of religious music, therefore, counterpoint was the natural medium. For secular music, however, the Italians felt a long, flowing vocal style best. Out of this concept came the aforementioned *bel canto* method of instrumental writing and, eventually, opera.

Bach's air is a perfect example of the flowing, expressive Italian style. It is, in fact, a song for the violin. Since the violin was deemed more like the human voice in its power of expression than any other instrument, the Italians excelled in writing music for strings. Bach follows their example by deleting from the orchestra the trumpets, oboes, and timpani of his basically French overture and writing his air for string orchestra. The counterpoint of the overture is also virtually absent, leaving a *bel canto* of which any Italian would have been proud.

The air is, then, of the Italian style. Once again, however, Bach is not satisfied with being a mere follower. He takes his flowing Italian melody and puts it over a *continuo* or bass which is definitely German.

Bach was, of course, primarily an organist, for the organ was the major instrument of Germany. German music, especially in the North, centered around the Lutheran chorale. According to Farley K. Hutchins, German high baroque resulted from the development of this contrapuntal form and the advancement of harmonic innovations.⁹ The church organists, especially Buxtehude (1637-1707), had much influence on Bach. In his youth, Bach heard Buxtehude and greatly admired his harmonic skill, a trait rather lacking in the French and Italians. It is from this great organist that Bach learned to manipulate harmony with ease.¹⁰

The bass of Bach's air, composed mainly of octave jumps, is therefore nothing more than the pedal bass used in his organ compositions. This bass, however, imparts a rich harmonic feeling not found in Bach's Italian models. Once again a perfect fusion of two national styles, each enhancing the other, is the result.

The next two movements of the suite, the gavotte and bourrée, are almost pure French galanteries. The gavotte was a folk-dance of a district of Dauphine, the inhabitants of which were called Gavots. The dance was popularized by Lully at the court of Louis XIV.¹¹ It is of a steady tempo, as were all of the French dances. In Bach's suite there are really two gavottes, the first one being repeated after the second. In addition to exhibiting the strict rhythm of the French dance, the second gavotte also again demonstrates the use of an organ-like bass, for the *continuo* plays a figure which is actually an arpeggio or broken chord. The bourrée was an old dance from Auvergne. Its name means "to flap wings."¹² Since the dance is very similar to the gavotte except in being a little faster, the bourrée may be taken with the gavottes to form the ancient *tanz* and *nachtanz* set of the old German suites. In addition, Bach refrains from naming the dances as the French would have done.

With his last movement, a *gigue*, Bach returns to the suite of French style. He does so, however, in name only. Although the *gigue* was always a fast, lively dance, the French and Italians developed it along different lines. The French preferred a fugal form which was imposing as well as fast, while the Italians retained their monophonic or single melody theory and produced *gigas* which were light and free. Bach's final dance is of the *giga* type, being a study in the constant triplet motion of a single melodic line.¹³

The musical forms used in Bach's *Third Suite* are indeed fusions of the three prevalent instrumental styles of the baroque period. The French-Italian overture, the Italian-German air, the French galantries, and the Italian *gigue*—all enhanced by the strong German harmonic tradition—are all supreme examples of their particular forms. There is, however, one other characteristic of the music which indicates its international nature. This characteristic is ornamentation.

Baroque music abounded with ornaments. These were the various musical embellishments with which the composers decorated their simple melodic lines. According to Couperin, the greatest of the French harpsichordists, ornaments were needed because the tone of the harpsichord could not be changed. Instead of being struck like the wires of the piano, the harpsichord's strings were mechanically plucked. The tone, therefore, never varied in volume or duration. Couperin stated that various ornaments were needed to compensate for this defect. For example, the trill or rapid alternation between two notes was needed to produce a continuous sound.¹⁴ This explanation may account for the necessity of ornamentation in music of the keyboard, but every type of musical expression of the baroque era was covered with trills and other ornaments. Perhaps the spirit of the age, which produced such ornate forms in the other arts, is the cause of the excessive embellishment of the music of the baroque.

The assignment of different ornaments to various national styles is very difficult and often misleading. The fact does remain, however, that some forms probably were put to more use by one particular national group than by other such groups. Interestingly, the ornaments Bach uses in his *Third Suite* follow fairly closely the national styles of the movements as outlined above. The principal ornaments used in the overture (besides the trill, which was universal) are the mordent, the undotted slide, and the initial appoggiatura. The first two were probably of French origin, while the last is Italian. The predominantly French overture, therefore, contains predominantly French ornamentation. In fact, the subject upon which the fugal fast section is built is composed of a succession of undotted slides. The air, on the other hand, contains more than twice as many initial appoggiaturas as the overture and in addition also includes turns and dotted slides among its ornaments. These two new ornaments were probably Italian, as is the

style of the movement. The dance movements are not as heavily embellished as are the first movements, but their ornamentation also bears out this scheme of ornamenting in the style of the movement.

Perhaps most important is the way in which Bach writes out all of his ornaments in the music itself. He indicates exactly where and how he wants the ornaments played. This is definitely in accord with the French fashion and not the Italian, for the Italians believed that the performer should be free to embellish the melody as he saw fit during performance. The French desired everything performed as they wrote it.

An analysis similar to this on the *Third Suite* may be performed on virtually all of Bach's works. The result would be the same in every case: Bach was one of the most masterful of composers because he was able to assimilate into his music the best of the national styles of the baroque period and therefore to sum up the work of generations.

FOOTNOTES

¹ S. W. Bennett, notes for phonograph recording *J. S. Bach: Four Suites for Orchestra* (Vanguard, BG-530-31).

² Philipp Spitta, *Johann Sebastian Bach*, trans. Clara Bell and J. A. Fuller-Maitland (New York, 1951), II, 72.

³ Percy A. Scholes, "Suite," *Oxford Companion to Music* (1955), p. 997.

⁴ Peter Crossley-Holland, "Suite," *Chamber's Encyclopedia* (1955), VIII, 270.

⁵ A fugue is a musical form in which the main theme is repeated by the different voices of the orchestra, one after the other. Rounds such as *Three Blind Mice* are in fugal form although not fugues in the strict sense.

⁶ Edward Dickinson, *Study of the History of Music* (New York, 1907), p. 66.

⁷ "Suite," *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1954), VIII, 66.

⁸ Plato, *The Republic*, trans. Francis McDonald Cornford (New York, 1945), p. 86.

⁹ Farley K. Hutchins, *Dietrich Buxtehude* (Paterson, New Jersey, 1955), p. 12.

¹⁰ Donald M. Ferguson, *History of Musical Thought* (New York, 1935), p. 237.

¹¹ Scholes, "Gavotte," *Oxford Companion to Music* (1955), p. 396.

¹² "Bourée," *International Cyclopaedia of Music and Musicians*, (1946), p. 1827.

¹³ "Gigue," *Grove's Dictionary*, VIII, 170.

¹⁴ E. Lockspeiser, "French Influences on Bach," *Music and Letters*, XVI (October, 1935), 312-320.

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Rhet as Writ

These magazines and books often give the impression to Europeans and other foreigners that America is a terrible place to live because of all the divorce, crime, car wrecks and many other events causing a loss of face to the mind's eye of a foreigner.

* * *

This encouragement to read on and on after the book is finished is the sign of a good book.

* * *

[Define and illustrate *epithet*:] Descriptive noun usually used before or after a person's name. Ephthet Jackson was a fine gentleman.

* * *

Rape, which accounts for the second largest number of executions, is mandatory only in Louisiana.

* * *

I am shy twords girls, witch I would like to over come.

* * *

Writing is something that when a thought comes to a person's mind he will put down on paper.

* * *

The people in the cities have access to zoos, museums, and libraries which give them a pretty good picture of what rural life is like.

* * *

"Height be taken" might have been intended by Shakespeare to refer to the taking of measurements with a sexton.

* * *

Including nature, there are an infinite number of subjects to which there are many opinions of.

* * *

This is what I gathered after a superfluous reading of the poem.

* * *

There are also "kids" who wear two or three sweatshirts instead of the usual one, which is the normal attire on a hayride with a pair of levis.

* * *

Hemingway did some desultory studing in France.

* * *

This I believe should have been his starting argument on which his entire theme should have been biased.

* * *

He had a ruddy complexion and a crew cut that made him appear to be balled.

* * *

Up until now, somewhat abortive attempts have been made in certain countries to institute a program of birth control.

* * *

Nineteen-year olds are just feeling their way into the adult world, and many times they will resort to childish antiques.

The Contributors

Diane Bedal—Glen Bard

Nancy Lou Russell—Urbana

Kathleen Galway—Young America H.S., Metcalf

Barbara Beth Reid—Evanston

Elaine Johnson—Mattoon

Judith Landesman—Tuley, Chicago

Elaine Miller—Octavia H.S., Colfax

Suzanne Slavik—Edwardsville

Glenna Middleton—Clermont, Florida

Ruth Gambicki—Maine West

Mike Waltz—Vandalia

John Koenig—Blue Island

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the December issue of the Caldron

First: Michael Burnett, *Nihilistic Pessimism as Exemplified in the
Dialogue Structure of Samuel Beckett's Endgame*

Second: Eloise Johnson, *First Love*

Third: Jean Ulrich, *A Series of Paradoxes*

Fourth: Philip G. Plotica, *The Process of Natural Selection*

Fifth: Jane Lewis, *Places of Pleasure*

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

MAY 16 1962



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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are R. P. Armato, Robert Bain, Thomas Boyle, Mary Trippet, and William McQueen, chairman.

In Your Hands

ELAINE GOLDSTEIN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

THERE YOU ARE. . . SITTING ON A WEATHERED ROCK
. . . looking at a crooked brown arrow—a poor excuse of a stream
. . . feeling the wind as it blows ripples on the arrow's surface . . .
wondering where the arrow is headed after it flies around the bend. And
wondering where you are headed. Wondering, always wondering.

Today you hope to find the answer in the stream; last week it was in the rain running down the windshield. Then you were in the car, the stifling air closing in on you as you envied the tall grass and the proud golden dandelions trying to stand up to the rain's incessant pounding. You were sitting there, thinking, dreaming, watching the raindrops on the streamy windshield. How did that serious conversation start?

"Rain is rather depressing."

"Does it really bother you?"

"Not really. No more than everything else."

"Do you want to leave?"

"Where would we go?"

"There's a hell of a good universe next door."

"Quit spouting cummings . . . Besides, it wouldn't be fair to your windshield wipers.

My windshield wipers have fallen in love.

Really? It should be an ideal romance.

Do you think so?

Oh yes—they'll go everywhere together.

They won't be happy.

Why not?

They'll be too frustrated.

How?

In the rain, they rush together for a
fleeting kiss, but they never quite
make it.

That must be unbearable.

I don't think they'll be able to stand it.

They are probably better off without rain,
when they can just lie there and
stare at each other.

"I think I feel like a windshield wiper."

"I feel more like a raindrop."

"Are you a happy raindrop?"

"Raindrops aren't happy; they're frustrated. They scurry around so hard, trying to run sideways and make the grand design."

"Why are they so frustrated?"

"Most people don't like them. And no matter how grand their design or how beautiful their trail, they wind up in the same place."

"Where? The river or the ocean?"

"No. Just a little mud puddle that will dry up—evaporate—and leave no mark."

"It seems kind of hopeless."

"Doesn't everything?"

"You ask too many questions that I can't answer."

"What do you want me to ask? Algebra problems?"

"At least I could give you the right answers."

"Right answers, wrong answers—they're all the same."

"You don't believe that."

"What do I believe? What am I looking for?"

You are looking for happiness; you want to have fun. But you blow every chance you get, sooner or later, by asking too much. You don't have to accept everything, but you don't have to understand everything either. You have seen a group of students relaxing at night in a circle around a bonfire after spending a long day trying to find themselves through helping and understanding others. Do you need to know why? The flames burn, giving off a fiery light, but it is not as bright and clear (you hesitate to say radiant) as the glow on their faces as they sing together. Does it matter what they sing—school song, love song, folk song, drinking song, obscene song? Blues, hymns, jazz, spirituals, or what have you? The words don't matter; the tunes don't mean anything. It's just the feeling of sharing, of communicating. And this feeling, without any reason or deeper meaning, can make you believe that He really does have "The Whole World in His Hands," and that He is trying to make something of it, or is letting us try.

And here you are, still sitting on the weathered rock. You have a handful of pebbles in your fist. What are you going to do with them? Sit here and watch them slip through your fingers? Sure. It's easy to be cynical. You can stand back and condemn God because you don't think His universe is perfect. Throwing rocks isn't hard; holding onto them is. Now it's your turn to play God. You want a perfect world, but you can't even build a perfect dream castle. You lost a couple of the pebbles, or you can't get to them. What do you do with those that are still in your hand? Do you throw them away, or do you hang on and try to make something out of what you have left?

The Search

ELOISE JOHNSON

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

IT IS POSSIBLE, IN THE MAGIC AND ENCHANTMENT OF entering into a novel, poem or even a description of an ideal state, to believe wholeheartedly, for the space of time it takes to read, in the author's view of the real or good for man. Yet it is only with later contemplation and compassion, with other reading that we can extract the full impact.

Plato, in *The Republic*, Flaubert, in *Madame Bovary*, and Dostoevsky, in *Crime and Punishment*, present both similar and contrasting opinions on what is real or good for man. Similarly, they agree that reaching the ideal reality is not an easy matter, but their notions of man's potentiality or likelihood of achieving this reality contrast sharply with one another. Their views of man's life here on earth are all somewhat pessimistic, but for different reasons. As for man himself, they agree that only a few ever reach the ideal reality as seen from their three points of view.

Man's nature, according to Plato, is dependent upon heredity and environment. If man is born with gold in his composition, he is capable of being molded by environment into a nature receptive to a vision of the Good, or the highest knowledge man can attain. Plato would classify men by their display of intelligence first. Those who display signs of cleverness in youth would be singled out for special education. The next in intelligence would receive training in trades. Plato's strict order in classifying man exemplifies his belief that if life could be so ordered, then justice, or his ideal Good, would rule. He never says that the attainment of this state is an easy task. On the contrary, his educational program would continue until his philosopher, his ideal man, reached a vision of the Good at about age 50. This Good, or ideal condition of man, he conceived as wisdom or knowledge ruling the spirit and appetites. Man himself, by trials and by endurance, or by submitting to the order or ruling power in the state, can come to this order in the soul, defined as justice, only by "working for it like a slave."

Flaubert seems to feel pessimistic about man, about his life here on earth and about his eventual achievement of anything at all. In *Madame Bovary* his pessimism is shown by the mediocrity he gives his characters' personalities and by the dullness of their environment. Flaubert seems to be saying, in Emma's case, "Seek as foolishly and incessantly as you will, you will never find that which you so frantically desire." He makes her run after nothing, like a dog chasing a mechanized rabbit in a race, only to have it snatched away at the finish line to be oiled and cleaned for the next race. Flaubert also seems to be saying that, foolish as Emma is, she

is better than those who do not know desire at all. In making the priest, the one who should be understanding and sympathetic toward all, indifferent to her suffering, he suggests that there is injustice toward her and toward all romantics. Later, Flaubert, through Emma, speaks longingly of religion. He seems to want to believe and yet cannot. He speaks of "destruction of self-will which *should*" open the way to a Christian life, and then says, "She realized that worldly happiness *might* yield its place to still greater felicities" (*Italics mine*). These appear to be words of doubt. He seems to question whether or not the sacrifices would really lead to a better life. Flaubert's personal letters reflect the view that only by a retreat from the world, only by complete submission in art, can true reality be found. His doubts that self-sacrifice leads to religious conversion become affirmations when applied to art. He worked hard, spent weeks on a few pages of his book, and seemed glad to sacrifice himself for art. Men, as a group, seemed a herd to him. Few could achieve anything. They could only monotonously repeat themselves and their lives.

Dostoevsky, in *Crime and Punishment* sees man as having a dual nature. Either good or evil predominates in his central characters. His people never seem balanced, but over-balanced on one side or the other. The novel seems to present life as a mass of suffering, with one burden laid on another until man is either broken or his burdens have ground him down to a fine point. Dostoevsky seems to think man must reach this point before he can come to any inner vision of reality, or of religion or God. Svidrigailov, Sonia and Raskolnikov all in different ways, reach a vision of eternity through suffering.

Dostoevsky, like Plato and Flaubert, makes his reality difficult to obtain. It is something not everybody can attain, but Dostoevsky is more willing than the other authors to let everybody try. His attitude toward religion is not the conventional one. Sonia, for instance, the instrument of Raskolnikov's conversion, is a prostitute. Raskolnikov himself does not know what it is he is seeking. By his seeking, and suffering in his search, his dual nature finally comes to a balanced peace. Dostoevsky seems to say that until man can reach this balance in his nature, he will not know reality. He thinks man must be driven to seek this balance in his soul: he must be unsatisfied, torn with desire for something, even though he cannot define his desire. That man must sincerely feel a love for his fellow man seems another condition Dostoevsky makes necessary for finding the good. Men cannot be separated into superior categories. A man may be superior in many ways, but he cannot distinguish himself by intellect alone. He must have an inner order.

All three authors feel that the most intelligent, the most gifted, is the most likely to find reality. Plato and Flaubert limit the numbers capable of living a good life more strictly than does Dostoevsky, but all agree that man, to prove his worth, must seek the good, the reality, of life.

Caution! Fisherman at Work!

THANE ERIK GUSTAFSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

TAKE AN AVERAGE MAN, PLACE HIM IN THE WATER, IN a small boat, give him a rod, a reel, and an assortment of pieces of feather and steel for bait, and keep him there for five hours or more. It matters little how mild-mannered the specimen may have been at the outset; you will invariably wind up with a bristling wildcat, ready to snap at the slightest provocation. His original intention of spending a peaceful and relaxing day on the water has been changed into a seething urge to kill.

Take my case, for instance. I have been sitting in this boat since early this morning. The sun is hot, the air is humid, and every insect for miles around has congregated here for the express purpose of pestering me. Sometime after sunrise, a large fly decreed that it was fiesta time, and the whole assembly has been dancing a wild fandango in my ears ever since. Three of my best lures are dangling from the tree-tops, and not one fish has come my way in over three hours.

Everything started out well enough, I guess. I reached the lake this morning just as the sky was beginning to unfurl in the east, and by the time I was out on the water I could make out a few vague silhouettes. A smoky mist hung over the water, and it parted gently as the prow of the boat glided through. A frog grunted somewhere in the dimness, and the water shivered slightly as a light breeze whispered over it. A bird called, in answer to a secret signal, and morning came.

My fly wobbled and twitched in the water as I flicked my rod. Suddenly, the water clapped and flew in all directions as the bass struck. He gulped my fly and took off for the bottom; all I could see was my line dancing in crazy gyrations as a silver streak headed toward the lily pads. I managed to change his course back to the open water, and he charged in wild fury toward the surface. My reel screamed as I gave him line. He danced and wove on the surface with mounting frenzy. Suddenly, the line went slack; he was gone. As the last ripple died, the pond-lilies primly settled their skirts and stared disapprovingly at my bedraggled fly, which had floated to the surface.

Do you wonder now that fishing affects people so? Can it be otherwise, when every weapon in nature's arsenal is being used against the fisherman—low-hanging branches, decorated like Christmas trees with the lures of past adventurers, a breeze that is just strong enough to make it impossible to keep the boat still in the water, and fish that are just smart enough to know

the difference between polyethylene and real flesh? Frustration, long hours of waiting, and endless tangles of nylon line will be the fate of that luckless soul who dares invade nature's stronghold.

Nevertheless, I stay on, goaded by the masochistic quirk that exists inside every fisherman. Without a doubt, I represent a magnificent triumph of rationalization: I think I want to catch fish. Actually, I want to see if I have enough sheer cussedness to last through the day without snapping my rod over my knee and sending it flying over the side with my tackle-box for company. If I manage to pull through with my sanity, I will pat myself on the back and murmur, "Oh, it really wasn't anything much." Fishing is neither a test of luck nor of skill; it is a test of will. As a matter of fact, there are few better ones; few people are strong enough to pass it.

To the prospective fisherman, I offer these words of advice: when you go fishing, go alone; provide yourself with some sort of adult pacifier, such as a pipe, and once you are on the water, do not fish, but read a good book or take a nap.

As for me, I am going home.

The Seeker and the University

MARY I. BAUMGART

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

THE UNIVERSITY PROVIDES FOR ITS STUDENTS A unique sort of existence. Entrance into the professed halls of learning is not only a step up from the educational level of high school, but also a step to the side, out of the mainstream of life. Campus life is full of excesses, but they are not precisely the excesses of the world. They are the excesses of the screaming high school basketball fan let loose in his sweat-shirt and sneakers to cope with the sudden availability of formerly withheld pleasures. They are the excesses of the true scholars whose biggest concern is living close to the library. There is the concern of the seeker who tries to reconcile his knowledge, his beliefs, and his operative theses. There are those who have failed to understand, and those who are afraid of failing. There are those who do not even know there is a search going on.

For the seeker, the task is clearly one of reconciliation. His job is to organize the principles by which he ought to live. The seeker is not asked or told to accomplish this feat; he is far into it when the realization comes that that is what he is doing.

The seeker does indeed exist; he is present on this campus in many forms and to many degrees. Perhaps he is the freshman who saw his motivation disappear when his girl decided that she was "too young to get serious." He came to his reconciliation; he joined the Army. Perhaps she is the junior girl who came to a reconciliation in her belief; she became a convert to Catholicism. Perhaps she is the sophomore whose life is her Russian class; she has mastered the subject matter through a triumph of self-discipline. Perhaps the seeker is the junior boy who wants to stay, but doesn't know why.

The task of the seeker is the answer to "Why," the search for cause and effect, the establishment of relationship between "what *they* say is good" and "what works for me." The trick is no longer to talk Dad into letting him go out on a weeknight; the trick is to stay in. The student must suddenly assume responsibility for himself; he must accept the same relationship of his reason to his desire that his parents bore to him when he was younger.

In order to organize ways and means—the tools of search—the college student must first know what he is seeking. Further, he must have the courage to recognize and accept the goal when he sees it. Only then, when he has established for himself a goal broad enough to include all his aspirations, can he begin to find the methods. He must know, through study and discussion, what others have considered, and do consider, primary. The seeker must have a goal and a viewpoint broad enough so that no idea is outside the realm of consideration and so that any good idea can be incorporated into his working philosophy.

Concurrently with the absorption of new ideas must come the reconsideration of the old ones. "What Mama said" must be examined in the light of Mama's background and the success of her life. Sentimentality must be discarded, for in every penetrating analysis man stands alone. The success of a life is judged on that man's fidelity to his own ideas. He will be asked "Why?" and he must know.

From the tower-view of life that the University provides—so much a part of life, yet removed from it—the student watches and thinks and develops, taking probably the most objective look at the society he is about to enter that he will ever have. In a sense, university life is a taste of eternity: the singularity of the soul is so apparent.

"Is such a search necessary for all men?" someone asks the seeker. "There are those," he answers, "who are unaware of it. But once a man tastes the fruit of curiosity, and sees the tree of peace-in-full-knowledge, he cannot rest until he sits under that tree."

This is the function of the university: to excite the curiosity of those who have not yet begun to search, to offer knowledge to those who are searching, and to provide a place where those who have sought and found can encourage the seeker with glimpses of a wonderful tree of peace.

The Majesty of Modern Man

NANCY LOU RUSSELL

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

To Shakespeare, robes and crowns and jewels are the garments most appropriate to man because they are the fitting outward manifestation of his inward majesty, but to us they seem absurd because the man who bears them has, in our estimation, so pitifully shrunk.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH ACCUSES MAN OF HAVING LOST all of his inner majesty and having shrunk to a pitiful spectre of the magnificent creature that he once was. How can he feel that this is so after looking at the men and women around him? Men with dreams are accomplishing the impossible every day. There is the artist in Southern California who has fought all odds to prove that he can bring pleasure to the blind by teaching them how to paint. There are doctors and therapists all over the world teaching the crippled to use their useless bodies again. There are men like astronaut John Glenn who risk their lives to further the knowledge of mankind. There are men like the late Dag Hammarskjöld who did all that he could do to make this world a more peaceful, happier place to live. Don't these men have a kind of majesty?

And what about the scientists of today? What about men like Jonas Salk who worked so long to find a vaccine to save man from the ravages of polio? What about the scientists who are devoting their lives to find a cure for cancer or heart disease? What about the scientists who are spending their time trying to harness the power of the atom so that it will be of service to their fellow men? Isn't there a mark of majesty on these men?

And there is Albert Schweitzer with his vision of helping to better the lot of the people in Africa. There are young men today like Tom Dooley who spent his short life helping the people of Southeast Asia. Even the men of big business help make this world a better place in which to live by supporting research through such organizations as the Ford Foundation. And the average citizen does his part, too, by giving his dollars to this cause or that one and by contributing his time as a volunteer worker in community benefit activities. Don't all of these actions have their touch of majesty?

Yesterday, in a local newspaper, there was a story of a busy bus driver who stopped his bus at an intersection, got out, and took the time and trouble to help a blind man across the icy, slippery street before continuing

his route. This was not a staged event, and the driver could have been anyone on the street that day. The actions of that bus driver were an illustration of the majesty of human character.

It is true that Shakespeare and his contemporaries wrote of the majesty of man and modern writers often do not, but poor publicity for the product has not yet succeeded in destroying its existence. Modern man still has his inner majesty.

I Remember Sunday School

CHARLES PETERSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

A WRECKING CREW HAS BEGUN TO TEAR DOWN THE church I attended as a boy. I spent many enjoyable Sunday mornings there as I progressed from the general sand box disorder to the intellectual discussions that only a sixth grader can fathom. I will miss the scene of my early Christian training, for it holds many pleasant memories that I do not want to forget.

My Sunday School classroom was a cramped, re-painted, dark room filled with straight-back chairs in need of restoration; old, scuffed-up tables with tops closely resembling the topography of Kentucky; and a sturdy, but marred, sand box. The imagination of youth conquered all these obstacles.

My Sunday School teachers were either badly middle-aged or antediluvian. They were kindly women and showed only slight favoritism towards the children of the more prominent church people, whose deep religious nature contrasted sharply with the hellions they had borne. These, my companions, were invariably irreverent and untouched by discipline. They were aware of the freedom of action afforded them, and they expressed it fully. At the same time I fought to remain a pious ascetic, an outsider to the folly around me. I succeeded for a while at least.

There was one place where democracy was practiced continually. It was each man for himself in the heathen section of the classroom where the table-high sand box stood. Filled with clean white sand and a fleet of cars and trucks, the sand box was the instrument of expression that I enjoyed the most. I became a highway engineer, the architect of complex transportation networks and of suburban developments that spread out before me as far as I could reach. The sand box was the birthplace of power and greed, as my friends and I began to lie partially on the sand to include more territory in our empires. The inevitable sand fights took place whenever a

Caesar refused to give in to a Grant. The sand box became a battlefield and paper cut-outs of men of the Bible became soldiers. When things had gone this far, one of the teachers would put the cover on the sand box and attempt to divert us with coloring books.

The coloring books were a sad experience for me. No matter how I colored the famous people of the Bible, they remained stern and solemn. They seemed to frown on my frivolous ways. They refused to provide enjoyment for me, even when I had made them colorful enough to pass for Picts. The only person who lent himself well to this sort of play was Joseph. He was a handsome lad, who wore an ivy-league striped coat. This was called a "coat of many colors"; I was determined that it live up to its name. Here was an opportunity that was missing in the pictures of the other poverty-stricken Jews of that time. I was never really able to reconcile the poor people in my coloring books with the opulent aristocracy of the Biblical motion pictures. I tried to improve the appearance of my coloring book people by color, but the pianist was an impatient person and we would begin to sing.

Children sing hymns with such assurance and enthusiasm that it is hard to believe that they do not actually mean what adults think they mean. Children can easily speak of leading "the good life," for to them life in all forms is good; they see no distinctions until they are taught. They have none of the pessimism and hate of older people. The egocentric child has no difficulty singing and believing that "Jesus loves me," for he believes that everyone loves him. I was a typical child in this aspect. As I grew older, the songs became more complex. Once I was taught a song listing the books of the Bible. It sounded somewhat like a farmer selling produce: Genesis, Exodus, tomatoes, sweet corn.

Every Sunday I heard a marvelous story about the times when there were real magicians. They went around doing tricks or miracles that were not tricks, but were truly magic. They transmuted matter and split the Red Sea. There were other men who could see into the future by interpreting their dreams without the help of Freud. There were women who could warm the heart of the cruelest king or sever his head upon divine order. I continually quizzed my teachers as to why Adam and Eve did not have to fight dinosaurs and about the mysterious origin of Cain's wife. My questions were partially answered, but then new ones would arise.

My teachers felt much safer when we studied the New Testament. My favorite story was about a great man of the Bible who liked children. He once said, "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." For a while the verb "suffer" confused me; I was not positive that He actually wanted to see them. Thinking back, I remember that I was told that He did like children. Now I can see from my own past that when He called for the children, He used the appropriate verb, *suffer*.

The Screwtape Letters

STEVEN DEPP

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS BY C. S. LEWIS IS A somewhat humorous account of the attempt of two devils to lead a man to damnation. The humor in the book stems largely from the point of view, which is that of the devils. This unique point of view causes the concepts of sin and virtue to be completely reversed. Therefore, any quality which would lead a person in a heavenly direction is considered "bad," and vice, corruption, and sin become "good." The specialized terminology used by the devils is another source of humor; God is referred to as "the Enemy" and the supreme devil is known as "Our Father" below.

Written as a series of letters from a senior devil named Screwtape to his nephew Wormwood, *The Screwtape Letters* unfolds its plot in a very indirect manner. All of the action, description, and characterization is accomplished through the letters. Therefore each event mentioned takes on the character of "old news." Spontaneity and immediacy have a great deal to do with capturing the interest of a reader, and because they are lacking, Lewis's epistolary approach fails somewhat in maintaining interest.

A humorous aspect of Lewis's style is the tone of Screwtapes' letters. They are written in the very specialized jargon of governmental departments and with the formality of all official correspondence. In addition, although Screwtape is writing to his own nephew, he shows the same contempt for subordinates that earthly officials have in flaunting their petty importance. In one passage, Screwtape becomes quite worried that a careless remark he made might reach his superiors, showing the humility which minor officials can also have when their position is threatened.

Occasionally Screwtapes' point of view breaks down and Lewis's true thoughts become evident. In several different paragraphs, the explanations of the "Enemy's" objectives are too close to the Christian viewpoint and sound distinctly "undevilish." It is hardly conceivable, for instance, that a devil could speak with apparent understanding about "a new kind of self-love—a charity and gratitude for all selves" or explain the fact that God wishes each "to be able to recognize all creatures as glorious and excellent things."

One of the most humorous facets of *The Screwtape Letters* is the impression of hell it presents. Hell is modernized to resemble an efficient, highly

organized, wartime bureaucracy, complete with training courses and research programs.

The humor in Lewis's book is a clever device to make Christian dogma easy and enjoyable to read. However, as with any burlesque, the humor minimizes the importance of the subject matter. *The Screwtape Letters* makes many very important points concerning morals and religion, but the fact that one laughs as he reads them makes the lessons ineffective.

Review of *The Screwtape Letters*

CHARLES CARLSON
Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

IN *THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS* C. S. LEWIS GIVES US AN insight into the various methods employed by the devil in tempting humans. One of the purposes of the book is to reveal these methods to the reader so that he will be aware of them and be able to recognize them in his own life. However, Lewis does not limit himself to discussion of various temptations; he also explores religious and moral problems, such as pride, avarice, and sensuality. Lewis does all this in a manner that is entertaining as well as informative.

As the title states, the book is a collection of letters supposedly written by Screwtape, a senior devil in the "Lowerarchy" of the underworld, to Wormwood, a junior devil who is in charge of corrupting a man's soul. These letters instruct Wormwood in the finer points of tempting. The principal character of the book is a man, "the patient," and, being an ordinary human susceptible to worldly pleasures and vices, he goes through various levels of religious believing. He first becomes a Christian, then goes through a period of disillusionment about religion, finally sees the web that Wormwood has woven about him, and in the end is saved.

Because of the manner in which he has chosen to write this book, Lewis cannot express his own ideas directly. He must make his ideas understood by the speech and actions of one of the characters in the book, in this case Screwtape. However, since Screwtape is a devil, everything Screwtape implies is exactly opposite to Lewis' viewpoint. Since the book is written in a humorous and ironical style, the real meaning of what Lewis has to say is readily apparent. He succeeds quite well in sustaining his irony. Although the book is a burlesque, Lewis is completely serious about the various issues that he deals with. He has chosen an effective method of delivery and has used it to good advantage.

There are three principal characters—the man, Screwtape, and Wormwood. The man represents a general class rather than an individual. His plight is similar to that of thousands of others like him. Screwtape is a crafty devil, well practiced in the art of tempting. He is proud of his achievements and of the position that he holds in the underworld. Wormwood is a young novice tempter, sure of himself and eager for spectacular accomplishments and for recognition.

Lewis wrote this book with the intention of helping people understand the relation between religion and everyday life, and he has produced something of value. *The Screwtape Letters* was not intended simply to be read for pleasure, although it is enjoyable to read. It is skillfully written and will provide much material for thought for the careful reader.

They Aren't All Our Fault

JANE COMBS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

"AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY IS IRRESPONSIBLE. HER Secretary of State, President, and ambassadors are tactless and untrained in diplomacy. There is disagreement among American representatives abroad. Americans make no effort to know the people in other countries." So say the critics, Europeans and hyper-sensitive Americans. I agree—to a slight extent. But I don't believe our foreign policy is as careless and irresponsible as we are frequently told. In the first place, our judges, the Europeans—Germans, Italians, Frenchmen—have no more experience than we in handling a small new world with big new crises. I concede they do have experience in handling affairs concerning limited geographic and political regions: Germany vs. France, France vs. England, Balkans vs. Russia. And they do have experience handling limited physical forces not capable of complete devastation. That does not give them the authority to appraise accurately and criticize a government whose affairs encompass, involve, and affect the affairs of every other nation on earth. They are very much involved, granted, but the cold war is acknowledged to be a contention between the two biggest powers, Russia and the United States. The Europeans are not qualified to judge us merely because of their alleged experience in diplomacy. What is diplomacy? Is it that which involved Europe in a Triple Entente and a Triple Alliance? Do we not have a new form of diplomacy, one not dependent on the whims and lusts of a prime minister or figurehead

king? Diplomacy has changed from secret designs and waltz floor agreements to a bolder, yet subtler, interplay. American diplomacy is unique in world history in that it depends on the people for action; it depends on the ideas and judgment of more than one or a clique of persons interested in foreign affairs. It is determined by a diverse body of policy-makers. True, successful negotiations depend on individual personalities, but no one person has the power of a Count Metternich. In view of the gradual transformation of international diplomacy, there should be a renewal of European viewpoint toward America's policies. There exists a double standard. Another point not taken into account by critics of American foreign policy is the fact that many of America's blunders have been chiefly oral. Yes, tactless and thoughtless words have been spoken, and hasty assessments have been made, but we have not been involved in invasion and massacre repeatedly. We are as yet babes in the woods compared to the old hands.

But therein lies our strength and our advantage. Our strength is in our comparative youth. But our weak point is there also, for we are treated as a teen-ager often feels he is treated—suspect in all we do or don't do, criticized for every move. The irony of this situation is that if we had gone the other way in any given move, such as in being aggressive in Cuba instead of looking on, we would have been adjudged to be wrong. Because of our comparative newness to the world scene, in spite of all the good we may do and in spite of the old-timers' claiming not to notice our youth, we are judged very much from the viewpoint that we are like teen-agers: we are told that our power has gone to our heads. I admit it—we are new. We're so new we will be years trying to get our bearings. It will never be possible to gain perfect coexistence and stabilization in the world community unless there is a drastic change in international attitudes. But while we're trying, while we're accumulating years of experience, we must plunge ahead despite our external and internal critics; we can't sit still and expect to move ahead.

Our foreign policy is not the only object of criticism. We are reprimanded for a lack of culture, dead spiritual life, low morals, selfish use of our wealth, and even for our wealth itself. Communist name-calling lays on us the blame for our being fortunate enough to inhabit a fair and rich land. British delicacy doesn't hide at all British condescension concerning the so-called degeneration of English. We have not faithfully retained our Anglo-Saxon heritage, nor our direct British heritage. Other countries chastise us, indeed calumniate us, for ignoring the valuable cultural heritage of their emigrants in our land. We are insensitive to their cultural contributions. It is my reasoning that perhaps we are losing traces of our European ancestry, that European customs and language are slipping away from us, but that if we are allowing them to slip away, then they are not very important to us. If they were, we wouldn't have to work at retaining them. Just as these customs did not spring into being full-blown, and just as they have mutated, ours can't be expected

to end where they started. We have a contribution to the world: youth. Youth is introspective; youth is inclined to plunge forward; youth is tender-hearted; and youth is self-critical.

Self-criticism, if I may be critical, is our big problem. Russia says we are wrong, and we smile and say of course we are. The world looks at us askance and we cringe, apologizing for being powerful and free. We need not apologize for being what we are; that's ridiculous. Our culture is what it is, one being developed, the general tone of which depends on education of every citizen; our wealth is with us; and our foreign relations are as good as, or better than, could be expected in the circumstances. Our relations with other countries are not perfect or even near it, but where in this world is there not misunderstanding? In any area of human relations there are so many choices of action that it is not possible to predict any safe, positive outcome. America's critics within are too conservative or too radical; her critics outside should reappraise their own acceptance of responsibility; American citizens and political chiefs must be open-minded and responsible, but not so eager to bear the blame for every international crisis. They aren't all our fault.

The Hunters

JERRY BOYDSTON
Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

TODAY IS MONDAY, A PLAIN, COMMON, PROBLEM-FILLED Monday. The weather is invitingly sultry with its soft, warm breezes and bright sky, but here I am at my desk studying. The open windows in my room let in just enough of this wonderful spring air to start my memory working. I feel a strange compulsion to go outside and I struggle to keep my mind on my studies. Thoughts from my childhood begin forming in my mind, bringing visions of the fun that I had on days such as this when I was about nine years old.

"Back to the chemistry," I say to myself. "This is no time for day-dreaming." After I read another paragraph, however, I find that my mind is wandering again. I realize that the past is gone forever, yet I can't help wondering what has happened to the "carefree days."

"Boy, that sure was a lot of fun," I mumble out loud.

"What was fun?" my roommate inquires.

"Huh? Oh nothing, just thinking out loud I guess."

It certainly would be a great joke if my roommate knew what I was thinking about. I think it is rather silly myself. After all, here I am, nineteen years old, a college student, and what am I thinking about? Of all things, frog hunting. Frog hunting just isn't the socially acceptable thing for a teen-ager to do. It's fine sport, much healthier for a nine-year-old than smoking. The more I think about this frog hunting, the further I seem to be getting from the present. I feel myself going back to the "good old days" when Glenn and I used to go frog hunting.

"Hi, Glenn," I shouted to my friend next door. "Did you hear the frogs croakin' last night?"

"Yeah, there must be a jillion of 'em," he answered enthusiastically.

There was a pasture behind our houses that had a large swamp, just the thing for frogs.

Joyfully we gathered our frog hunting equipment and donned our safari clothes. Our outfits weren't very lavish, but we felt that no frog was safe from us once we were dressed for the hunt. Dirty blue jeans, sweatshirts with our club name "The Tigers" written on them, old worn-out gym shoes and baseball caps completed our wardrobe. Our big game equipment consisted of two big mayonnaise jars to keep the catch in. Once captured, the frog was placed in the jar, and little air holes were punched in the cover. Sometimes we even put some water in the jar so the frog could swim. Actually the frog couldn't swim in the jar, but we were happy thinking that we were good sports.

As we entered the pasture in search of frogs, we did so with confidence because we knew everything that there is to know about frogs. We were certain that brown frogs were boys and green frogs were girls. We had nothing to base our facts on except pure logic. After all, what other color could a girl frog be but green? We also knew that frogs eat flies and mosquitoes. That is a fact that we had been taught in school so it must be true. Another amazing fact about frogs that we had discovered was their ability to breathe under water. We knew they could breathe under water, because once we held one in the bottom of a bucket of water and counted to fifty and it could still swim away.

Stealthily we crept to the edge of the swamp, hearts pounding, ears straining to hear any movement that might be our game. Little by little we moved, ready to spring into action. We remained as silent as possible; the only audible sounds were those of an occasional bird and the constant *squeek*, *squish*, *squish* sound of our gym shoes as we walked through puddles of water. Half the fun of frog hunting seemed to be walking through the water, because it made us feel like the big game hunters in the jungle movies.

"Psst, Jer, the weeds are moving over here; it must be a big frog," Glenn whispered anxiously.

Immediately I took charge of the situation, because I was a year older and I had more experience. Besides that we were using my mayonnaise jars.

"I'll go around in front, you stay there," I ordered softly.

As I moved into position, I saw the weeds move and the excitement increased. When I got in position, we moved in slowly with our hands cupped and our feet shuffling. Cupped hands made catching the frog easier, while shuffling the feet caused the frog to jump, revealing his whereabouts. Our game was less than two feet in front of us, so we dropped to our knees and gently parted the weeds. There it was, a big one, too—a big disappointment that is, because before the mighty hunters lay a grass snake, not a frog. In this situation the hardest of frog hunters would be discouraged, but not us; we caught the snake and put him in one of the jars. With our snake safely bottled, we continued our search for frogs. Barely five minutes had passed when suddenly I was startled by a loud splash. The reason the splash startled me so much was that the splash was caused by my body hitting the water. I tripped on an old log or something and down I went. The fall proved valuable, because I just happened to land near a nice big crab that was in water too shallow to swim in. I proceeded to catch the "little devil" and place him in the other mayonnaise jar.

While I continued the search for frogs, Glenn went to investigate some signs of life under a nearby tree. Suddenly he returned with an excited gleam in his eye.

"Guess what I got, Jer?" he asked gleefully.

My curiosity became unbearable, because he wouldn't show me what he had. Finally he reached under his sweatshirt and produced a red-winged blackbird. This was one of the greatest moments of our lives; a bird, a real, live bird, and Glenn had caught it. It seemed to have a broken leg, so we vowed to make it well and keep it for a pet.

As we renewed the frog hunt, we did so with high hopes. We were almost sure that we would find some frogs. We could hear them croaking, but, for some reason or other, we weren't seeing anything encouraging.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by the cry of FROG! Glenn pointed to the spot where the frog was located. My heart jumped as I saw the big brown, boy frog. Just as we were about to jump on him and capture him, a booming voice came across the pasture.

"Jerry," my father shouted, "come home and eat supper."

I turned for a second. It was a tragic second; our frog escaped into the deep water.

We finally decided to go home with the game we had captured. We didn't have any frogs, but we had caught a big grass snake, a crab, a bird and, when I fell in the water, I caught a cold.

In the Caldron Ten Years Ago

Autobiographical Sketch

ALEX CHAMBERS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR OLD COLLEGE FRESHMAN MIGHT understandably feel some need to defend his seemingly awkward position; he is, after all, some seven or eight years older than the majority of his classmates. He may be a veteran . . . but the war has been over for a long time now, and the second "lost generation" is supposed to have found its way. The instructor finds that his charges no longer have graying hair—that he once again possesses that seniority which lends weight to his words. The incoming freshmen are once again fresh—and young. Who then are the tardy ones?

The answers I might give to the question are, of course, my own reasons for being here and as such are of a highly subjective nature; they constitute in fact an autobiography.

Among certain classes of people, higher education is considered commonplace. Often a secondary school and a college are selected at the same time—for example, an infant may be registered at both Groton and Harvard soon after his birth, or a young man may enroll at a school which has been attended by the five preceding generations of his family. These are extreme cases, but there does exist a substantial segment of our population which simply assumes that its children will attend a college, and the children seem prone to accept this pattern.

The people among whom I grew up present a strong contrast. Here the accepted practice is to attend a secondary school for the time prescribed by law, usually until the seventeenth year. Then one acquires a steady, secure position which has preferably the promise of a pension although the emphasis is on its steadiness. This way of behaving does not have a positive sanction; rather, alternative programs simply are not considered. It was in this social matrix that I became aware of a world outside myself—a world transplanted into understandable terms by parents and the parish school.

The treatment of deviants in such a community is kindly but inflexible; one is gently disengaged from the workings of the process and is given to know that diligent efforts to learn what is proper will be rewarded with full

membership in the clan. I remember with what sorrow I discovered that I had not been an apt pupil—that I had not been accepted fully. It seems that, although I had been respectably inattentive in school and had at the proper time apprenticed myself to an ironworker, I was given to the reading of books and had once been seen entering the public library. So it happened that I existed on the fringe of the group until the war gave me a decent excuse for leaving it completely.

It was in the army that I came in contact with people of diverse backgrounds. My own kind were rare—we are such anachronisms—and I had to seek friends or be lonely. Through a combination of circumstances (assignment to a technical school and a relatively permanent base), I was given the time and the stimulus to reflect on some of my basic assumptions. Some of the men I knew had been to college, and since they weren't doctors or engineers, I was curious to know how they justified the waste of time and money that a liberal education represented to me. I was led by them to the realization that my marginal status in the home community was because of a tendency toward reflection and an affection for a life of the mind which I had carefully denied. Their position was shown to be not indefensible but quite in the order of things. I was frightened and, of course, resented the unpleasant turn things had taken; my family and friends at home were being attacked and they seemed very dear to me. I was grateful when the war ended and I was allowed to return to them. I would have done better to remain within the comfortable routine of the army.

As a returned veteran, I was forgiven my youthful transgressions and was given a seat with my peers at the neighborhood bar. In the resultant glow I forgot my doubts, resumed my ironmongering, and drank my beer like a little gentleman. The fog lasted for all of three years. When it lifted, the consequent dislocations were greater than before. I had begun to question the worth of our habits again, and the expressions of hurt, betrayed confidences from my comrades indicated that I could no longer be excused as an inexperienced youth. It seemed to me that some of our veterans' organizations were not too unlike the Nazi Youth Movement, dedicated, as they were, to keeping our neighborhood free of 'inferior' ethnic groups. Violence was a necessary ingredient of these enterprises, and when I protested—loudly and often, as is the case with a newly-awakened zealot—the separation was complete.

If I am forced to doubt, it would seem logical to take myself to that place where doubt is reconciled or at least made bearable. The hermitage is not practicable and the university is the only other place I know. I recognize that the choice is irremediable, and I have accepted the knowledge that I cannot go back. I think that a serious effort on my part to learn what our society at large is like will result in a better understanding and greater and greater flexibility in adjusting to its demands.

In the Caldron Twenty Years Ago

Raising the *Genevieve*

ROGER BULLARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1940-1941

PRESSURE POUNDED ON MY EARDRUMS AND AN ICY current of water swirled suddenly about my legs as I sank ankle-deep into the soft mud of the lake bottom. The homemade diving helmet, resting securely upon my shoulders, was now very light in comparison to its weight on the surface. The monotonous and steady "whuff, whuff" of the compressed air entering the helmet reminded me of the small two-cylinder hand pump and of my friends twenty feet above me on the surface. Darkness enveloped me; I thought of the dazzling brilliance of the June sun shining on the smooth water above—of the world that I had departed from only a few minutes before. It was my first experience in diving, and I didn't know whether to enjoy it or not.

To say that diving, especially in a homemade helmet, is an uncommon thrill is to put it mildly indeed. The diver is completely alone—there is no means of communication with other persons except the thin signal cord tied to his wrist. The water of a lake bottom is usually so dark and muddy that it is impossible for the diver to see more than six inches in front of his small glass window. Currents of cold water curl sinuously around his legs. Rocks and sunken logs trip him and bark his shins. And always there is the diver's dire fear that his air supply will fail. Iron nerves and a certain amount of bravery are certainly needed before one can make his first dive.

It was in the summer of 1939 that our little party of four rowed out to the middle of Lake Springfield and began practice. Lake Springfield, a body of water about twelve miles long and two miles wide, had the summer before been the scene of a catastrophe. The *Genevieve*, a flashy motor boat belonging to a friend of mine, had struck a floating log and sunk, a jagged hole yawning from the underside of the bow. Jim, the owner of the boat, and George and Rupe and I began immediately to plan for her recovery. We first determined the depth of the water by dropping a rope over the side of the rowboat. We found it to be twenty feet deep—too deep for ordinary diving. After plotting the exact scene of the wreck by trees and cottages on the shore, we began plans for building a diving helmet.

Having obtained several diving manuals from the library, we soon decided upon a pattern for our helmet and began construction in George's basement. The helmet was simple in appearance but required much hard and tedious work to make. It consisted mainly of the end section of an old

twelve-inch boiler, with two inverted U's cut in the open side and padded in order to fit over the shoulders of the wearer. A hole about three by six inches was cut in the front of the helmet, and an extra-thick piece of wind-shield glass was soldered into place there. Next a small hole was bored in the top, and an ordinary straight garden hose faucet, complete with valve, was welded securely into place. Lastly, two twenty-five pound weights from an exercising bar were bolted to each side of the helmet, to give it weight. When finished, the helmet weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, enough to keep any man on the bottom.

We were at last ready to go after the *Genevieve*. It was difficult for us to wait the necessary few months until summer, so anxious were we to inaugurate our new creation. When at last the water was warm enough to permit swimming, we loaded our helmet, complete with fifty feet of garden hose and an over-sized tire pump, into a rowboat and proceeded to the spot that we had determined to be directly over the wreck. We anchored our two rowboats securely by lowering two large cement anchors over the sides of the boats. By tying the sterns of the boats together, we formed a reasonably secure diving platform, one boat containing the pump and pumper, and the other the remaining "crew," who were to lower and raise the diver. We tossed a coin to see who would go down first. I won.

Clad in swimming trunks and a pair of gym shoes, I entered the water and received the helmet upon my shoulders. Holding the sides of the helmet so that I would not drop out of it before reaching the bottom, I was lowered to a depth of five feet in order to see that the helmet and valves were functioning properly. The water rose to my armpits and stopped, as the pressure of the air in my helmet equalized the pressure of the water. There I dangled, with my feet treading aimlessly and the air bubbling lazily from under my armpits. The water at that depth was a murky yellow, and by tipping my head back I could faintly discern the outline of the two boats, like black clouds against an overcast sky. Realizing that I was all right, I gave two jerks on my signal cord; immediately I felt myself being lowered. After what seemed an eternity, my feet sunk into the mud and I fell to my knees. I was on the bottom at last! I jerked my cord three times, meaning that I was O.K. and on the bottom. The pressure here was much greater, and the water had risen in the helmet to my neck. The helmet was functioning properly, though, so I began looking, or rather feeling, for the *Genevieve*. Slightly bewildered by the strangeness of the environment, I began walking in a small circle, which was gradually supposed to become wider until I found the boat. Soon I was brought to a sudden halt by a pull on my helmet, and I realized that I had used up all my hose. One's conception of direction in utter darkness is very confused, and I had walked in a straight line and not in a circle as I had planned. I therefore altered my direction and began a sweeping arc—but no *Genevieve*. It seemed as if I had been down but a minute or two when I received four quick jerks on

my cord, and felt myself being lifted from the bottom of the lake. We had decided that each one of us would stay down only fifteen minutes, thus to avoid any possible ill effects from the pressure. My time was up, and I was being pulled to the surface. My first venture in diving was ending too soon.

During that day three of us—George, Jim, and I—made two dives each before we finally found the *Genevieve*. It had been washed fifty feet away by an underwater current. Rupe, who had a weak heart and felt that he shouldn't dive, stayed above and manned the pump.

Early the next morning we again took up our position and began work. As it was my turn to go down, I jumped into the water, and after the helmet had been lowered onto my shoulders, I slid down the guide rope which Jim had fastened to the wreck the day before. Fastened to my belt was a chain which I was to attach to the bow of the *Genevieve*. I had become accustomed to diving now and had overcome some of the awkwardness of my first dive. It was only a matter of minutes before I had found the mooring ring on the bow of the boat and snapped the chain into place. Four pulls on the signal cord and I was on my way up.

George went down next to fasten a chain to the stern. Up above, we were watching George's exhaust bubbles lazily breaking the surface of the placid water. Suddenly they stopped, and then suddenly they erupted—in one huge bubble! All was still. We knew that only one thing could have happened—the air had left George's helmet! Anxiously we looked for signs of him. Seconds later two frantically waving hands broke the surface, and up came George, looking as if he had seen a ghost. We pulled him aboard and learned, between his gasps for breath, that he had leaned over too far in attaching the chain and his helmet had fallen off. Aside from a severe headache for a few hours, George suffered no ill effects. Needless to say he didn't dive again for the rest of that day.

During its year's rest on the bottom of the lake, the *Genevieve* had become almost completely covered with mud and silt. Our next job, therefore, was to dig the boat out. Armed with a spade, we took turns shoveling away the loose mud. This proved to be a very slow and tiring task, for working under pressure and in water slows one considerably. But finally after a day and a half of hard digging, we succeeded in making the boat ready for raising. The *Genevieve* was at last ready to be pulled ashore.

After a day of rain and bad weather had delayed us, we again assumed our positions, and by tugging and pulling on the chains, finally raised the *Genevieve* to approximately half the distance from the bottom. One boat following the other, we rowed toward shore. About fifty feet from land the *Genevieve* touched the bottom, and we again pulled on the chains until we could make out the shape of the wreck about four feet beneath the surface. From here it was a simple task. We dragged the boat ashore, loaded it onto a truck, and took it home.

Our job was done. We were a world richer in experience.

Rhet as Writ

Movie Houses began to display pictures of gorgeous blondes on billboards for the advertisement of over sexed movies.

Definition of *ludicrous*: Having to do with being lude.

If I did begin to cause an violence now I wouldn't be absolutely sure if what I were revolting against had reason to be revolted.

Use of the word *basis* in a sentence: Roger hit the ball into left field and ran the *basis* for a home run.

Definition of *pallid*: pail color.

After all, one takes a course for the purpose of learning what is being taught, whether oneself chose to take it or someone who knew that one would need to know the things being taught suggested that one take it does not affect the purpose for which one takes the course.

Raison d'etre comes from the French language and means raisin in the sun.

Use of *phenomena* in a sentence: Last week Joe fell off the dock into Lake Michigan and caught a *phenomena* sickness.

Art takes my mind off enjoying thing that is in my mine.

He [Keats] was very sickly and died at an early age. These factors greatly curtailed his writing.

Men like "Whizzer" White are not born everyday but only once in a lifetime.

The Contributors

Elaine Goldstein—Cairo

Eloise Johnson—Mattoon

Thane Erik Gustafson—Lane High, Charlottesville, Virginia

Mary I. Baumgart—Glenbard West

Nancy Lou Russell—Urbana

Charles Peterson—Kankakee

Steven Depp—Livingston High, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey

Charles Carlson—Genoa

Jane Combs—Valley High, Fairview

Jerry Boydston—Round Lake

Alex Chambers—Tilden Tech

Roger Bullard—

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the December issue of the Caldron

- First: Glenna Middleton, *Canning Salmon*
- Second: Nancy Lou Russell, *Memories*
- Third: John Koenig, *Bach's Third Suite for Orchestra in D Major*
- Fourth: Elaine Miller, *Two Bison*
- Fifth: Kathleen Galway, *The Good for Man—Greek and Christian*

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store
- Follett's College Book Store
- Illini Union Book Store
- U. of I. Supply Store (The "Co-Op")



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